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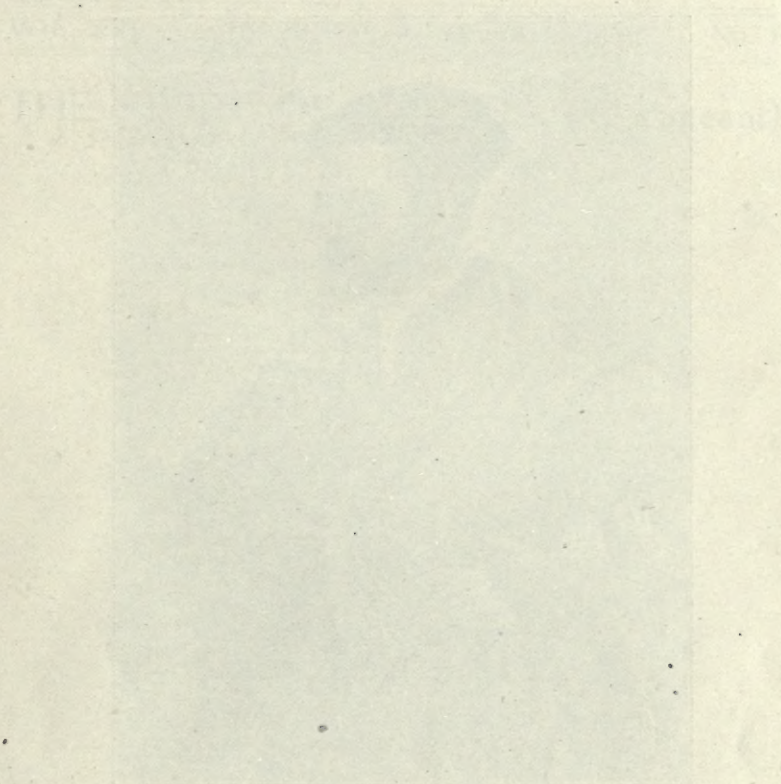
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For the Year 1888



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JACQUES CARTIER
Discoverer of Canada, A.D. 1534.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1927

No. 1

THE STORY OF CANADA (In Pageant)

Selection from Orchestra.

PROLOGUE.

Canada, Canada, Motherland, hail!
To-night we would tell thy story;
Would live again the thrilling tale
That crowns thy brow with glory.

We would dream again of the old romance,
That bathed thy hills in beauty;
We would thrill again at thy swift advance
To the clarion call of duty.

And as we watch thee upward climb,
To the highest straining, yearning,
We would be children true of thine,
Worth for thy worth returning.

Vain would we Canada's glory sing—
Set brilliant crown upon her,
If to our Mother's cheek we bring
The blush that spells dishonour.

Ours is the sacred right to guard
Thy name with love all-tender,
To hand it down the years unmarred,
Undimmed in shining splendour!

Canada, Canada, Motherland, hail!
To-night we would tell thy story,
Would live again the thrilling tale
That crowns thy brow with glory!

Episode I.—DISCOVERY.

SCENE: (A chorus in attendance, in any desirable position), a forest, wigwams decorated with tomahawks, scalps, etc. Indians lounging, smoking, making arrow-heads, etc. Indian women cooking, mending nets, drawing loads of fire-wood. Indian children at play.

Enter CANADA—An Indian maiden.

CANADA: The years! how they fly! and I am still unknown, untaught, a shackled captive in a wilderness! Mighty Manitou, when wilt Thou loose my bonds? When shall I arise to show forth the power and glory which Thou hast hidden here in this fair work of Thy Creation? Great Spirit, lift me from the depths of darkest savagery! Thou knowest that I cannot free myself. Send Thou me a deliverer!

CANADA falls on her knees in an attitude of supplication.
Faint music. CANADA stands in listening attitude.

CANADA (as if suddenly beholding a radiant vision): Who cometh? How wondrous fair! How strangely white and beautiful! (Throwing hands to heaven). O Manitou, Thou hast heard my prayer! Thou hast sent me a Deliverer!

Enter FRANCE: The Fleur-de-lis attached to her shoulder. Soft music continues. She slowly approaches CANADA, who gazes at her, transfixed. FRANCE places arm around CANADA'S shoulder. Music ceases.

FRANCE: Strange little wildflower! And what is thy name?

CANADA shakes head negatively, as though she would say, "I do not know."

FRANCE: Dost thou not know it, little one? Be not shy and fearful with me! I have come to help thee.

CANADA: And—who—art—thou?

FRANCE: Child, I bear an immortal name; thou hast never heard it. I am FRANCE. The Great All-Father hath sent me to loose thy bonds. (Canada stretches out her hands eagerly). Let me strike the cruel chain from off thy frail hands, that they may grow beautiful to behold, and strong to

do! The Great Spirit hath sent me to be thy mother. Speak! Wouldst thou grow like unto me? My best gifts shall be thine: CHRISTIANITY, the source and teacher of all good, CHIVALRY, the fearless champion of the weak and oppressed, and high ACHIEVEMENT, to thrill thy heart with deeds of lofty daring. Little one, wilt thou take my gifts? Wilt thou be a Child of France?

CANADA: Lady, thinkest thou I could refuse so fair an offer?—a mother's guidance, a mother's care, a mother's love? Gratefully, humbly, do I accept thy bounty, and may the Great Spirit deal with me as I prove faithful unto France!

HYMN: "Vexilla Regis" approaching. France transfers her flag to Canada's shoulder. Singing continues as FRANCE and CANADA exeunt and as JACQUES CARTIER and his followers enter, bearing a large, rough, wooden cross, with Fleur-de-lis attached to cross-bar, which two of them hold erect. Frenchmen (10 or 12 in number) now kneel in circle around cross. CARTIER remains standing near it. Indians look on in amazement.

CARTIER (Solemnly): I hereby take possession of this new land for God and France!

FRENCHMEN (in unison): Amen!

Gaping savages now crowd around. They gaze at the new-comers with mingled awe and curiosity, feeling their faces, stroking their beards, handling their clothing. FRENCHMEN give them trinkets, beads, knives, etc., which are received with noisy demonstrations of joy—dancing, yelling, laughing.

A brave handles Cartier's gun curiously. Cartier discharges it. At the report Indians show frantic fear—some fall on their faces, others on their knees, stretching out hands imploringly. Cartier reassures them, and restores their confidence. Squaws, too, draw near timidly, and receive a share of the trinkets.

CARTIER (with much gesticulation, intended to convey the meaning of his words): My brothers, what strange land have we reached? By what name is it known?

Indians shake head negatively, looking mystified.

CARTIER (again gesticulating): Name? Name? In-di-a? Cath-ay?

Indians still mystified.

CARTIER (pointing to group of wigwams): In-di-a? Cath-ay?

INDIANS (in joyful unison, as though they had grasped his meaning): Kan-a-ta! Kan-a-ta!

CARTIER and FOLLOWERS (in unison): Canada! Canada.

CARTIER (saluting Cross and Ensign): Vive Francois premier! Roi de France, et du Canada! (A cheer). And now my men, let us plant our ensign deep on yonder hill.

Exeunt FRENCHMEN, singing Magnificat. They carry Cross with them. Indians follow.

(End of Episode I.)

Episode II.—CHRISTIANITY.

Enter from opposite sides CANADA (who now wears conventional costume) and the Spirit of CHRISTIANITY—the latter garbed in flowing white robe, wearing a coronet, and carrying a cross. Canada approaches Christianity wonderingly, slowly. These two should meet at closing verse of Magnificat.

CANADA: And who are thou, fair Spirit? Whence comest thou? And what meanest this strange symbol thou bearest?

CHRISTIANITY: I bear a mystic name, O Canada, the significance of which thou soon mayest know. I come to thee through France, from the Great Spirit, Whom I call God, our Father. My symbol—ah! It stands for all that is holy, and good, and high. Thou art yet young to learn its deep significance. Soon will come to thee from France my fearless heralds of salvation. They shall teach thee of the true Great Spirit, shall bring to thee the tidings of the Gospel of Peace, which shall mean for thee Life Everlasting.

CANADA: And what seek they in return for gift so precious—for sacrifice so high? Look they for broad lands, for silver or gold, for heavy belts or wampun, for the spoils of the hunter?

CHRISTIANITY: Nay, Canada, these men seek naught of earth. Freely shall they cast aside all that earth holds dear, in exchange for the rude Wigwam and the husks of corn,

that they may win souls for God. And if to this be added the glory of making the Supreme Sacrifice for the Cause of Him they serve, then shall their labours have reaped rich reward?

Warwhoop, prolonged and fierce, is heard approaching.

CANADA: Hearest thou that cry? (War Yell nearer). Thinkest thou that it is within thy gentle power to tame (pointing to direction of unseen savages) such savage frenzy?

CHRISTIANITY: O Canada, before the all-conquering Name which my heralds bear, all wild passions, all powers of evil, crumble and melt away!

CANADA (imploringly): That magic Name, O Sweet Spirit, teach IT to me, I implore!

CHRISTIANITY: "JESU." Even now shall the power of that Name be made manifest to thee!

Enter yelling, dancing savages, in full war-paint and feathers, headed by Chief. They carry tomahawks, hatchets, clubs, etc., and they execute the traditional Indian war-dance. When their wild fury is at its height, enter, clad in the habit of a Jesuit, Father Brebeuf. Slowly, calmly and wearing a friendly smile, he advances into the midst of the savages, who now halt in their wild dance to gaze upon him wonderingly, and fearfully. As if emboldened by his friendly bearing, they surrounded him, stroking his clothing, feeling his muscles, handling his rosary, pointing to his Crucifix, etc.

FATHER BREBEUF (with expressive gesture):

My children, I am come to you from the Great Spirit, Who dwells above. He has sent me to you with a message. (Indians now regard Father Brebeuf with reverent, childlike wonder. They squat upon the ground, their uplifted faces expressive of intense interest and curiosity). This Great Spirit, Who made the sun and moon, and causes the corn to grow that his children may have bread, desires that you know Him better, and that you love Him more. Then will He make you happy. He will care for your wives and children. He will fill your fishing nets, and will multiply the beaver as the leaves in the forest. For the True Great Spirit, Who is always good, we shall build a beautiful wigwam in yonder valley, and there He shall speak to you by the mouth of the Black-Robe. Even

now do other braves gather there to hear His Word. Will the Great Chief and His braves also come? Afterwards we shall feast, and shall smoke the pipe of peace.

Savages appear to consider this proposition. Then the Chief rises, and displaying his weapons to Father Brebeuf, desires (by gesture) that the Missionary display his weapons in return. Father Brebeuf holds the Crucifix aloft in one hand, and pointing to it with the other, exclaims:

FATHER BREBEUF: Behold, O Chief, my only and unconquerable weapon!

As he stands thus, sound of distant church-bell is heard, and the Indians listen in astonishment and fear.

FATHER BREBEUF (lowering Crucifix): 'Tis the voice of the Great Spirit, calling to us, His children! Will not the Great Chief come to hear His message?

(Chief grunts his acquiescence, and the other Indians re-echo. Exeunt Father Brebeuf with savages—subdued, silent, reverent. Exeunt CANADA and CHRISTIANITY.

FRENCH FOLK DANCE.

As these dancers pass off, voices of children approaching are heard from opposite side. Enter a **SISTER** with a group of little Indian girls. Laughing and chatting they sit around on the ground.

SISTER: First let us ask the good God to bless us, and to help us in our work.

Children stand, join hands, and repeat reverently after their teacher.

SISTER (suiting action to words): In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Our Father Who art in Heaven! That was beautiful! Now a pretty song. Children sing Indian Folk-Song. While they are singing a group of Indian boys in feathered head-dress, and carrying bows and arrows, enter, and stand listening to the song. Occasionally an Indian brave passes silently across stage, looking curiously towards children.

SISTER (the song ended): That was very sweet, and now I am going to tell you a beautiful story.

Little girls clap hands joyfully. At this juncture the leader of the boys takes rudely from the neck of Little-Star-Come-Out (an Indian girl) a necklace, and places it around his own. Little Star-Come-Out submits tamely, but begins to cry. The other boys now make as if to follow the example of their leader.

Sister: No, No! Big strong boys must never be mean or cruel!

BOYS (in unison (scornfully): Yaw! Only girls! Ik-wa-sen-sag! Ik-wa-sen-sag!

LEADER (advancing with much swagger): I am Swift Arrow, Son of Chief Fill-the-Pipe!

SISTER: Then Swift Arrow, Son of Chief Fill-the-Pipe, should be too big to hurt little girls, and make them cry. Neither should he take what is not his own.

SWIFT ARROW: Swift Arrow desires it, and Little-Star-Come-Out is only a girl!

SISTER: Then to-day, no sweet cakes, nor pretty pictures for Swift Arrow and his braves.

Boys grunt their disappointment, and then hold secret council, at the end of which S.A. flings necklace on ground.

SWIFT ARROW (scornfully): There, crying baby! Swift Arrow despises the trinkets of Little-Star-Come-Out. (Turning to Sister). And now we shall have the sweet cakes and the pictures.

SISTER: Not yet! Swift Arrow must put the necklace where he got it, and must tell L.S.C.O. that he is sorry he made her cry; or else he is no brave, but a great coward, even if he is the Son of Chief Fill-the-Pipe. Swift Arrow must learn true bravery, which protects, rather than hurts the weak, or he will never reach the Happy Hunting Grounds, where all true braves go.

The boys hold another consultation.

TWO KILLS: Will Two Kills scalp and burn and torture the Iroquois in the Happy Hunting Grounds of the Palefaces?

SLEEPING BEAR: And will Sleeping Bear hunt and fish there, and sail in the long canoe?

SISTER: There shall we do all things that make us happy.

Swift Arrow has been listening intently. He now picks up necklace and shamefacedly restores it to L.S.C.O., at the same time whispering in her ear.

SISTER (patting S.A. on the head): And now what has L.S.C.O. to say to Swift Arrow, the brave and noble son of Chief Fill-the-Pipe?

L.S.C.O. (smiling shyly): When the good Sisters next take us to sew, L.S.C.O. shall bead the moccasins of Swift Arrow, and shall make for him a pretty wampum belt.

SWIFT ARROW (looking pleased and proud): And when Swift Arrow is a mighty chief, he shall bring to L.S.C.O. the claws of the big bear for a neck-chain.

SISTER: Ah, that is much better. Now we shall have sweet cakes and shall play awhile. Then we shall look at the pictures in the books, and we shall learn more about the Good God and His beautiful Heaven.

Sister produces c. kes. Boys crowd greedily forward.

SISTER: Back, Little Braves! Remember the weak and the gentle first. Girls are served; then the boys, and all pass out gleefully, except L.S.C.O., who shyly offers her cake to Swift Arrow. Dubiously glancing towards the Sister, he shakes his head in sorrowful refusal. L.S.C.O. now breaks her cake in two, and prevails upon S.A. to accept a portion.

Exeunt: L.S.C.O. and S.A.

Enter MAISONNEUVE accompanied by the other two SISTERS. Greetings exchanged.

MAIS: And how goes the good work in the little school?

SISTER: But lately, Your Excellency, we were much encouraged. Within the past few days, however, our numbers have become fewer.

MAIS: For that I think I can account. Yonder section (pointing) of the camp is suddenly stricken with a deadly

small-pox. The wretched victims, with none to care for them, are dying of neglect, starvation and disease.

Sisters utter exclamations of pity.

SISTER: None to care for them, Your Excellency! We are here to care for them! Let us go to these abandoned ones, and at once!

MAIS: Far be it from me, Sisters, to hold you back when sacrifice and duty call! But your work among the little ones?

SISTER: Mademoiselle Mance will attend to all till the plague is checked and we return.

MAIS: And you return! But if you do not return?

SISTER: We are in the hands of the Good God.

MAIS: Go then, brave Sisters, and God be with you! (Exeunt Sisters). Fair France, many a high deed, and many a noble name is to-day emblazoned upon your Roll of Honour, for all the world to see, and acclaim! But in the sight of the all-just God, does not the work of these humble, hidden ones, compare with, if not out-rival, the mighty achievements of your glorious sons!

(Exit Maisonneuve).

(End of Episode II.)

EPISODE III.

CHIVALRY.

To bugle-call, enter Canada with CHIVALRY (Crusader), they take position in rear. Enter ADAM DAULAC with his band (16 in all). Above French uniform they wear grotesque costumes (Mardi Gras). These costumes must be so arranged as to be removed instantly, and easily. They dance to spirited music. Indians stand around enjoying spectacle. When gayety is at its height, enter, headed by an Indian, terror-stricken women, and weeping children.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN (in unison): The Iroquois! The Iroquois! They come! They come!

The revellers instantly tear off masks and costumes, and stand revealed, ready for the fray. The leading Indian now advances and stands before DAULAC.

INDIAN: Chief of the Palefaces, I bring you evil news. Under torture an Iroquois captive has revealed a plot of his tribe. 700 warriors are now descending the Ottawa to burn our homes, to murder our women and children, and to carry off the braves who survive the struggle to Iroquois torture.

DAULAC: Are *now* on their way, say you?

INDIAN: Even *now*, O Chief of the Palefaces!

DAULAC: My men, this tale may or may not be true, but we must be prepared. These red devils must never reach our settlement! Let us advance, meet them halfway, and hurl them back! Let us show them how Frenchmen can defend their own! (Waves sword). How many are with me for God and for Canada?

FRENCHMEN (in unison, also waving swords): With you, Commander, to a man, for God and for Canada!

DAULAC: First then to the Chapel, to ask the good God to bless this enterprise, to give us strength to win or die, and to prepare our souls to meet Him!

Exeunt DAULAC and his followers: Women and children, weeping and praying, follow. Stage is darkened, sounds of guns—Indian yells—"For God and Canada"—heard above din. An explosion—silence.

Exit Canada (sorrowing) in direction of conflict.

CHIVALRY (advancing to center front): Worthy sons of chivalrous France, farewell! Defenders of the weak and helpless, you shall die that they may live. But, in the red slaughter you shall not perish. The memory of your glorious sacrifice shall ever inspire with lofty ideals the children of that Canada whom to-day you die to save!

Exit CHIVALRY.

(End of Episode III.).

EPISODE IV.

HIGH ADVENTURE.

(Lights green).

Enter WOOD-SPRITES headed by the Spirit of HIGH ADVENTURE.

DANCE OF THE WOOD-SPRITES:

When dance is finished the WOOD-SPRITES exeunt, but HIGH ADVENTURE remains, and advances to centre front.

HIGH ADVENTURE:

The spirit of High Adventure—I
My name "Achievement" speaks.
I've roamed from rocky Labrador
To Selkirk's snowy peaks,
Up the river, and o'er the lake
On the wings of the wind I ride;
Across the prairie, thro' bush and brake,
And on to the Great Divide!

In answer to my clarion call—
My keen, alluring glance—
Came CHAMPLAIN—noblest, first
of all
The immortal sons of France!
Not for the selfish lure of gold,
Not for the blaze of fame,
His toil, his pain, unknown, untold—
(Honour his deathless name).
Ah no, his love, his life's long span
To one high quest was given:
That a Savage might become a man
Worthy of earth and Heaven!

Enter Champlain, as though on one of his long portages. He is accompanied by two Indian guides carrying a canoe. All walk slowly across the stage, pausing at centre back. Here they remain till H. ADVEN reaches the line, "Worthy of earth and heaven."

Choristers now sing one verse of the Boat Song. As they sing CHAMPLAIN and guides pass slowly off stage, and H. ADVEN continues as on opposite side of page.

I braved the seas for right and truth
With fearless, just Laval.

Bishop Laval, in purple cassock, cape and cap passes.

'Twas I who led to farthest south
The dauntless De La Salle.

La Salle, bearing a pennant inscribed "Louisiana," passes.

And I stood on guard for Canada
And drove her foemen back,
Answering them by cannon's mouth
With haughty Frontenac!

Frontenac passes.

'Twas I inspired the frail and weak
With will to do and dare
For God, and Home, and Motherland
In a Madeleine Vercheres!

Madeleine Vercheres passes.

Mine the urge of the Voyageur
To the goal his vision saw;
And mine the glamour of the wild
For the bold Coureur-de-Bois!

To Chorus: "Alouette" enter a band of Coureur-de-Bois. They perform *during song*, and interpretive march and drill, and then exeunt headed by HIGH ADVENTURER.

(End of Episode IV.).

EPISODE V.

THE CHANGE OF FLAG.

To the booming of artillery, enter CANADA, appearing bewildered and fearful. She utters the following words, as if she is actually beholding the battle. Her description should be "punctuated" by the clash of battle.

CANADA: The clash of steel on steel! The roar of guns! The rolling smoke! The groans of stricken men! What awful sight is this? The soldiers of France, how they fight, but alas! how fast they fall! And these strange troops in coats of red—how dogged and grim they strive for victory! See their brave young leader falls. He is upheld by loving arms, so that gazing upon his dear-bought victory he may die in peace.

"The boast of heraldry; the pomp of power,

And all that beauty, and all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—

The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

There in the thickest of the fight, behold MONTCALM—the chivalrous, gallant and true! He, too, is struck! Hark to his dying cry: “Thank God I die before the surrender of Quebec!”

Enter FRANCE. CANADA, with outstretched, welcoming arms walks to meet her.

FRANCE: CANADA, farewell! It is now decreed that we part! I have done my best for thee! I have spared naught in thy behalf! If in anything I have seemed to fail thee, remember it not, but treasure thou the lofty lessons I have taught thee at such heavy cost! Be loyal to thy new flag, thy new mother, but forget not FRANCE who knew and loved thee first!

CANADA: My mother, I do not grasp the meaning of this awful day. Thou speakest of a new mother. And thinkest thou CANADA can ever forget all that she owes to thee? God knows I have cost thee dear! Was Canada worth thy toil, thy hardship, thy blood?

FRANCE: O Canada, all this a thousand times would FRANCE endure rather than have her Roll of Honour handed down the years without a CHAMPLAIN, a BREBEUF, a MONTCALM! Thank God, we part in loving friendship! And now again, farewell!

France detaches from Canada's shoulder the fleur-de-lis. Military music is heard approaching. Exit FRANCE, slowly. Canada, grief-stricken, remaining in background. Enter (lead by TOWNSEND)). Red-coats and Highlanders, while from the opposite side enter French officer and two French soldiers. The two leaders salute in military fashion.

FRENCH OFFICER: Sir, before I hand to you the sword of the truest soldier who ever bore one, might I be permitted to read this brief message written for you by General MONTCALM before he passed away?

Townsend signifies consent, and French Officer reads the following letter:

(An exact translation of the original kindly supplied for this occasion by Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., Toronto).

SIR,—Forced to surrender Quebec, I have the honour to ask Your Excellency to be kind to our sick and wounded. I also ask you to carry out the exchange treaty entered into by His Most Christian Majesty, and His Majesty of Britain.

I have, Sir, the honour to be,

Your humble and obedient servant,

MONTCALM.

French Officer now hands sword to Townsend, who takes it with his right hand; then passes it to his left, and with his right, grips hand of French Officer.

TOWNSHEND: Sir, both your leader and mine have this day died in the cause of duty; it would ill become us to do aught which would dishonour their memory. The wishes of the brave MONTCALM shall be respected.

Exeunt troops—CANADA comes forward.

To music of "Rule Britannia"—enter BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA: Hail, O Canada! To-day I know that thou art stricken sore! But be of good heart, Britannia is not here to gloat over the defeat of an honourable foe. She is here to sympathize and to cheer.

CANADA: And art thou then my new mother?

BRITANNIA: I am, O Canada! and as mother thou yet will love me. (Canada shakes her head negatively). Nay, do not shake thy head! Full well I know all thou dost owe to France, and I honour thee for thy heart's allegiance, which one day shall be mine. I, too, have fair gifts to offer thee. Wouldst thou know them, Canada?

CANADA: Britannia, what hast thou to offer that can outweigh in value the priceless gifts of France?

BRITANNIA: Child, I shall crown thee with PROSPERITY, the rich fruit of Industry; and I shall train thee in a wise Legislation, that one day, shall make of thee, through strength of UNION, a co-worker of thy mother in the cause of Empire.

CANADA: And for gifts so passing fair what dost thou demand of CANADA?

BRITANNIA: That thou keep faith with me, O Canada; that thou be ever loyal to thy mother!

CANADA: Britannia, thine eye is clear and kind, and thy voice rings true. Tell me, will this loyalty to thee compromise my dear and grateful love for France?

BRITANNIA (after slight hesitation, slowly, sorrowfully): Nay, Canada, not from France shall come to thee the temptation to betray!

CANADA (placing her right hand in that of Britannia): Then, O Britannia, since in God's mysterious ways it is decreed that France and Canada part, I will be loyal child to thee!

Britannia now detaches from her own shoulder the Union Jack, and attaches it to Canada's shoulder. Exeunt CANADA with Britannia.

DANCE OF THE MAPLE LEAVES.

(Lights vari-colored).

(End of Episode V.)

EPISODE VI.

LOYALTY.

To slow music enter CANADA.

CANADA (musing): "Not from France will come the temptation to betray." From whence, then? The air seems filled with dread foreboding.

To the music of "Star-Spangled Banner" enter COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA: Hail, sweet Sister! At last I have come to set thee free! To pluck from thy right arm the badge of slavery. (Points to flag). Come! She, whom thou in childish ignorance doth call thy mother, is even now in a death-grip with a mighty foe, and can place no restraining hand upon thee. Come, Canada, the door to freedom is wide ajar!

CANADA: Stranger, wouldst thou have me betray a mother's trust at a time when she is helpless to defend?

COLUMBIA: I offer thee thy freedom, Canada. What could I offer more?

CANADA: Even freedom would be an ignoble thing were it purchased with dishonor!

COLUMBIA: Be not overharsh with me, O Canada! Thy so-called Mother hath tried me sore. She hath, without provocation, blocked my lawful trade; and upon the high seas, she hath robbed my vessels of their crews, that she might man her own the better.

CANADA: If, as thou sayest, Britannia is now in close death-grip with a mighty foe, is not that excuse for those apparent wrongs? And even if thou hast a grievance with another, why vent upon me thy reprisals?

COLUMBIA: Enough, Canada! Knowest not that even now are my forces armed against thee—forces so far superior to thine that to overcome thee will be an easy task indeed. But I would be merciful to a weaker antagonist. If thou wilt in friendly fashion accept this offer of liberty, and join hands with me, no blow shall be struck, no blood shed, nor shall the grim ravages of War desolate thee!

CANADA: Against all thy material advantages, O Stranger, thou hast yet to weigh Canadian Loyalty! The Loyalty that the children of France will give in exchange for fair and generous treatment, and the deathless loyalty of those who were once thy own, and whom thou didst drive from out thy shores, because they were true to their ideals of fidelity. Pit thy strength against this loyalty, and may God defend the right!

COLUMBIA: Canada, as I discern thy lofty sentiment, thy purpose high, I do but yearn the more to unite thee to myself in common nationhood. But—as thou wilt—away with truce! And if the impossible shall happen, and thou emerge victorious in the coming struggle, ever shall I hold thy memory in honour; and shall desire and pray that across the thin dividing line our hands may clasp in mutual friendship!

Exit COLUMBIA.

Chorus: THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER. While it is being sung the following pass across the stage, headed by the Spirit of LOYALTY, who bears a large Union Jack. LOYALTY takes position beside CANADA, and both uphold the flag—the pole resting on the floor.

1. SIR GUY CARLETON—reading from a roll of parchment—(Que. Act).

2. SIR ISAAC BROCK and TECUMSETH—the latter indicating with his scalping knife, the plan of Detroit, which he has sketched upon a piece of birchbark. They pause in centre and Tecumseth gives Brock his wampum belt as token of fidelity. The contract is sealed with a firm handshake.

3. LAURA SECORD, stealing past as though fearful of discovery.

Chorus now changes to "Keep the Home Fires Burning," followed by "Tipperary," as a long file of the Boys in Khaki, followed by a contingent of Red Cross Nurses, passed by, saluting the flag upheld by CANADA and LOYALTY.

Exit LOYALTY.

(End of Episode VI.).

EPISODE VII.

PROSPERITY.

(Lights green).

Enter THE WOODMAN, headed by the Spirit of PROSPERITY, who takes position beside CANADA. The WOODMEN carry axes, and march and drill, while the following chorus is sung.

Song of the Woodmen.

Into the silent woods we go

Where the trees are tall and strong.

What care we for the drifting snow?

Comrades, a song! A song!

* Hark to the wind in the tossing pines,

Stately and straight and tall;

Pride of Canada's forest lines

Soon 'neath our blows to fall!

Refrain:

Swing! Swing! Swing!

Freely the white chips fly!

Ring! Ring! Ring!

While the wind doth sob and sigh.

Sway! Sway! Sway!
 And Crash! Crash! Crash!
 Then all aride to the river-side,
 Splash Splash! Splash!

Adown the racing stream we float,
 List to the song of the mill!
 Buzz! Buzz! Its lusty throat
 Is never a moment still.
 Zip! Zip! The keen teeth bite,
 And the strong clean boards come free—
 Then back for Canada's right and might
 To plant another tree!

(Repeat Refrain).

Exeunt WOODMEN. CANADA and PROSPERITY remain in the background.

Dancing of the Waving Wheat.

(Lights yellow).

(Lights greenish blue). Enter THE FISHERMEN, in conventional costume, and carrying rods, bait, etc. They march and drill to following chorus:

SONG OF THE FISHERMEN.

Yo, heave, ho! and away we go!
 Fishermen bold are we!
 Though winds roll high, and waves defy,
 We'll rob the teeming sea!
 We'll swell the ranks of the Fishing Banks
 With schooner, skiff, and dory;
 The heaving brine to our net and line
 Shall yield its treasured glory!

Refrain:

Ahoy! Ahoy! Joy oh joy!
 List to the Fishermen shout!
 Salmon, and cod, and mackerel,
 Haddock, herring, and trout!

Yo, ho! Steady! Slow!
Put into the sandy cove!
A cheer to greet the coming fleet
Laden with treasure trove!

A fresh'ning whiff! A white-winged skiff,
And over the lake we glide!
With bait and pole, to the quiet shoal
Where the shy fish love to hide.
From the rocking boat, we'll cast our float,
And patient wait awhile;
Then take reward from the water's hoard—
A shimmering silver pile!

Exeunt.

Dance of the Pioneers.

Exeunt PIONEERS. Stage darkened. MINERS enter, in long overalls and lighted miners' caps. They carry pick and shovel, and miner's pan. They march and drill to following chorus: (Prosperity still on stage).

Song of the Miners.

Into the shaft, and down, and still down;
Far from the sun, the field, and the town;
Away with soft pleasure! Away with gay mirth!
We're after the treasure of Old Mother Eearth.

Refrain:

Twinkle bright, little light, while we explore!
Click, click, trusty pick, dig out the ore!
Click, click, tink-a-link; heap up the spoil!
Who cares for the smelter, the welter, the toil!

The plough and the reaper, the rail and the wheel,
The span of the bridge, and the girder of steel,
The sword and the pen, and the cunning machine,—
The mighty destroyer, the swift submarine.

The liner triumphant that rides the rough main,
 The strands of the cable, the links of the chain,
 The coin of the realm, and the jewels that shine—
 All, all have come forth from the yawning black mine!

Exeunt.

Education—Spiritual, Mental, Physical. 1. Christianity. 2. Group of University Students in cap and gown. 3. Athletes who perform various drills in unison.

Exeunt all, followed by Canada and Prosperity.

(End of Episode VII.).

EPISODE VIII.

CONFEDERATION.

Enter, tripping to sprightly music, and headed by Little Johnny Canuck, "CANADIANS ALL"—two representatives (boy and girl) in national costumes, of each of the nationalities comprised in the term "CANADIAN"—English, Irish, Scotch, French, Italian, Ukranian, Polish, Indian, etc. Each carries a Canadian flag. They form in a ring, hand in hand, and dance around gayly, holding flags aloft. They then take places assigned in plan of arrangement.

To bugle-call enter the CANADIAN PROVINCES, and the NORTH-WEST TERRITORY, each appropriately costumed. They pass to assigned places. Enter CANADA, wearing a rich costume and a tiara set with brilliants. She takes place in central position.

Johnny Canuck advances to Canada's right.

JOHNNY CANUCK (saluting): Motherland, a greeting and a gift we bring! Within your great heart you have made room and welcome for all the children of our common Father. In home, in name, in destiny, you have made us one—CANADIAN. To-day we behold your brow encircled with the crown of a UNITED CANADA. There we see the lustrous gems of fame, of power, of nationhood, of glorious opportunity. We, your children, would place one more gem in your Jubilee diadem, and that our choice be well and wisely made, we ask you, our Mother, to choose the jewel you hold most dear, that we may place it upon your brow.

CANADA (placing her hand upon the head of L.J.C., who smiles up at her): Son, above all wealth, and fame, and power, a true Mother prizes the fair sweetness of her daughters, the

integrity of her sons. Place such jewel within my crown of Jubilee, and my joy shall be complete!

Canada and Johnny Canuck hold this pose until the four lines of the following chorus is sung. They then assume former positions.

(Here all raise flags, holding them thus till song is finished).

O Mapleland, O Motherland,
Canada, O Canada!
Our life, our love, our all command,
O Canada, O Canada!
With eyes aglow, with hearts aflame,
We tell the story of thy fame,
We sing the music of thy Name,
Canada, O Canada!

Enthroned upon Eternal Hills,
Canada, O Canada!
From sea to sea thy glory thrills,
Canada, O Canada!
And out across the radiant sky
Thy gleaming flag is floating high,
For it we live, for it we die,
Canada, O Canada!

Bugle Call. Enter BRITANNIA. She carries a sceptre.

BRITANNIA: Hail, O Canada! Thou hast kept faith with me, and now Prosperity hath made thee fair, and Unity hath made thee strong. In this thy year of Jubilee, Britannia salutes thee—not as a child, weak, dependent, but as glorious Sister-Nation, as strong Partner in the Bond of Empire! “God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness. With thy comeliness and beauty, go forth, proceed prosperously and reign!

While chorus chant above verse, Canada receives from Britannia the sceptre. She kisses it, and mounting to elevation in centre, holds it aloft during singing of one verse of “O Canada.”

To music, all players now re-enter and group artistically on stage for

GOD SAVE THE KING.

S.M.G.

PRESS APPRECIATION

Canada, an historical pageant written by a Sister of St. Joseph, Toronto, and presented by six hundred pupils of the Toronto Separate Schools, concluded its series of four performances last night (May 28th) in Massey Hall.

It was a thoroughly artistic, exuberant, colorful and stimulating picture of patriotism. The lines are well written and they were well expressed—much thanks to the dramatic direction of Rev. Bro. Gabriel. The music was well chosen and orchestrated under the direction of Rev. E. J. Ronan, the conductor of the orchestra, and his associates. The interpretation of Indian folk-lore was well worked out by Rev. Brother Cyril. The efficient accompanist at the piano was Miss Mae Orr.

The orchestra played with vim and sympathetic brilliance under good leadership.

The choirs of children in the side galleries were fresh and invigorating. The masses and groups and tableaux on stage were moved always with great freedom and mainly with precision. The various tableaux were well presented. The scenic effect was excellent. Much ingenuity was shown in selecting material, devising costumes, drilling the scores of various groups, and perfecting so good an ensemble.

Among so many groups, totalling six hundred performers, there is little space for explicit comment. The author points out that the intention was not merely to present Canada in chronology, but rather by impressionism. This is partly true because the events were shown in precise order, though many of the scenes were broadly impressionistic in character.

Singing, drama and dance, with prologues, announcements and incidental music from the orchestra, were interspersed in effective variety so that nobody became weary. The groups



General Montcalm.

Samuel de Champlain

General Wolfe

Founder of Quebec and Father of New France

came in and went off with fine alacrity. There must have been splendid management behind the stage. The youngsters were happy and outspoken. They sang and spoke their lines; and in some cases acted them, with robust fervor and much poetry.

An occasional anachronism occurred when *La Marseillaise* was played to illustrate the Conquest of Canada in 1759, some time before the hymn was composed, and when *The Star Spangled Banner* was used to express America's attack on Canada in 1812, years before the tune or the words were written.

These, however, were done intentionally, just as the *Maple Leaf* was worked in to represent Canada years before the piece was composed.

The grand parade of all the contingents as a finale was a happy inspiration, much more effective on a stage with no elevations than the previous massing of all the groups in a grand spectacle.

Father Ronan conducted with remarkable authority and insight. The entire production was under the direction of Rev. Brother Jarlath.

—The Toronto Star Weekly.

The Heart of June

By Catherine McPartlin.

May was enwreathed in white,
Of applebloom her snows;
Can there be more delight
In June's first rose?

The dawn of May broke soon
To greet so fair a bride.
How fleet a day of June
Spent near His side,—

His side whence roses take
Their snow and crimson hues,
Whence dawn light's glories break
And evening's dews.

The Heart of June is laid
Close on the breast of May,
Even as the Mother Maid
Holds Christ Her Child away.

As out of Purity
Blooms Love divine,
June days are each a blossomed prayer
From May's white shrine.

A FRIEND OF NEWMAN

Sister Maria Pia Giberne.

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

MARIA ROSINA GIBERNE," says Rev. Thomas Mozley in his *Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement*, was the prima donna of the company. In all this goodly array there was not a grander or more ornamental figure. Tall, strong of build, majestic, with aquiline nose, well-formed mouth, dark blue penetrating eyes, and a luxuriance of glossy black hair, she would command attention anywhere. 'She moved along like a divinity.' Once in Rome about 1850, when she was near fifty years of age, he says he met her one day in the street; and "while we were talking, Dr. Gason, the well-known physician (an Irishman not a Catholic) came up, and she passed on. 'Do pray tell me,' he said, 'who that lady is, for I have seen her hundreds of times and never could learn. She is the handsomest woman I ever saw in my life!'"

A portrait which she drew of herself in chalks when she was twenty-four, for her oldest brother, who was in India, shows a very good-looking young woman indeed, with an oval face, and a high forehead, the temples covered with curls and the hair at the sides in long ringlets, according to the fashion of the time. On the back of the picture some verses were pencilled by her brother:

Yes, here's a silent, thoughtful thing; and yet
Her soft blue eye beams eloquence; her lips—
Oh! who could teach his spirit to forget
Their deep expressiveness——

Though her brother testifies that she was thoughtful and silent, Mozley tells us that she was "a most excellent talker

and narrator," and Mr. Sieveking, her nephew, states that she had "a special charm of manner."

The Gibernes had been a French Huguenot family who emigrated to Britain in the 17th century. In the 19th century we find Maria Giberne's father wine-merchant to the Court; the firm was Stainforth and Giberne. The family lived at Wanstead, Co. Essex, now a suburb of London. Maria had several brothers and sisters. One of her sisters was married to Rev. Mr. Mayer, who had been a teacher of John and Francis Newman at Ealing, and accepted the curacy of Worton, a village seventeen miles from Oxford. In the summer of 1826 Maria paid a visit to her sister there. Mr. Mayer took a small number of pupils and used to invite Francis Newman to spend the vacation with him and help him in preparing them for University. "I spent my days as much as possible," she says, "under the trees or in the fields sketching the lovely views. My sister told me that Mr. Francis Newman and a friend were coming to the village to spend the vacation. I did not pay much attention. . . I enjoyed hearing them talk, having a great respect for learned men. I asked them questions about religious difficulties which troubled me. I was struck with his piety, which had nothing affected about it like the manner of some good people. We often talked while I was sketching in the fields, and he explained to me many things in the Holy Scriptures that I had not understood. Before leaving the village he expressed a wish that I could become acquainted with his sisters." He thought she might lead them in "the good way," that is, apparently her opinions were more Protestant than theirs; she for example did not believe that Christ had founded a visible Church.

"On returning home," she says, "I gave our mother no peace until she gave me permission to invite two of his sisters to spend a fortnight with us." "They accepted the invitation and Mrs. Newman brought her three daughters. She left Harriet and Mary with us. I was much taken at once with Mary, who was nice-looking, unaffected, and only seventeen years of age. I was resolved to make friends with them;

otherwise I would not have been greatly attracted by Harriet, who had a way I could not understand, and who embarrassed me greatly by her knowledge of religious matters, because I had thought 'I might be able to lead them to the good way, and behold, they seemed to know all beforehand, and often showed me that I was mistaken in my explanations. I remember the first thing I opposed with all my might was the idea of a visible Church. And it was not till long after when I was staying with their mother in the country that I embraced this doctrine.'

In the next summer the Newmans were for months staying at Brighton. One of Maria's married sisters lived there, too. "Naturally we called now and then to see Mrs. Newman," she says, "who invited us one day to spend the afternoon and evening; and then for the first time I became acquainted with Mr. Newman, now Father Newman. It was a great pleasure, for I had heard so much about him, and I enjoyed seeing him, though he spoke very little to me, and paid me no compliments or special attentions like most young men of our acquaintance who neglected the ladies of their families. The delicate and repeated attention of Mr. Newman to his mother and sisters therefore aroused my respect and admiration."

Again in the winter of 1827-8, she and another sister were staying for a visit of a few days with Mrs. Newman, and "our dear Mary," she wrote in later years to him, "who had drawn figures under my direction at Wanstead, leant over me at a table in the drawing-room, and in that sweet voice said, "I am so glad you have come; I hope you will help me in my drawing." On the next day as they sat at dinner, Mary was suddenly taken ill with some kind of heart disease, and thirty hours later she was dead. There is a long letter from Maria to Cardinal Newman more than fifty years later for the anniversary of Mary's death, in which she says, "Do you recollect that you and I are the only survivors now?"

In those days, she says, she was "occupied almost altogether with the thought of how to rid myself of the narrow religion which was becoming every day more unbearable"; and

it was about this time that she grasped the idea of the visible Church and believed in the doctrine.

Francis Newman's invitation to her from Bagdad to go out to be married to him there and join the lay sectarian party in undertaking to convert the Mohammedans, reminds me of a story told me by an American young lady belonging to one of the minor sects, many years ago. A minister came home from India to be married, and when he was going back, invited her to accompany him. She told me that she replied: "Now, Hiram, you came home to get married, not 'cause a woman could be any use to you in your work, but just 'cause you felt lonesome. And Hiram, all the heathen I want, I can find right here in the State of Minnesota." Perhaps Maria Giberne along with her indifference about marriage felt somewhat like this young lady.

She became an intimate friend of the Newmans and was often invited to visit them when they were induced to settle near Oxford. When the Movement began at Oxford in 1833 she became one of its most enthusiastic supporters. A young man who had loved her in vain died in India and left her all he owned, which made her comparatively independent. When Rev. T. Mozley was building a church at Cholderton, in Salisbury Plain, he says, she sent him, "what was for her a large sum. As they say in Ireland, 'May it meet her in Heaven.'" In 1840 we find her inquiring of Newman whether there was to be an Anglican Convent. Her entrance into the Church followed close upon Newman's. On November 20th, 1845, he writes to Ambrose St. John: "I have seen Mr. Brownbill (Father Brownbill, S.J.) to-day and taken Miss Giberne to him." Conversion then was a moral martyrdom. Now, almost every family in England, certainly everyone of any importance, has some relation or near friend a Catholic, perhaps a convert. But then, says Rev. T. Mozley, "if a man so much as looked towards 'Popery,' he forfeited his inheritance, his prospects, his popularity, the confidence of his equals, and the love of his nearest friends." They denounced the authority of the Pope, but "ten thousand popes—the lay popes

ten times more arrogant, unreasonable, and bitter than the clerical—and the female popes a hundred times worst than either—laid down the law and demanded instant obedience.”

Newman, replying (Jan. 28th, 1846), to a letter of hers in which she seems to have spoken of the isolation between her family and her, says: “Your feelings at present must indeed be very much tried, and I sincerely thank you for letting me share them. . . . You speak as if I were not in your case, but can you point to any one who has lost more in the way of friendship, by death or by alienation, than I have My mother gone; my sisters nothing to me, or rather foreign to me; my greatest friends taken away by death; other dear friends strongly bent on an opposite course; my younger friends know nothing of my earlier life. And yet I am very happy with them, and can say with St. Paul, ‘I have all and abound.’ I have found that Divine Mercy wonderfully makes up my losses as if ‘instead of thy fathers thou shalt have children!’ And moreover, I have with them Catholic hopes and beliefs—Catholic objects.” She certainly was a sister to him, and so confiding that she did not conceal her age from him. He says in one of his latest letters to her, “Are you not eighty now?”

In looking over what I have said of Newman’s sister, Harriet, in the last number of “The Lilies,” I fear I may have conveyed the impression that she had ceased to love her brother in her last years. This would be quite unjust. Though she did not wish to meet him, her mind dwelt much upon him, and she wrote a little story called “Family Adventures,” full of memories of their childhood, in which the oldest brother is described, at the age of eleven, as “very observant and considerate,” and very sympathetic and tender to his sisters. One of them says to him, when he makes her dry her tears, “You always understand about everything, and always make me happy when I am uncomfortable.” And she brings out that he is sensitive to blame from those whom he is fond of. It was not then from want of love, but from an erroneous and bigoted conscience that she did not wish to meet him in

her last illness. As her book was published by a Catholic firm it looks as if her brother had arranged the matter for her.

Between Jemima (Mrs. John Mozley) and him the correspondence was never abandoned altogether, and at the end of 1847 (when returning from Rome) he paid her a visit of a few hours, and after that she was the same as ever.

For Miss Giberne, says Mozley, an employment was immediately found very much to her taste. As she was an artist, and showed great power in the portraits she did in chalks, she went to Rome and learned to paint in oils and for twenty years worked in copying pictures for use in Catholic churches in England. She gave her own labor and asked nothing but for the canvass and painting materials. (Her first oil picture was given to Rev. Mr. Copeland, who had charge of Littlemore. I think it was of Newman). She had the use of a room in the Borghese Gallery. Her own apartments were at the top of a house between the Quirinal and the Forum of Trajan (a neighborhood I once knew by heart). She was in her studio, near the Ripetta at ten every morning, coming and returning by the steps of the Trinita dei Monti and by the Quirinal, all high ground and very quiet. Her unfailing health she ascribed to her observance of the fasts and her general abstemiousness. Her diet consisted chiefly of bread and fruit, mostly apples. One apple in the middle of the day she spoke of as a great refreshment. She had never to complain of the heat. She spent a fortnight every summer with the Borghese family at their villa in the country, and there she met great people. Here she sketched Pio Nono on a mule, and Cardinal Antonelli had sat to her.

“She had taken a poor Italian boy into her service and trained him as a page. She asked us to an evening entertainment, to meet some English converts, students in the Collegio Pio. This black-eyed skeleton demanded our names at the outer door, and I was curious to see what work he would make of it. To my surprise he announced our five names with perfect accuracy. His mistress had spent some time in the morning teaching him the names. When the page came in with his

tray, we were talking of hearing the children in the Ara Coeli Church preach their little sermons; this was one of the days between Christmas and Epiphany (1857-8). She immediately told us that the page had preached the day before, duly instructed by his mistress. 'Put down your tray,' she said, 'and preach your sermon.' He took up his position in the middle of the room, and in a graceful attitude with an earnest expression delivered what I thought must be a poem, for I was not able to follow it. We then talked over the museums and galleries, but she had almost entirely ceased to recognize anything in art that was not Christian.

"At the Achilli trial (1852) there was occasional mention of one Rosina Giuberti, who had shepherded a flock of female witnesses from Italy. This was our friend."

Some of the witnesses were accompanied by their husbands, who were a great trouble to her. The law's delays were purposely used against Newman, and she had taken charge of them for four months in Paris. The strain upon her was very great, and her nerves suffered from it for a long while. She was in England when this task was proposed to her, in December, 1851. "One evening after I had been to confession," she writes, "Father Newman leaning against a mantel-piece in a guest-room, said to me, 'I think you can be very useful to us in this affair.' Without thinking how or when or in what capacity I could be useful, I arose and said, 'I am ready at your service,' and my heart beat with joy at the thought of suffering with him."

She was indeed a very zealous friend, and at a later time when it became plain to everybody that an idea of making him a titular bishop was abandoned, she sought an audience with the Pope and asked him why he did not make Father Newman a bishop—a question which caused him to take a great many pinches of snuff. Here it is sufficient to answer that it was not the Pope's fault. Newman was very much vexed when he heard from her of her doing, but he forgave her for her good intention. At her first audience with the Pope in 1847, soon after her conversion, when she knelt and stooped down to

kiss the Cross on his slipper, she was so enthusiastically affectionate that she took up his foot into her hands, somewhat in the spirit of the Holy Women with the Risen Saviour.

Newman, when Father Ambrose St. John died, in 1875, replied to her letter: "What a faithful friend he has been to me for 32 years! Yet there are others as faithful. How much you did for me in the Achilli Trial, and at other times, and I have never thanked you as I ought to have done. This sometimes oppresses me—as if I were ungrateful. Since his death I have been reproaching myself for not expressing to him how much I felt his love—and I write this, lest I should feel the same about you, should it be God's will that I should outlive you."

We find him writing in June, 1883: "As the 24th is the day on which the Achilli Trial ended 31 years ago, I mean to say Mass for you in grateful remembrance of the part you had in it."

In another year he writes on July 3: "On the feast of the Visitation I did not forget you, but I said Mass for you on two other days instead, because I heard that W. G. Ward was dying."

She had become a nun in the Order of the Visitation in 1868, at the age of sixty-five, when most people would be thinking of an easy and comfortable old age. She entered the Convent at Autun, in France; but I confess I have found nothing about her motives or the circumstances. In the preface to the volume of Newman's *Meditations*, Father Neville says: "There were a few friends whose names the Cardinal desired to have associated in some way with his own . . . Such was Cardinal Place, Archbishop of Rennes, for a number of kindnesses shown to himself, but especially for his many years of care and attention to Sister Maria Pia of the Visitation." But Rennes is far away from Autun.

In 1870 Newman wrote, on July 14th: "My dear Sister Pia,—I write on the 37th anniversary of the Oxford Movement. I have not written to you because I have had nothing to say,

though I ought to have thanked you for your so kindly contriving to give me a claim on your Community's prayers. I am quite well, thank you, except when I move about. Lately in fulfilment of long promises, I went from home, from Monday to Saturday, visiting Mr. Church, my cousin Louisa Deane whom I had not seen for twenty-six years, H. Wilberforce and George Copeland. He inquired much after you. He showed me your first oil painting, which he praised very much. This leads me to thank you for the precious presents which you are sending me by Father M. I have given you, with some others, a Mass a week since January; indeed I have done so for years."

In 1876 he writes: "I would gladly go to see you if I were sure the journey would not make me ill before I got to you. As to your pictures, where would our church and our home be without them? They give brilliancy to every one of our dead walls. The only difficulty I felt about St. Jane Frances was where to put her. As to St. Francis (de Sales) himself, it is now twenty years I have had in mind to give an altar to him. I shall hail your two pictures with great satisfaction when they come—and so that of dear Father Ambrose too which you have so thoughtfully done."

They seem never to have met after she entered Religion. When he was returning from Rome after receiving the Cardinalate he was bent on going to see her. But on the very morning of the day, when he was at Maçon, his physician, who was travelling with him, warned him, as it was raining heavily, not to turn aside from the direct line to Paris. A week later he writes to her from the Oratory in reply (I suppose) to a letter from her: "My dear Sister Pia: We must submit ourselves to the Will of God. What is our Religion if we can't?"

She died in December, 1885, at the age of eighty-two. His sister Jemina had died just six years before, having lived to see him honored both by the Church and the world. Thus in losing Sister Maria Pia, he lost, as it seems, the last of his old friends.

Father Neville in his memories of Newman says that "when it became necessary for him as Cardinal to have a little private chapel of his own, he dedicated the altar to St. Francis de Sales. The picture of St. Francis that he placed over it was the gift of a lady friend always most true to him." But Father Neville's memory has slipped in thinking that this friend was Emily Bowles. Even if Miss Bowles had given him a picture of St. Francis, Newman would never have given it a preference before that of Maria Giberne, for a dozen reasons, but especially because Maria was a daughter of St. Francis, and he knew that St. Francis would prefer the work of his own child.





CATHERINE TEKAKWITHA
Lily of the Mohawks.

CATHERINE TEKAKWITHA

"The Fairest Flower That Ever Bloomed Among the Red Men."—1656-1680.

By J. J. Murphy.

IN the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, opposite Lachine, is one of the quaintest and most interesting villages of the Dominion—Caughnawaga, which, in the Indian language means, At the Rapids. It is situated at the head of the St. Louis, or Lachine Rapids, where the channel of the river is contracted, and the mighty waters rush down over the gradual shelving descent of the rocky bed for nearly four miles, producing a scene at once picturesque and thrilling. The inhabitants of Caughnawaga are chiefly of the Iroquois Indian tribe, and are descendants of some of the earliest converts made by the zealous Jesuit Missionaries.

The history of the missions goes back nearly two hundred and fifty years, when, after a peace had been concluded between the French and the Iroquois, the missionaries endeavoured to found a permanent mission among them. Although three of the fathers had, but a few years before, been the victims of the hatred of this savage people, three of their successors—Fathers Fremin, Brugas, and Pierron, who had acquired some knowledge of their language, were ready and willing to make another effort to bring them to the knowledge of the Saviour. They began their mission at one of the important villages of the Iroquois, situated in the Mohawk Valley in the State of New York, and laboured for some time, but with small results, on account of the opposition of the pagan Indians. The missionaries determined, therefore, to withdraw the converts they had made from the confederacy and establish them in a new mission near to the French settlements.

The first site chosen was at Laprairie, nearly opposite Montreal, and a number of the Indians were induced to settle there, but later Father Lafitau obtained leave to remove the village higher up the stream to the site known as St. Francis of the Rapids, where a tract of land was granted to the Jesuits for the purpose of assisting in the conversion, education and subsistence of the Iroquois. This became the rallying point for the Christian Indians—Iroquois and others—who removed there in considerable numbers. The success of this mission exceeded the expectations of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who considered it one of the glories of the Church of Canada. Bishop de St. Valier, who made a pastoral visit there in 1687, wrote of it in the highest terms, telling how much he was edified by the lives of the people, and Father Charlevoix, in his *History of New France* (1748) calls it a "flourishing mission composed of fervent neophytes so fruitful in saints, and from which the colony has derived such advantage."

In our days the reserve at Caughnawaga contains the most numerous band of Christian Indians in the Dominion. According to a census in 1914, the population numbered 3,234, of whom 2,193 were Catholics, and they were said to be industrious and progressive.

The village consists of a Church, some rows of houses, chiefly stone, and the stone parsonage built in 1725. This old building is one of the classic spots on Canadian soil. The present church is modern, but the rectory is deserving of notice on account of its literary history. Here Father Lafitau spent some years and wrote his "Manners of the Indians," besides other works. Here Father Charlevoix wrote his *history of New France*, and here also Father Marcoux laboured for years on his *Grammar and Dictionary of the Iroquois language*. The Church and residence also contain many precious souvenirs of the past given by ladies of the Court of Louis XIV. The most conspicuous is the main altar of carved wood, 15 feet high, still in a good state of preservation. Another relic is an Ostensorium of massive silver. This was given to the Jesuit Fathers in 1668 and is still used at Benedic-

tion. One of the Chalices which is of gold was given by the Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III., and the pictures which adorn the church were the gift of Charles X., King of France. There are also two large bells in the church tower, one given by George III. of England and the other by the King of France.

The chief attraction, however, in Caughnawaga, for Catholics, at least, is the shrine of the Indian Maiden, Catherine Tekakwitha, otherwise called the "Lily of the Mohawks" and the "Genevieve of New France." The practice of erecting shrines or altars over the relics of martyrs or holy persons is as old as the catacombs, at least, and was suggested, no doubt, by the words of the Apocalypse: "I saw under the altar the souls of those who were slain for the Word of God and for the testimony which they held." In the ages of faith, when England, as well as Ireland, was called the Island of Saints, almost every town and hamlet had centres of devotion associated with the saintly remains of some holy person, whose life had been one of exemplary devotion. These were swept away in the 16th century, the shrines were destroyed, the relics burnt and scattered, and the offerings of the faithful for centuries, seized and turned into the coffers of the king. Now the memory of the persons they were intended to honour has, in most cases, disappeared, and nothing remains except perhaps some legend handed down from generation to generation. We have few shrines in Canada, and these are dedicated to our Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, St. Anne, and other prominent Saints. The shrine at Caughnawaga is singular, as it has been raised to honour a young, unlettered maiden, born and reared in the forest in the midst of heathenism and barbarism. The Iroquois nation was not only the most warlike, but the most cruel, and most opposed to the Gospel—yet in her short life this young girl had learned the science of the Saints and was held in veneration, not only by her own people, but by the French colonists.

The first account of her life appeared in the collection of Edifying Letters (Letters Edifiantes, etc.) written by mis-

sionaries of the Society of Jesus, and published in 1717. Father N. S. Cholenece, who was missionary at Sault St. Louis, wrote to his Superior, Father Augustin Le Blanc, on the 27th August, 1715, giving a full and interesting history of the life and virtues of the good Catherine, but it is too long for reproduction, and we shall confine ourselves to a summary.

Father Chalenece commences his letter by stating that he is "induced to inform his Superior of the particulars of the life of this young Indian maiden on account of the marvels which God is working every day through her intercession; all the French in the colony, as well as the Indians, hold her in veneration, and come from great distances to pray at her tomb. Many have been cured from their maladies, and have received from heaven other extraordinary favours." Catherine was born in 1656, in one of the settlements of the Lower Iroquois. Her father was a pagan Iroquois, and her mother a Christian Algonquin, having been baptized at Three Rivers, where she was brought up amongst the French. During the war against the Iroquois she was captured by these Indians and led to their country, but preserved her faith until her death. By her marriage she had two children, a son and a daughter, but she died without being able to procure for them the grace of baptism. The smallpox, which ravaged the country, carried off her husband, her son and herself, and Catherine was left an orphan at the age of four, under the care of her aunt and an uncle who was one of the head men of the tribe. She had been attacked by the smallpox also, and it left her badly marked and with weak eyes, which rendered her incapable of enduring strong light, and she was obliged to remain shut up in her wigwam. By degrees, she began to prefer this retirement, so contrary to the spirit of the young girls of the tribe, and this became the principal cause of her preserving her innocence while surrounded by scenes of sin and debauchery. As she advanced in years she occupied herself in helping her aunts with the home duties. She ground the corn, went for the water and carried the wood.

In consequence of the continuous attacks of the Iroquois

on the French settlements, the later carried the war into the enemy's country, burned several of their villages and spread terror amongst them. Propositions of peace were made and accepted to the advantage of both nations, and the French considered this a favourable occasion to send missionaries to the Iroquois, who had already received some knowledge of the Gospel from Father Jogues. This Servant of God had fixed his residence at Gandawagua, and after enduring torments at the hands of the blood-thirsty Iroquois, finished his apostolic career here, receiving the recompense of martyrdom. It was here, also, that the works of his two companions—René Goupil and John De la Lande—were crowned by the same kind of death. Gandawagua is now recognized as the site of the present village of Auriesville, New York State, where there is a shrine to Our Lady of Martyrs.

Fathers Fremin, Bruyas, and Pierron, who knew the language of the country, were chosen to accompany the Iroquois deputies, and ratify the peace which had been agreed upon, and to deliver the presents sent by the French Governor. They arrived at a time when these people were accustomed to have a feast, accompanied by all kinds of debauchery, and found no one fit to receive them. According to the designs of Providence, this operated to the spiritual advantage of the young Catherine, as her uncle, who was one of the chief men of the village, took the Fathers to his home and instructed Catherine to attend to their wants. Her modesty and sweetness in performing her duties, charmed her guests, while she was impressed by their affable manners and their regularity in prayers and daily religious exercises. God even then disposed her to the grace of baptism, which she would have requested had the the missionaries remained longer in the village.

Having arrived at a marriageable age, her relations were anxious to find a husband for her, because according to the custom of the country, the game which the husband kills in the chase, belongs to the wife and the members of her family. But the inclinations of the young girl were very much opposed to the designs of her relations, and when they proposed

it to her, she excused herself on the ground of her extreme youth, and the little inclination she had to change her life. The relatives seemed to approve, but shortly afterwards they resolved to betroth her to a young brave whose alliance appeared desirable. The matter having been settled on both sides without consulting Catherine, the young Indian, following the custom of the tribe, entered her wigwam and seated himself beside her. Knowing that this was meant as a proposal of marriage, Catherine was utterly disconcerted and hurriedly left the wigwam, refusing to return until he had left. The relatives were annoyed by her firmness, and attempted other stratagems, even resorting to reproaches and ill-treatment. She suffered all with patience, and continued to render them all the services they required, undertaking duties beyond her years and strength. By degrees, they relented and ceased to molest her.

At this time Father Jacques de Lamberville was sent to establish a mission at the village where Catherine resided, and she attended the instructions and prayers which took place every day in the chapel, but did not disclose the design she had long formed of becoming a Christian. Fear of her uncle, whom she knew was opposed to the Christians, held her back, but at length an occasion for declaring herself was presented. A wound, which she had received in her foot, detained her in the village, while most of the other women were harvesting the corn. Father de Lamberville chose this time to give instructions to those who remained in the wigwams, and when he entered that of Catherine, she was unable to restrain her joy, and disclosed to him the desire she had to be a Christian, and the obstacles placed in her way by her relatives. Charmed by her simplicity and candour, the missionary spent the whole winter in instructing her in the truths of Christianity, and having satisfied himself of the morality of her life, even from the reports of those who had persecuted her, he decided to admit her to the Sacrament she so ardently desired. He baptized her solemnly in the chapel of the mission on Easter Sunday, 1676, and gave her the name of Catherine. Her only

care now was to fulfil the engagements she had contracted. Her prayers, devotions and penances were regulated and she endeavoured to follow the plan of perfection marked out for her, so faithfully, that in a little time she became a model of virtue. But this extraordinary virtue drew upon her the persecution even of those who admired her. They looked upon her pure life as a tacit reproach to their own irregularities. They cast upon her all kinds of taunts and reproaches, inflicted bodily injuries, and even set snares for her innocence. She bore all these trials and sufferings bravely, and without murmur, but she often thought of her mother's people who were Christians, and longed to be able to go to some other mission, where she could serve God in peace. This was also the advice of the missionary, but it was not easy to bring about, as she was entirely in the power of her uncle, who, through hatred of the Christians, was incapable of appreciating her desire. But God disposed all things for the comfort and consolation of His servants. An adopted sister of Catherine had settled with her husband at the Indian Mission at Caughnawaga, and having been informed of Catherine's wishes, she proposed to her husband, called Hot Ashes, to go and bring her to their home. He approved, and in company with some other Indians, travelled to the village of the Iroquois under the pretence that they were going to trade their furs in the English settlements. When they arrived at the village in which Catherine resided, they informed her of the object of their visit, and she joyfully consented. Taking advantage of the absence of her uncle, she left with her sister's husband and another Indian for Caughnawaga. Their flight was soon discovered, and word sent to the uncle, who immediately started in pursuit with a loaded gun. The little party had foreseen this, and therefore left the canoe, and hid Catherine in the woods, while they rested idly on the shore, smoking their pipes. When the old Indian reached the party he was surprised not to see his niece with them, concluded to return home, where he expected to find her. Catherine, who had spent her time in ardent prayer, joined her companions and they

resumed their journey with all possible speed, and finished it in safety.

She arrived at the mission at the end of the Autumn, 1677, and took up her residence with the family of her brother-in-law, Hot Ashes, who lived with a pious Christian named Anastasia, a former friend of Catherine's mother, and one to whom was entrusted the duty of instructing converts in the Faith. Catherine was charmed with the conversations and example of this good woman, and thanked God for His goodness in bringing her here. The chapel became her chief delight, and in spite of the cold winter, she spent all her spare time there. She was present at the first Mass, which was celebrated at the dawn of day, and afterwards assisted at the regular Mass for the Indians at sunrise. During the day she broke off from her work from time to time in order to go and adore Our Lord at the foot of the altar. In the evening she returned again to the chapel, and did not leave until well on in the night. When engaged in her devotions she seemed entirely unconscious of what was going on around her. She did not, however, allow this desire for intimate communion with God to interfere with her other duties. She shared in all the work of the house and was never idle, and the week was always ended by an exact examination of her faults and imperfections, and the Sacrament of Penance. The piety of Catherine was so fervent that the missionary did not follow the usual course with Indian converts of insisting on a long period of preparation before admitting them to the Sacraments, and she was allowed to receive her Lord for the first time at Christmas. Her fervour was proportioned to the reverence she had for the Blessed Sacrament and the earnestness of her desire to receive it, and this fervour never slackened afterwards.

After the feast of Christmas, it was customary for the Indians to go to the woods hunting, and all who were able accompanied them. Catherine went with the family, but did not give up her devotions. She fixed a cross on the bark of a tree near the side of a stream, and this was her oratory.

She placed herself in spirit at the foot of the altar at the time the Holy Sacrifice was being offered in the village, and united her intention to that of the priest. The rest of the day she spent in labouring with the other women; but the sojourn in the forest was not agreeable, and she longed for the time to return to the village. The party returned about Passion Week, and for the first time Catherine assisted at the ceremonies of these holy days. Deeply affected by the sufferings and death of Our Lord, she shed tears and resolved to seek all occasions of mortification in order to expiate the faults she had committed against the Divine Majesty. On Easter Sunday her sorrow was turned to joy, for she was allowed to receive her Risen Lord for the second time.

About this time Catherine met with a very serious trial, as her sister had decided that for her own interest and that of the family, it would be better for Catherine to marry, and used all her persuasive powers to induce the young girl to think seriously of establishing herself in a home of her own. The respect she had for her sister prevented Catherine from showing the pain she felt at the proposal, and she thanked her for the advice and said she would think over it seriously; but she immediately sought the missionary, and laid the matter before him, declaring that for a long time she had resolved to consecrate herself entirely to Jesus Christ, Whom she had chosen for her Spouse, and that the poverty with which her friends had threatened her gave her no uneasiness. When they were informed of her resolution and motives, they abandoned their efforts, and allowed her to live her life in peace.

The following Autumn, when the Indians were preparing to go to the hunting camps, Catherine declared her intention of remaining behind, as she could not bear to be deprived of the religious privileges she possessed in the village. The missionary advised her to go with the family, as he thought the change of air, and better food to be had there, would restore her health, which was very much impaired. While admitting this, she declared she would joyfully submit her body to hun-

ger and suffering in order that her soul might have its ordinary nourishment. She remained in the village, therefore, for the winter, and for several months the only food she took was Indian corn and water. Not content with this, she subjected her body to severe austerities and penances without taking advice of anyone. The missionary, who has sketched her life, states here that she was not alone in practising self-mortification. She was incited by the example of others, as the spirit of penance reigned among the Christian converts at the Sault. Their lives appear to have been more like the lives of the early Christians and martyrs, in fervour and heroic devotion than any in history, and when the war broke out again between the French and the Iroquois, many of these Christian Indians suffered the most fearful torments rather than give up their faith. Catherine felt the gathering storm, and spent her short life in the mission chapel in prayer for her friends and relations.

Having occasion to visit Montreal, Catherine, for the first time, saw the nuns who had consecrated their lives to the sick and suffering, and having learned all particulars regarding their manner of life, and the virtues which they practised, she besought the missionary on her return to allow her to consecrate herself to the service of God in the same manner. He did not consider that the religious life was suitable to the nature of the Indian, and opposed her desire, but promised to allow her to make a vow of perpetual virginity, and on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1679, after receiving Holy Communion, she made her vow with fervour in the presence of her friends and neighbours. From that time she seemed entirely divorced from earth, and all her thoughts were fixed on heaven. About this time her health failed, and she was seized with a violent illness. The nearer she approached the termination of her earthly career, the more clearly she shone forth in all those virtues which she had practised with so much edification.

It was to be expected that so holy a life would be crowned by a most happy death, and during the last few months her

sufferings were great. Although unable to visit the chapel, she spent her time in prayer and frequent meditations upon the sufferings of Our Lord, and edified all by her patience and union with God. She failed considerably on Tuesday in Holy Week, and the missionary gave her Holy Communion. The rest of the day and night she passed in fervent prayer, and on Wednesday morning the missionary administered Extreme Unction. About three o'clock, after having pronounced the holy names of Jesus and Mary, she lost the power of speech, and after a short agony, peacefully expired, as if she were only falling into a sweet sleep.

Thus died Catherine Tekakwitha on the 17th of April, 1680, in the twenty-fourth year of her age, at the Village of Caughnawaga, having filled the mission with the odour of her sanctity. There were two of the Jesuit missionaries present at her death, Father Chauchetière and Father Cholenec, both of whom have written her life, and the latter recalls the fact that when Catherine was attacked by the smallpox the marks were left on her face. It had been more disfigured by her austerities and last illness. But her face, he says, changed after death, and became so beautiful and fair that, having perceived it while in prayer near her, he gave a great cry of astonishment and had the other Father called. He ran at once with all the Indians. They were able to contemplate the prodigy until the time of her burial. On Holy Thursday the body of Catherine was carried to the grave, which was prepared for her on the side of the cemetery nearest to the river, at the foot of the tall cross, where she had loved to pray.

The remains of the good Catherine were afterwards removed from their first resting-place and buried beneath the chapel of the village, where they are still reverently preserved. The early missionaries record numerous cases of wonderful cures effected, and favours obtained, through her intercession not only amongst the Indians, but also among the French colonists at Quebec and Montreal. The fame of her sanctity spread so that her grave became a much frequented spot, and the pilgrims were of all classes—bishops, governors, military men

and authors, as well as the people of her own tribe, among whom the example of her holy life had produced a great fervour. Her memory is still alive among the Indians of the Sault and continues to influence them for good. Some time ago they forwarded a petition to our Holy Father the Pope, praying that the cause of the canonization of Catherine Tekakwitha be put forward, and that she be given to them as an object of veneration.

The tall cross near the river where Catherine used to pray has been renewed several times. In 1843 the Very Reverend Vicar-General of Montreal, at the request of the missionary, Father Marcoux, blessed a new cross with imposing religious ceremonies.

Again in 1884, it was renewed by the Reverend Father Burtin, the Oblate Father, then in charge of the Mission. In July, 1890, a massive granite Cenotaph was erected near the cross through the generosity of the Reverend Clarence A. Walworth, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Albany, N.Y.—who had a great veneration for the saintly Indian maiden. The inscription is in the Iroquois language, and in addition to the name and date of death has for legend: "The fairest flower that ever bloomed among the Red Men." When the monument was blessed there were present—Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, Bishop Gravel of Nicolet, and Bishop McNe'rney of Albany, with about sixty priests and a large crowd of Indians, French and English.

In 1884 the third General Council of Baltimore decided to petition the Holy See to consider the question of the beatification of Catherine Tekakwitha, together with the two Jesuits—Father Jogues and René Goupil—who were martyred by the Iroquois in 1646, quite close to the place where the maiden was born. This application was renewed in 1922. Her cause is still under consideration, and there are hopes that the honour of beatification will be conferred on her ere long.

Several lives of Catherine have been published, besides the two written by the Jesuit Missionaries, Cholenec and Chau-chetiere, who were in charge of the Mission at Caughnawaga

during her illness and at her death. The original manuscripts of these are in the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal. Father Charlevoix has given a short life in his history of New France, and Father Burtin, O.M.I., who was in charge of the Mission for many years, has also published a short life. Father Devine, S.J., has published a short life in English. The Messenger office of Montreal has recently published in French a larger volume with illustrations by Father Edward Lecompte, S.J. It contains a record of numerous cures and favours obtained through the intercession of the saintly maiden. The clients appear to belong to her own nation as well as white inhabitants of Canada and the United States. The most complete life in English was published in 1893 by Miss Ellen H. Walworth, niece of the late Rev. Father Walworth. She devoted much time to the work and has produced a most interesting volume giving a history of the holy life of the Lily of the Mohawks, and treating of the manners and habitations along the valley of the Mohawk River in those early days. The volume is now out of print.



Jacques Cartier and the Child

I.

When Jacques Cartier returned from his voyage to the westward,

All was uproar in Saint Malo and shouting of welcome—
Dear to his heart were the hail and the grasp of his townsmen,
And dear to his pride the favor and thanks of King Francis.
But of all who drew nigh—such was the cast of his nature—
A god-child beloved, he most delighted to answer
On all the surmises that fill the fancy of children.

II.

“Tell me,” she said, “what you found far away in the woodlands;

Say how you felt when you saw the savages standing
Arm’d on the shore, and heard the first sound of their war-cry?
Were you afraid then?” Quietly smiled the brave sailor—
“Nay, little daughter,” he said, “I was not afraid of the red men;

But when I saw them I sighed, alas! for the bondage,
The darkness that hangs over all the lost children of Adam.
As I in the depths of their forests might wander and wander,
Deeper and deeper, and finding no outlet forever—
So they, in the old desolation of folly and error,
Are lost to their kindred divine in mansions eternal.

III.

“And then, daughter dearest, I bless’d God in truth and in secret,

That He had not suffer’d my lot to be with the heathen,
But cast it in France—among a people so Christian;
And then I bethought me, peradventure to me it is given
To lead the vanguard of Truth to the inmost recesses
Of this lost region of souls who know not the Gospel.
And these were the thoughts I had far away in the woodlands,
When I saw the savage arm’d, and heard the roar of their war-cry.”

—Thomas D’Arcy McGee.



REV. BROTHER POTOMIAN, F.S.C., D.S.C. (Lond.)
1847-1917

President of the Christian Brothers' College
London, Eng., 1870-1896

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

FOUNDED in France in 1680 by Saint John Baptist De La Salle "to give a Christian education to youth," the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools (commonly called Christian Brothers) was for many years confined chiefly to the country of its origin. Such, however, was not the intention of the holy Founder; and the little group of humble schoolmasters, who in 1684 knelt at the feet of their common Father in Christ to dedicate themselves irrevocably to the sacred cause of Christian education, and whose numbers since then have increased a thousand fold, until to-day the children of St. De La Salle embrace the world in the sphere of their labours.

Their success and development in the countries under the British Flag have been especially notable and gratifying. Under that religious and educational liberty so generally enjoyed and fostered throughout the British Dominions, it was natural to expect an institution like that of the Christian Brothers to flourish. Indeed, some of the most prosperous of their schools are to be found within the confines of the British Empire.

Canada welcomed the Brothers in 1837 when, on the invitation of Bishop Lartigue, four Brothers came to Montreal to open a school there. From this small beginning have developed three flourishing provinces of the Order, having their centres at Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto. In the Province of Quebec alone, the Christian Brothers conduct at the present time no fewer than fifty-six schools and colleges, including Mount St. Louis College, Montreal, one of the largest institutions of the Brothers on this continent. In Ontario, they have schools in Ottawa, Toronto, London, and Windsor, and a Training College and Novitiate at Aurora. At Yorkton, Sask., they conduct a college under the auspices of the Catholic Church

Extension Society chiefly for the benefit of Ukrainian boys. Alberta University Catholic College, now just completed at Edmonton, has been confided to the direction of the Christian Brothers.

The Brothers opened their first school in London, the Heart of the Empire, in 1855, and now they have as many as forty-three schools in the British Isles, including St. Joseph's College, London, De La Salle Training College, Waterford (a Government Normal School), and St. Joseph's Industrial School, Manchester. These institutions have established a distinguished record for educational achievement and efficiency.

The Brothers' College in London counts upon the roll of its pupils such outstanding names in English Catholic life at Rt. Rev. Bishop Collins, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Watson, Very Rev. Canon Moser, Rev. George Stebbing, C.S.S.R., Sir John Gilbert, Sir William Dunn, Col. A. T. Penney, etc. Among its Presidents was that famous scientist, Rev. Brother Potamian (Dr. O'Reilly), who was the first Catholic since the Reformation to obtain the Doctor of Science degree from London University. On four occasions he was deputed by the English Government as one of its representatives at international exhibitions. In this capacity he was present at Vienna in 1873; at Philadelphia in 1876; at Paris in 1889; and at Chicago in 1893, in which city he was one of the members of the jury of awards. His reports to the Government, and his many brilliant articles in "Engineering" were models of clear-cut English, and served to raise the young professor high in the estimation of the English authorities.

His Eminence Cardinal Bourne, addressing the students of St. Joseph's College, London, on one occasion, said: "It is to me a matter of the greatest satisfaction and a profound consolation to see gathered before me this afternoon so many Catholic boys so well set up, thoroughly well taught I know, because they are being taught by the Brothers of the Christian Schools whose work I have been able to witness across the seas, and whose work deserves the commendation and

thanks of the whole Catholic world wherever their schools are to be found. And then let me put before you two thoughts that you should have in your minds to make you appreciate, as you ought to do, the fact that you belong to this, St. Joseph's College. My first reason for congratulating you, and for congratulating your parents on having placed you here, is that you represent a very long and continuous effort in the cause of Catholic education here in London. The work of Secondary Education among Catholics here in London is a history of many experiments, and of many failures. I do not know of any school now existing in London—any secondary school—that can claim for itself so long a history as your school. I want you to be proud of the fact that you do represent the long-continued traditions of Catholic secondary education here in London. Then I am going to say something which perhaps may be rash. I believe that in numbers you surpass any other Catholic secondary school for boys in London. This is the second reason for legitimate pride."

When King Edward VII. was Prince of Wales, hearing of the remarkable success of the Brothers' work, he invited them to take part in the International Health Exposition held in London in 1884. The Brothers acceded to the wishes of His Royal Highness, and prepared an exhibit representing the schools of Europe, Africa, India, Canada, United States, and South America. The Brothers' display attracted so much attention that the chief of the London School Inspectors wrote an open letter to the teachers of England, advising them to visit this wonderful exhibit, and a leading Journal of Education declared that no schoolmaster who had his heart in his profession should let such an opportunity slip.

The Brothers' School in Waterford (St. Stephen's), having won the "Diploma of Honor" at the London Exposition of Art, Science, and Industry, the President of the Jury wrote the Rev. Brother Director of the schools as follows: "I have been asked by the Board of Education, South Kensington, to obtain for them some special exhibits which represent features of national education, which they regard as of great

importance, and which they would like to preserve for the future reference of teachers and students as the best examples of the methods and results of general education. Among the exhibits selected by the Board of Education for this purpose, I am glad to inform you, are some of those contributed by your school. I venture to hope you will appreciate the honor of being so selected, and will be willing to bear an honorable part in forming the nucleus of a National Exhibition of Education under the auspices of the Government itself."

Writing of the Brothers' work in Ireland, the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, says: "The Brothers of the Christian Schools enjoy a reputation as well merited as it is universal. They have given abundant proof, too, that the enlightened zeal, energy, and devotedness which have won them so large a measure of praise from unbelievers in Continental countries, characterize them in Ireland."

In the Channel Islands, Guernsey and Jersey, the Brothers have three schools, including a large and flourishing Agricultural College at Vauxbelets. In Malta, they have two schools.

British India and the Straits Settlements have many notable educational institutions directed by the Christian Brothers. Some of their largest and most flourishing schools are to be found there. St. Paul's High School, Rangoon, Burma, founded in 1860, has over a thousand students who are prepared for the University of Calcutta. St. Joseph's College, Singapore, has some 1,600 pupils, and St. Francis Xavier's, Penang, 1,250. The Brothers have conducted St. Joseph's College, Hong Kong, since 1874. At Colombo, Ceylon, they have St. Benedict's Institute with 1,200 students. Other Brothers' schools are at Moulmein, Mandalay, and Malacca.

Speaking at a Prize Day celebration at St. Paul's School, Rangoon, the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma said: "The cause of education in Burma is deeply indebted to the Brothers who have built up St. Paul's School. It is a great thing to belong to a school which like St. Paul's has high traditions, and I hope that you boys when you emerge from school and

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enter upon the battle of life will always keep in mind what you owe to your school, and that you will be a credit to it."

In recognition for thirty years of arduous labor in the cause of education in the East, His Majesty's Government was pleased to reward Rev. Brother James, Provincial of the Christian Brothers in India, with the Order of the British Empire.

Another eloquent tribute to the efficient work being carried on by the Brothers in the outposts of the Empire is contained in the remarks of Sir Edward Stubbs, K.C.M.G., Governor of Hong Kong, on the occasion of the opening of the Brothers' new college building there. He declared that it was a special pleasure for him to have the opportunity of opening so magnificent a building, the result of which would be to improve, if that were possible, the already high standard of education imparted by St. Joseph's College. "The whole of its career," he said, "since I arrived here some years ago, has been one of continual progress, and I am sure the whole Colony is pleased to find it has done such good work." A number of the old boys among the Chinese pupils of this College are now practising law, medicine, engineering, and pharmacy with distinction. Many are taking post-graduate courses in the United States at Notre Dame University, the University of Pennsylvania, and Creighton University. Some have entered the Seminary of Hong Kong and studied for the holy priesthood.

In Australia, the Brothers have five schools, including a Training College and Novitiate. In the Island of Mauritius they have three schools, and one in South Africa at King William's Town. Recently they have opened a school at Port of Spain, Trinidad. The Municipal Council of Port Louis, Mauritius, has showed its appreciation of the Brothers' work by naming one of its principal streets after Rev. Brother Felix, former Director of the De La Salle School there.

The latest statistics give the number of Christian Brothers' schools in the British Empire as 144, with a total of 45,435 pupils. Empire builders they surely are, imbuing their pupils

with that triple loyalty to God, to King, and to Country, that makes for true Christian citizenship—a bulwark of the State.

The following words of that great English prelate, Archbishop Keating of Liverpool, spoken at the Prize Day celebration of the Catholic Grammar School conducted by the Brothers at St. Helens, Lancashire, very fittingly indicate the spirit that has inspired the sons of St. De La Salle in their work throughout the Empire:

“St. John Baptist De La Salle was the pioneer of the education of the poor. Up to that time, the seventeenth century, it had not been tackled with proper organization, but he, with his saint’s heart burning with the love of God, felt that a great deal of the vice and so-called wickedness of the very poor was due to the fact that nobody had taken any pains to give them even the natural light of a good education. They were vicious because they knew nothing else, not from their own choice, but from the environment in which they lived. There is hardly a kind of school, day school or night school, Sunday school or technical school, high school or school for the elementary education of the three R’s that St. John Baptist De La Salle has not influenced. He tried his hand at everything and gave a splendid lead. And those who have come afterwards and made themselves acquainted with the history of popular education, will recognize the truth of what I say, that that great man was undoubtedly raised up by God to give the disinherited poor the great benefit of a great education. That makes us appreciate the blessings we enjoy, the blessings of the Order instituted by St. John Baptist De La Salle.”

Brother Simon, F.S.C.

Beloved Country

Beloved Country, favoured bower,
We hail thee this auspicious hour,
When sixty years stand to attest
How well by God thou hast been blest,
Since Wisdom, well directed, planned
And fashioned a united land.

Honoured be those who for thee gave
Unselfish thought and counsel suave;
Long may in Memory's hallowed light
The annals of their fame be bright.
Not trophied arch, nor sculptored art
Exceeds the homage of the heart;
May not the eulogistic strain
Obscure a humble bard's refrain.

Confederation bade thee soar
To heights unsought, unwon before.
Immune to Faction, Split and Shock,
Union their impregnable rock,
Sustained through long, conflicting years,
Thy hopes have triumphed o'er thy fears;
As coward Falsehood's stealthy form
Recoils before Truth's lightning storm.

Land of great Cartier, bold Brock,
Like men of courage round thee flock,
And may thy far-flashed signal be:
'Truth, honour, love and loyalty.'
Thus as a star to guide and bless,
Shine in unsullied loveliness.

Lead in the guileless arts of Peace,
Thy favoured marts yield fair increase!
Prosperity with fathering hand
Privation's present ills disband.
Nature deal kindly with thy soil,
With blessings on thy sons of toil!

Frederick B. Fenton.

SISTER M. JULIA CURRY, TORONTO

On Sunday, May 29th, after fifty years of devout Community life, thirty-six of which were spent in devoted service chiefly as procuratrix at St. Michael's Hospital, Sister M. Julia Curry, of the Order of St. Joseph, has gone to receive the reward of her faithful stewardship. "An old-fashioned Saint," said one standing beside the bier as she recalled the great, simple faith and unfailing spirit of confident prayer of her "dear old friend, who ministered so untiringly to the little daily wants at St. Michael's." Yet this attention to material wants was but a small part of Sister Julia's daily programme, for so numerous were those who solicited from her "just one little prayer" for their intentions, that at every hour of the day, when she was free to do so, this earnest little petitioner for grace and mercy and all of life's necessities would be found kneeling with bowed head before the Prisoner of the Tabernacle. She would, moreover, usually enjoin some pious task or duty upon her clients, assuring them that upon its prompt and faithful fulfillment God would surely answer their requests, and her confidence was often wonderfully rewarded.

At her advent into the Community, Sister Julia was placed in charge of the orphan boys at the House of Providence, and later at Sunnyside, where the number of her beloved protégés rapidly increased. She was a kind and thoughtful mother to them, as many now living prosperously in various places will readily testify. So strongly was she attached to this work of heart-appeal, that she has since often expressed the desire that she had to remain with these little ones her life-long, had not obedience ordained it otherwise. But to Sister Julia obedience was a law to which she promptly bowed in humble submission. She made so little account of her own feelings in the matter that she might be thought to have no personal preference at all. Her spirit of mortification was an abiding spirit, which had become something like a sixth sense so pecu-

liar was it to her habits of conduct. Yet Sister Julia was very keenly sensitive, and this might be considered her predominant fault if one were selected as such. Her behavior, when hurt or wounded, by some hasty rebuke from the thoughtless individuals she had to deal with or when slighted by the ungrateful, was to observe a crushed and shrinking silence.

When Sister Julia entered upon religious life, she broke off her relations with home and kindred almost entirely, feeling that by so doing she would leave her heart free to serve God with a singleness of purpose and undivided mind, trusting all her hopes and cares to Him. Her home in Ballingarry, County Tipperary, Ireland, she never saw again, and though some of her near of kin in this country were not far distant, she made no advance to renew intercourse with them, however great might be the attraction of human nature.

Because of her charity and piety Sister Julia was loved and revered by all who knew her. She was always in her true character a model religious, amiable, self-sacrificing and gracious in manner. She exhibited towards all, on all occasions, that innate refinement which springs from simplicity, humility and charity, which may be claimed for her as characteristic virtues, and as belonging inseparably with these, she showed, always a deep sense of gratitude for even the smallest favours. In her last illness this quality was most conspicuous. She would repeatedly say: "What have I ever done that the Almighty God is so good to me, that I am privileged to be here so happily situated, that I can hear Holy Mass daily and receive Holy Viaticum." Her gratitude towards those in attendance was equally remarkable, though her sufferings at the end were so intense, that she might easily be forgetful of aught outside herself.

For the last months Sister Julia was a patient at Mount St. Joseph, Richmond Hill, and so was entirely removed from all familiar surroundings; but wherever she could see the holy altar, there she was perfectly at home, and she found great consolation in the privilege. On Monday, May 30th, the remains were brought to St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans

street, where the funeral took place on Tuesday morning, May 31st, to Mt. Hope cemetery. The High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. J. Kennedy, C.S.B., with Rev. W. Murray, C.S.B., and Rev. F. Sharpe, C.S.B., as assistants. In the sanctuary were the Rev. M. Cline, Rev. J. P. Treacy, D.D.; Rev. J. C. Carberry, Rev. J. B. Dollard, Litt.D.; Rev. Father Barcelo, D.D.; Rev. W. Smith and Rev. J. McDonagh. R.I.P.

Officers of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association

1926—1927

Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. Paul Warde.

First Vice-President—Mrs. James E. Day.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. A. J. Thompson.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. M. Lellis.

Fourth Vice-President—Miss Mary McGrath.

Fifth Vice-President—Mrs. M. Healy.

Treasurer—Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Theresa O'Connor.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. McGrath.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Gertrude Ross.

Press Secretary—Miss Mary Coughlan, B.A.

Historians—Miss Helen Kernahan, B.A., and Miss Helen Monkhouse.

Councillors—Mrs. Brazil, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Riley,
Miss M. L. Hart and Miss Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The Phi Delta Delta, a magazine published by the Women's Legal Fraternity, Washington, D.C., in its issue of January, 1927, included the following notice of Miss Hope Thompson, an esteemed Alumna of St. Joseph's:

"Miss Thompson studied law at Washington College of Law, where she received her LL.B. in 1913. Later she took a post graduate course in International Law at Columbia University. She was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia in 1919, and to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1922.

"During the past few years she has held a number of positions with the Federal Government and part of the time has been associated with a firm of International lawyers in Washington. While her specialty is international law, she is also known to be well versed in the law of wills and administration and incidentally it may be said that she is a very sociable person and an expert bridge player.

"Twice her work has taken her abroad, the first time immediately before the opening of the World War in 1914. The declaration of war frustrated her plans and brought her back to the American Embassy in London, where she stayed during the first hectic weeks of the war as an assistant to Walter Hines Page, then American Ambassador to Great Britain. Before going to Europe she had held a position as clerk in the Counsellor's office, Department of State, had been Clerk for the American and British Claims Tribunal, and Law Clerk for the Government of Costa Rica, in connection with Costa Rica-Panama Boundary Arbitration. From 1918 until 1921 she was Junior Assistant to Counsel for Guatemala and Nicaragua in the Boundary Mediations before the Secretary of State for the United States between Guatemala and Honduras, and Honduras and Nicaragua. Following this she accepted

a position as Joint Secretary for the United States and Great Britain of the American and British Claims Arbitration Tribunal, meeting in Washington during November and December, 1921.

"The following summer she went to The Hague as Secretary on the part of the United States of the United States-Norway Arbitration Tribunal. Her experiences at The Hague were made more interesting by the fact that the Permanent Court of International Justice was holding its first session at the Peace Palace at the same time the arbitral tribunal was in session. This afforded her an opportunity to get first-hand information concerning this much-discussed Court. Upon her return to the United States she became Associate Counsel for Costa Rica in the Costa Rica-Great Britain Arbitration before Chief Justice Taft. On April 1st, 1925, she was appointed an attorney for the Agency of the United States, Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Mexico, with headquarters in Washington, and she still holds this position."

In the March, 1927, number of the same magazine there appears this account:

"Hope Thompson has received another promotion. She has been made counsel for the Special Claims Commission for United States and Mexico, and is one of four to hold that title. The others are General Walter A. Bethel, former Judge Advocate General; Judge Charles Kerr, of Kentucky; and Stanley Eudy, former assistant counsel on the Norwegian Claims Commission.

"The Commission was established under Conventions between United States and Mexico signed on September 8th, 1923, and September 10th, 1923. The three commissioners, who compose the tribunal passing on claims are, Fred. K. Neilson, for the United States, Fernandez Ross MacGregor for Mexico, and C. van Vollenhoven of Holland, sitting as a neutral. The head of the Agency of the United States is Clement L. Bouve, who has the title of agent. There are also two assistant agents and ten attorneys in the commission in addition to the four counsel. Miss Thompson has been with the agency

for more than a year, but until recently had the title of attorney."

To Miss Thompson Alma Mater extends heartiest felicitations.

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The Toronto Local Council of Women held a very enjoyable reception at Casa Loma on Saturday afternoon, April 23rd, for Mrs. William D. Ross. Among the guests were: Mrs. J. C. Keenan, Mrs. M. J. Healy, Mrs. W. A. McGuire, Mrs. F. Devine, Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. Tom McCarron, Mrs. K. Aitkin, Mrs. H. T. Roesler and the Misses Florence Boland, Mary McMahon, M. Ryan, May Morrow and K. O'Donohue.

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Representative Toronto women in the colorful loveliness of their summer costuming assembled on May 18th under the auspices of the Toronto Local Council of Women, at Casa Loma, to do honor to a distinguished member of their sex—Miss Mazo de la Roche—who captured the Atlantic Monthly prize for her brilliant literary achievement in the writing of "Jalna," a story of Canadian life. Among those who paid tribute to the famous young author were the President of the Local Council of Women, Mrs. J. Patrick MacGregor; Mrs. G. Howard Ferguson, wife of the Prime Minister of the Province; Mrs. Harry B. Hall, President of the American Women's Club; Mrs. John Bennett, President of the Women's Canadian Club; Mrs. W. H. Becker, Miss Gertrude Lawler and Miss Marshall Saunders.

Mrs. John Bennett, President of the Women's Canadian Club, spoke of the general rejoicing over the triumph of Miss de la Roche, "who found her joy not in recognition, but in creation." She was sure Miss Gertrude Lawler, in extolling the value of good literature, referred to the quotation that there is nothing closer to a man's soul than the words that he uses.

* * * * *

The bi-monthly meeting of the Catholic Ladies' Literary Club was held at the home of the Secretary, Mrs. J. Pocock,

in Dunn Ave. The meeting opened with the usual presidential remarks from Mrs. J. J. M. Landy, after which the Treasurer, Mrs. W. O'Connor, gave a most satisfactory report. The feature of the evening was a paper on Francis Thompson by Mrs. E. J. O'Neill, who gave a clever and most interesting sketch of the life of the poet and some of his poems. Mrs. Tom McCarron added to the pleasure of the society by giving a travel talk, taking in an itinerary covering a circle of the continent from New York, New Orleans, Houston, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Banff, Winnipeg, St. Paul, Chicago and Detroit to Toronto.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Warde, Miss Ruth and Miss Eleanor Warde have returned from Europe, where they spent an enjoyable vacation visiting places of interest in England, France and Italy.

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"There is no better cure for political malaria than to attend the daily sitting of the Legislature as I do," said Madame Belanger in her address to the Young Women's Liberal Club.

Madame Belanger, Vice-President of the Ontario Chapter of Federated Alumnae, might be called an "old campaigner," for she has spoken at many political meetings, making her bow to politics in 1917 in Ottawa.

Her first address she prepared while peeling the potatoes in her cuisine in Ottawa, for in the war days domestic servants were scarce.

"It was duty rather than desire which sent me forth," said Madame Belanger. "My husband said that it would be good if I spoke at St. Joseph's, to the women."

"French women do not enter public life as easily as Ontario women do. Our education is different even now, and twenty years ago there was a great divergence in activities outside the home."

She had often heard the statement that French-Canadian women did not participate in public life at all.

"It is because, inside the home, they have all the work for which they were educated," said Madame Belanger.

"The Anglo-Saxon people prepare their girls to compete with their brothers in this new civilization; co-education gives her an almost masculine assurance. She learns the same arts and sciences as her brother, but the Quebec woman is educated as a future helpmate, and the womanly arts are stressed."

Although the French-Canadian woman might appear to be a shrinking violet, she could, when the occasion demanded, find the energy of a Joan of Arc or Madeline de Vercheres. Madame Belanger thought the French-Canadian woman's interest merged wholly into those of their husbands and their ideal was to be helpmates in every way.

While the life of a sessional visitor is interesting, it is also educative, and Madame Belanger says, "When I listen to ministers of the crown, ministers of the gospel, back benchers, front benchers, middle benchers, 'would-bes' and 'has-beens,' I more and more lose faith in my ability to appreciate men and things political."

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A prettily arranged tea was given by Mrs. Denis J. Egan in her home on Markham Street, for her daughter, Eileen. Mrs. Egan received, wearing a lovely gown of black crêpe romaine with corsage of mauve sweet peas, while Miss Eileen wore a pretty frock of beige georgette with shoulder bouquet of yellow roses and lily of the valley. A guest of the house, Miss Lucienne Brule, of Ottawa, received with them. Mrs. S. J. McGrath assisted in looking after the guests, while Mrs. D'Arcy Frawley and Mrs. O. J. Deegan presided over the tea table, which was beautiful with spring flowers and candles, arranged on a lovely cloth of Italian cut work. Assisting in the tea room were: Miss Alice Hayes, Miss Louise Kennedy and Miss Kathleen Russell.

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On Friday, March 25th, the Honourable Dr. Forbes Godfrey, Minister of Public Health for the Province of Ontario,

in giving the Ontario Legislature a resume of the work done by his Department of Health, made special mention of the protection of settlers in the outlying districts of the Province and the Government's close co-operation with these municipalities and the Red Cross Association.

The Honorable Minister in paying high tribute to the nurses engaged in the outpost work throughout the Province, made special mention of the work accomplished by Miss Helena Lunn, one of the nurses of the Provincial Department of Health, who had spent nine months on Manitoulin Island visiting the schools and homes in an educational and instructional campaign and giving practical nursing aid where required, and who is now carrying on similar work at Sioux Look-Out, which is near the Ontario-Manitoba boundary.

Miss Helena Lunn is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lunn, of Dundas, an Alumna of St. Joseph's and graduate of St. Michael's Hospital Training School for Nurses, spent three years in the war zone in Europe and was in the Third Canadian Hospital Station when her gallant young brother, Edward Ignatius Lunn, of the 129th Battalion, was killed at Fresnoy.

On her return from Europe, after many thrilling experiences and narrow escapes, Miss Lunn, although one of the youngest nurses, was offered a post by the Ontario Government, and at present is serving on the Child Welfare division of the Provincial Health Department of Ontario.

Very cordial congratulations, Helena!

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St. Joseph's Alumnae Association tenders hearty greetings and good wishes for much happiness to:

Miss Constance Patricia Shannon, B.A., bride of Mr. William Bentley Greenwood.

Miss Mary Teresa Carroll, bride of Mr. Francis Gardon Rolston.

Miss Mary Grace, bride of Mr. John Raymond McDonald.

Miss Anna Lawlor Maloney, bride of Dr. G. W. Lyons.

Miss May Nolan, bride of Mr. Robert D. Sutherland, and to

Miss M. Teresa St. Denis, bride of Mr. M. George R. Boucher.

Miss Hilda Marie Wintermeyer, bride of Dr. Harry Joseph Shoniker.

Miss Rita Louise Shannon, bride of Mr. Alexander David Fournier.

Miss Anna Ellen Conlon, bride of Mr. Jacque Oliver Bird-sall.

* * * * *

The ladies section of the Lakeview Club held their official opening on May 12th, when handicap competitions were held for the two flights and the members of the executive were the hostesses at afternoon tea for the women players of the Club, Mrs. Henry Lowler and Mrs. F. C. Fletcher presiding. A tie resulted between Mrs. Lang, Miss Haywood, Mrs. McCarron and Mrs. Armstrong, and this was played off on Thursday, May 19th, and was won by Mrs. McCarron.

The Canadian Ladies' Golf Union Medal Handicap for the eighteen-hole players' weekly competition, was also won by Mrs. McCarron.

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The feature of the meeting of Subdivision No. 2, Catholic Women's League, held at Rosary Hall on Sunday, May 22nd, was a talk on Confederation by Rev. John O'Connor of St. Dunstan's Parish, Toronto. After briefly outlining Canada's history from Champlain's time until 1867, Father O'Connor pointed out the difficulties to be overcome before a union of such divergent elements could be effected, and stressed the wonderful work accomplished by the Fathers of Confederation at the Quebec Conference when the historic old city founded by Champlain and conquered by Wolfe, became the setting of that magnificent dream portrayed by D'Arcy McGee in his vision of Empire. Graphic sketches of the diplomatic Sir John A. Macdonald, the statesmanlike George Brown, the picturesque Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and of Etienne Cartier, were given by the reverend speaker, who concluded that whatever we thought of the Fathers of Confederation politically or person-

ally, because of their great piece of work in harmonizing such different Provinces and peoples their names shall be remembered. A vote of thanks, proposed by Mrs. E. J. O'Neill and seconded by Mrs. J. C. Keenan, was given the speaker by Mrs. J. P. Hynes, the newly-elected president of the No. 2 Sub-division. The Secretary, Miss Colline, read letters to the sub-division, soliciting aid in various welfare works, which will be considered by their respective committees.

OBITUARY.

Prayers are requested for the happy repose of the following recently-deceased friends of St. Joseph's:

Rev. Patrick Sylvester Dowdall, D.D., Mr. David Carey, Mr. Daniel Leonard, Mr. William Sheridan, Mr. James Treacy, Mr. Max Morrell, Mr. Alexander Miron, Mr. Charles C. McCabe, Mr. Charles Maguire, Mrs. C. J. Foy, Miss Pauline Patton, Mr. William Madden, Miss Delphine Jordan, Miss Regina McDonald, Mrs. Matthew O'Dea, Mr. Edward Murphy.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let eternal light shine upon them. May they rest in peace!

MISS GERTRUDE LAWLER

B.A., M.A., LL.D.

Recipient of New Honour from the
University of Toronto

ON Thursday, June 9th, a noteworthy event took place at the University Convocation Hall, when the Degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon four personages outstanding in the general progress of civilization, and selected for this highest distinction by the University of Toronto. One of them, who has long been eminent in the civic life of this community, is Miss Gertrude Lawler, of whom these pages give a very brief account.

Although the subject of our sketch was born in Boston, Mass., being the third daughter of the late John Lawler, a successful building contractor of that city, she has always been identified with educational interests in Toronto, where her records for scholarship in intellectual attainment have been well known and acknowledged. The recognition accorded her by her University in conferring upon her this recent mark of distinction has been shown to only two women previously. They have not ranked in her list at all, though worthy of honour for the interests they represent.

It was due in some measure to the influence of Miss Lawler's Canadian relatives that she left that famous educational centre, which was her birthplace, to come to Toronto while yet a child. She is the niece of the late Rev. Edmund Burke Lawler, grand-niece of the late Rev. John Carroll, both priests of Ontario, and great-grand-niece of the Right Rev. Dr. Edmund Burke, first Vicar Apostolic of Nova Scotia. Whoever was responsible for the choice of a school for the talented little girl, the fact remains that she entered boarding school at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban St., Toronto, where she later obtained her Junior Leaving Teacher's certificate and

was awarded the gold medal for general proficiency. From Jarvis St. Collegiate Institute she next obtained a Senior Leaving certificate and passed with honours and a general proficiency scholarship into the University of Toronto, where but a handful of women were then enrolled, it being considered a privilege for them to enrol. Admission to the best applicant could not be refused, and Miss Lawler was allowed to enter her name upon the lists.

Our highly-gifted young lady was not long in finding out that the Course she had entered upon did not measure up to her ambition as student, and upon petition she was further permitted to undertake the two honour Courses of Modern Languages and Mathematics. At the end of the first year she was awarded a general proficiency scholarship; at the close of second year another scholarship; at the end of the third year she won the gold medal in her honour courses, and on graduation she obtained Honour standing in Modern Languages and Mathematics. This was a thing quite exceptional, but it seemed only natural to the possessor of so great talent.

Meanwhile Miss Lawler continued at St. Joseph's Convent her studies in vocal and instrumental music, elocution and fancy needlework, and received instruction in church organ from Dr. Torrington. All this sounds like exaggeration, and for most people it would be quite impossible. We cannot measure phenomenal genius and ordinary mediocrity in terms of the same denomination. To be the first of firsts in all that she undertook was her daily experience and it had long ago ceased to be a cause of elation in herself or of wonder in others.

Within the year of her graduation Miss Lawler obtained from the Ontario School of Pedagogy a professional specialist's standing in Moderns and Mathematics and the qualification of a High School Principal from the Education Department. With this splendid equipment as a teacher she was at once appointed head of the department of English in Stratford Collegiate Institute, where she spent one very pleasant and successful year, at the end of which she took her M.A. degree

in honour Mathematics, and came to the new Harbord Collegiate of this city, which was started and built up with the help of her unrivalled efficiency and wonderful influence as a teacher and a trainer of youth. While still at Harbord she also acted as lecturer and examiner in methods in English at the Faculty of Education.

In presenting Miss Lawler for the Doctor's Degree, Sir Robert Falconer emphasized the fact that this estimable lady had gained the admiration and respect of scholars, teachers and colleagues during a period of twenty-six years. Many touching letters, which came from the battle-fields of France during the late war have borne testimony of the love and reverence with which their former teacher was held by thousands of her devoted and heroic young disciples, who spent the happiest days of their lives in her cheerful class-room.

For several years now, outside the class-room, Miss Lawler has been associated with literary, social, charitable and religious interests, organizations and pursuits. She edited a number of books on English for Ontario High Schools, edited the "St. Joseph Lilies" in its initial years and was associate editor of "The University Monthly." She was President of University College Alumnae and St. Joseph's College Alumnae Associations, Honorary President of Harbord Alumnae Association, in 1910 was chosen member of the Senate of the University of Toronto and within recent years has been, and still is, President of the Catholic Women's League and chairman of the Ontario Mothers' Pension Board.

Here we have a record which is hardly to be matched in the whole history of women's activities in Toronto. Miss Lawler has brought credit and renown to every high official post which she has honoured by her acceptance. Her ability for leadership has appeared in various capacities and has been repeatedly acknowledged. Besides academic work she has shown an ardent interest in varied welfare work in which she has performed a notable service. Her unremitting labor day after day, with ^{out} remuneration, at the Women's Al-

lowance Bureau is an exercise of Christian charity for which we hope she will receive deserving recognition in due time, and an eternal reward in the life to come.

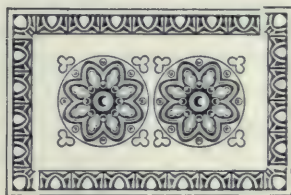
Throughout Miss Lawler's brilliant career as student, instructor and social leader she has won the confidence, admiration and esteem of all associated with her by the charm of her gracious personality, her profound scholarship and her liberal generosity in word and work. She has given evidence that she possesses all the qualities that make for success in life. Her initiative has been shown by launching pioneer work at many points, her resourcefulness in discovering means for accomplishing aims broad and lofty, her courage by undertaking what at first seemed impossible, her personality in winning co-operation from the indifferent. Her sympathy is all-embracing and her enthusiasm is contagious and inspiring.

The impression which Miss Lawler leaves with us is that of a staunch and true friend, with a clear, calm, candid spirit exercising a wise and practical judgment unobtrusively in the affairs of life, and looking always with cheerful and serene mind on the bright side of things, with a touch of sly, distinct humour that contemplates the unavoidable dark side without fear. She is a matchless friend whose like one rarely meets, and perhaps not once in a life time.

Of a life such as Miss Lawler's no true record can ever be fully told. Many things about it, admirable though they are, must be left unsaid, some because they are too intimate and too precious, others because a limit must be set to the telling, and by far the greatest things because they are known only to God. But in this little outline sketch in which some few characteristic features stand out as worthy of special prominence, the readers of St. Joseph Lilies are able to read between the lines and see the extreme significance at the present day of such a girlhood and womanhood as hers and understand the importance of such an example for the young girls who are growing up around us with very different views of the purpose of life.

In conclusion we would wish to dwell upon Miss Lawler's extraordinary power of uplifting others, of making them understand their responsibility of exerting their powers to the utmost, of causing them to realize that there is no cause for discouragement in past failures, but only new reason for fresh endeavour and hope for success. No one who has been fortunate in knowing this noble lady but will bear testimony to this peculiar gift, which has made so many souls forever her grateful debtors. To those who have ever known her no written record will be needed to enliven memory. Miss Lawler will ever be a strong and holy influence in their lives.

As a final word we offer our heartiest congratulations to Dr. Gertrude Lawler on behalf of the Community of St. Joseph, the School and the College and though last, not least, "St. Joseph Lilies," conceived, first edited and established upon a solid basis by her, offers most sincere congratulations and cordial wishes for long enjoyment of the heaped up and overflowing honours that so deservedly have fallen upon her.



COLLEGE AND SCHOOL

IT is with sincere pleasure that we take this opportunity of publicly offering our congratulations to the Basilian Fathers on the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of St. Michael's College, on May 10th, 1927. The opening ceremonies in connection with the observance of this anniversary were distinguished by the presence of men eminent in the intellectual and religious world. Perhaps the first significant indication of the history of the College was the colourful procession from Simcoe Hall across the Campus to Convocation Hall. An observer could not but be carried away by the brilliant array of purple of numerous church dignitaries in contrast to the raiment indicating various learned degrees worn by other distinguished figures in the procession. Following this display proceeded the graduates and undergraduates of St. Michael's and the Sister Colleges of Loretto and St. Joseph.

At the head of the procession as it filed into Convocation Hall, where the opening ceremonies were to be held, was the Superior of St. Michael's College, Rev. Father McCorkell, C.S.B., Lieut. Governor Ross and Archbishop McNeil, followed by Sir William Mulock, Chancellor of the University, Rev. Canon Cody, Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University, and dignitaries of the Church among whom the Bishops of Sault Ste. Marie Peterboro Hamilton Alexandria Victoria and Bishop Beaudrillart President of the Institute Catholique of Paris. Rev. L. Rush C.S.B., presided at the organ.

A short address of welcome was made by the Superior of the College, who then introduced the audience to Sir Wm. Mulock, saying that when the History of the University of Toronto came to be written, its first chapter would consist of a biography of its much revered Chancellor.

In his very interesting speech, Sir Wm. Mullock referred to the relations existing between St. Michael's and its Sister Col-

leges federated with the University as being the happiest and most helpful in advancing the cause of higher education. He traced very minutely the stages leading to the federation of St. Michael's with the University and mentioned the fact that St. Michael's was the first college to ask this privilege of the University of Toronto.

The other distinguished speaker was Bishop Beaudrillart,, President of the Institute Catholique of Paris, who addressed the audience in French and who happened very opportunely to be visiting Canada as a delegate to the Congress on French language held in Quebec. His address was both delightful and appropriate for such an occasion, as it brought us back to the beginning of the formation of Universities which began in France in the Middle Ages.

The Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D.D., our own well-beloved Archbishop, was then asked to speak. He congratulated the Basilian Fathers on attaining with honour and success the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of the College and expressing the hope that for centuries to come St. Michael's should continue its present ideal relations with the University of Toronto, and that the Catholics of Ontario would show their appreciation of the work done by the Basilian Fathers by generously helping to endow chairs in the different departments of learning.

After the addresses, the procession of dignitaries left Convocation Hall for Croft Chapter House, where tea was served. That evening the University Dinner in Hart House under the auspices of the Alumni Association of St. Michael's College was one of the biggest events in the history of the University. Speeches of outstanding character were made by Sir Robert Falconer, Rev. Canon Cody, Hon. Justice H. T. Kelly, President of the Alumni; Hon. Howard Ferguson, Thos. Mulvey, Under-Secretary of State; Sir Bertram Windle of the Staff of St. Michael's College, and the Rev. Francis P. Duffy of New York, who kept even the sedatest guests in roars of laughter.

On the following morning a solemn High Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in St. Basil's Church, when a truly inspir-

ing sermon was delivered by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Donnell, an Alumnus of St. Michael's College, who paid high and well-merited tribute to his Alma Mater and to the Basilian Fathers. All the guests were afterwards entertained at lunch in the College. A meeting of the Alumni closed this remarkable celebration, which was unexcelled in every detail of its arrangements as well as in its gratifying results.

As an affiliated College of St. Michael's, St. Joseph's College takes great pride in this glorious event and wishes it continued success and prosperity.



"GREATER LOVE THAN THIS . . ."

ON the brow of a hill overlooking the river Wye, which flows into Georgian Bay, stands a large stone church. Since its completion, less than a year ago, thousands of devout Catholics from all over North America have visited it, to venerate the memory of the eight Blessed Martyrs in whose honour the Shrine has been erected.

The coming of so many pilgrims to this spot, begging spiritual and temporal favours from these men whom the Church numbers among her Blessed, recalls to us the scenes which must have been enacted at the first Shrine within the precincts of old "Fort Ste. Marie," nearly three hundred years ago, when Indians and white men alike gathered to ask and obtain assistance from their Jesuit benefactors in person.

"The Martyrs' Shrine," with its adjoining hostel, as it is to-day, provides every comfort that pilgrims could desire for soul and body. It is one of the most beautiful places to which one can retreat from the rush of the crowded cities, to gather spiritual and temporal succour. The church itself, with its two spires which can be seen for miles throughout the surrounding country, is, to many, the most devotional church of its kind in Canada. The whole atmosphere of the place is one of peace and recollection. The "blackrobes" again walk over the holy ground and direct the services; an old mission bell calls the pilgrims morning and evening to Mass and Benediction; and from the summit of the hill one can see the historic "Wye winding its way across a checker-board of farms, until it mingles with the bluer waters of the Bay. There is an entire lack of boisterousness and irreverence, and even of any superfluous commercial busy-ness."

But some three centuries ago, when Blessed Jean de Brebeuf and his companions gathered at the old Fort, the site of which is about two hundred feet from the present Shrine, any material comforts it afforded were only considerable be-

cause they were accentuated by the usual lack of them and by the presence of so many hardships throughout the surrounding country. However, Blessed Jerome Lalemant writes of the Fort that it was "a retreat and a place of recollection for our Gospel laborers, who, after their combats, would find in this solitude a place of delight."—(From J. Lalemant, *Jesuit Relations*, Cleveland Edition, Edition XIX., page 137).

Had there been for these soldiers of the Cross no actual martyrdom of blood—and for many of the missionaries there was none—the incredible discomforts which they endured willingly, and even joyfully, would have been sufficient to fill us with admiration for their heroism. These men, accustomed to the culture and refinement of Old France, were obliged, during their stay in Canada, to contend with all sorts of filth, pestilence, sickness, superstitions, poor food, heavy, degrading work and lack of congenial companionship, and with all these the ever-present fear of the dreaded Iroquois of the Mohawk Valley, who, "red from the smouldering heat of hate within," were to put to its supreme test the faith of the martyrs.

And yet, in spite of all this, there were Jesuits in France begging, praying for permission and opportunity to suffer and serve "even unto death" in this country so replete in hardships.

Though nearly a score of the Canadian Missionaries proved the sincerity of their zeal by laying down their lives in its cause, only eight of them have been officially recognized by the Church, as martyrs. Of these eight, Blessed Jean de Brebeuf, the Huron apostle, and Blessed Isaac Jogues, that of the Mohawks, are the best known.

Jean de Brebeuf entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Rouen in 1617, at the age of twenty-four. In 1625, two years after his ordination, he, with two other priests, arrived in Quebec, in answer to the invitation their Order had received from the Recollet Friars to share their labours in New France. Physically strong, of dauntless courage, prudent, quick to learn the new language, Brebeuf was indeed well suited to have charge of this new mission. During the years 1627, 1628 and

1629 the young priest struggled on alone in this wilderness with little success, his only consolation the baptism of a few children and the conversion of a small number of dying adults. In 1629 the capture of Quebec by the English compelled the Jesuits to return to Europe. There, a year later, he pronounced his final vows, and in his own blood wrote out this promise:

“Lord Jesus, my Redeemer, Thou hast saved me with Thy Blood and Precious Death. In return for this favour, I promise to serve Thee all my life in Thy Society of Jesus, and never to serve anyone but Thee. I sign this promise with my own blood, ready to sacrifice it all, as willingly as I do this drop.”

In the summer of 1643 he returned to the scene of his former labour, in Huronia, where he continued to teach, baptize and administer the Sacraments until 1649, the year of his death, with only a break of three years, which he spent in Quebec.

By this time there were eighteen Jesuits actively engaged in the Huron mission field, among them Blessed Gabriel Lalemant, who, at that time was assisting Father de Brebeuf at the village of St. Ignace, and who shared the latter's tortures and death.

When Gabriel Lalemant pronounced his first vows in 1632, missionary zeal in his Order was at his zenith. Gabriel's two uncles, Fathers Jerome and Charles Lalemant, had already served for some time in the new country, and the ambition in their nephew's heart to one day share in this activity was strengthened by their enthusiasm. It was while pronouncing these vows that the young Jesuit resolved to consecrate himself to the foreign missions. But circumstances were such that he was obliged to wait sixteen years before his wish could be realized. The chief obstacle barring his way to Canada was his own frailty. At no period of his life was Gabriel Lalemant robust to any degree. During the eight years which elapsed between his ordination and his departure for Canada, he continued ardently to pray to be allowed to go and suffer in the far-away mission field. His one year in Huronia was to

prove indeed abundant in suffering. Lalemant eventually reached the Huron country in 1648, just when the mission was most flourishing. A wave of fervour seemed to have passed over the stolid Hurons, and between July of that year and the following March more than fourteen hundred Hurons were baptized.

Nevertheless, the Jesuits realized that the danger was more imminent than ever before. The massacre of Father Daniel and his flock at Teanaostaye the previous year had come as a warning to the other missionaries.

At dawn on March 16th, 1649, the Iroquois swooped down on the little fortification of St. Ignace. Of its three hundred inhabitants, more than a hundred were slaughtered. Those who survived fled to give the alarm at the neighboring village of St. Louis, where Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemant were ministering to their flock. These Huron fugitives begged the two priests to flee for their lives, but the intrepid men scorned to save themselves when, by remaining, they could minister to and encourage their agonized flock. In a short time the Iroquois had reached St. Louis and captured all the Hurons who had not succumbed in the struggle, and with them the two Jesuits. The latter were taken to St. Ignace, where, having been stripped of their clothing, they were obliged to run the gauntlet under a shower of blows on all parts of their bodies. Their fingernails were then torn off, and sharp awls and burning torches applied to their flesh; a necklace of red-hot hatchets was suspended around their necks; and, in derision of Christian Baptism, boiling water was poured over their heads. Father de Brebeuf suffered the removal of his lips, as a fitting torment for one who had used his lips so unsparingly in preaching and in instruction. Lalemant, whose knowledge of the language was less thorough, and who, consequently, was not so frequently occupied in this work, was spared that form of torture, but his jaws were split open and burning brands driven down his throat. The final torture that these fiends inflicted upon their brave victims was to gouge out their eyes and insert burning coals in the empty sockets.

The lion-hearted Brebeuf and his more delicate companion bore all this with the greatest fortitude, imploring God all the while to pardon their torturers. Death came as a merciful release to Brebeuf after four hours' agony, but, strange to relate, Lalemant, whose body was almost too frail to survive the ordinary rigours of life, withstood the pain of his tortured body for twelve hours longer.

The Iroquois, next day, attacked the fort at Ste. Marie. This stone fort, the oldest of its kind in North America, withstood the onslaught of the thousand Iroquois warriors, although it was manned by fewer than one hundred defenders. The heroism of these defenders, together with their bronze cannon, saved the fort and the other Jesuit missionaries from capture. The Iroquois fled in panic and shortly after, the "donnés" at the fort went to the scene of the tragedy of St. Ignace to bring back the charred remains of the two priests. The flesh of these martyrs was buried in the little cemetery at the Fort, making this spot hallowed by their memories, still more sacred.

The war of extermination, however, forced the French to gather the remnants of the Huron flock and bring them for safety to the neighborhood of Quebec. It was the culmination of the tragedy of Huronia, the destruction of a race not without fine qualities, whose misfortunes brought them incredible graces and saintly deaths.

As the lives of Brebeuf and Lalemant in Canadian annals represent the highest types of heroism, so, to Americans, Blessed Isaac Jogues is the ideal of magnificent self-sacrifice.

Soon after his ordination, Father Jogues set out for New France, wishing to give the best years of his life to missionary work, and within the first year of his call to the missions he experienced all the little crosses of his chosen life to the full. His greatest trial came after six years' ministry in the fields of New France. The Ottawa route from Huronia to Quebec being blocked by the Iroquois, the missionaries at the fort were reduced to real need. Eventually the situation be-

came so extreme that a flotilla under the leadership of Father Jogues ran the blockade and made the journey to Quebec. But the return journey proved disastrous.

The party were paddling their supply-laden canoe through the long weeds of Lake St. Louis, when the lurking Iroquois perforated their light craft with a shower of bullets, and surrounded them as they made for the shore. Despite the heroic resistance of Father Jogues' chosen Hurons, they soon captured the entire party. They rushed on this man of God, stripped him, discharged on him a rain of blows till he fell to the ground, insensible. He was just regaining consciousness when two braves sprang at him like wild beasts, tore out his nails, and with their teeth crushed his bleeding fingers. Rene Goupil, who had joined Father Jogues at Quebec, was treated with the same cruelty. This future martyr, owing to ill-health had not been able to endure the religious life and was practising surgery among the settlers of Quebec. He had decided to join Father Jogues' party, hoping to labour in Huronia, not without some presentiment of the martyr's crown awaiting him. The two were kept in captivity in the Mohawk Valley, and made to perform the heaviest, most degrading work, until six weeks later Indian treachery ended Goupil's suffering. For more than a year Father Jogues endured the barbarous treatment of his captors. This is the more remarkable in that the sacrifice was voluntary. The souls of the Huron Christians who had been seized with him he considered to have been entrusted to his care by Divine will. Thirteen months after his captivity he wrote: "I have taken a resolution to stay here as long as it pleases Our Lord, and not to seek my freedom even though the occasion present itself." Shortly after, however, his escape was secured by the Dutch on the very eve of the day set for his execution, and a few months later, ragged and emaciated, he arrived in France. All France soon learned of his sufferings, and even the Queen invited him to the court and knelt that she might kiss his mutilated hands. He obtained from Urban VIII. permission to celebrate Mass despite his crippled hands. The Pope at the same time granted

a Plenary Indulgence to all pilgrims visiting the chapel at Ste. Marie on the Feast of St. Joseph, which indulgence has been renewed by Pope Pius XI. in favor of the new Shrine. The extent of his sanctity may be exemplified by the fact that this soul which Iroquois violence could not tame in New France was not able to endure the attention which he received in the Old.

Returning to Quebec, he soon prevailed upon his superiors to allow him to go once more to the Mohawk Valley, now that the Iroquois were at peace with the French. Yet he felt that this journey was to be his last. "I will go, but I shall not return," he wrote to a friend in France. With Jean de la Lande, another of those *donnés* whose humility and devotion to the Jesuit missionaries gained for him the crown of martyrdom, Father Jogues returned once more to the Mohawks, almost immediately to meet death from the treacherous savages whose souls he held dearer far than his own life.

One of the great ambitions of the Jesuits during their early mission in Canada was the founding of a seminary for the education of Indian boys, away from the influences of their uncivilized relatives. A small college was therefore erected, about two miles south of Quebec. To Blessed Anthony Daniel, who had been a laborer in Huronia for some time, was confided the task of teaching and caring for the fifteen little Hurons who gathered there for instruction. It is easy to picture, described as indomitably happy, as being to his youthful charges the kindest and most loving father. He continued his work of educating the Indian youths until 1637, when he was recalled to Huronia. Father Daniel's former trips to and from the Huron country had been unique in hardship and suffering, but this third journey was unequalled in real pain. In 1648, two days after his return from Ste. Marie, where he had been making his annual Retreat, the Iroquois attacked him in his church, where he had gathered his congregation for Mass. A General Absolution to the Christians and Baptism to the Catechumens was given before Father Daniel made his way to the nearby cabins to continue this ministry to the aged and sick.

He had barely time to reach his church once more when the Iroquois were upon them. A few moments later Father Daniel fell, riddled with Indian bullets and arrows.

The courage of these men in facing tragic death has been immortalized by many writers; less is said of their courage in facing life itself, of the quiet, unostentatious perseverance without which none of the missionary work would have been successful. The trials of every-day life perhaps seemed harder to Blessed Noel Chabanel. Had it not been for his burning love of God and zeal for souls, Father Chabanel never would have endured such deprivation of all that he held most dear upon earth. His heaviest cross was his inability to master the Huron language, without which knowledge he was practically useless. Then, too, there was scarcely any phase of the life among the Hurons which was not repulsive to his nature, and many times he was tempted to return to his beloved France. It was when these inclinations were strongest in him that he made at Fort Ste. Marie a heroic vow never to turn back from the Calvary which he had set himself to climb. To Chabanel the bloodless martyrdom of his life required much more courage than real martyrdom, but this also was granted to him. While returning from the Petun mission at Etharita, where he had been assisting Father Garnier, he was murdered by a Huron apostate.

At the mission from which Father Chabanel was returning, however, a priest remained, an equally brave disciple of Christ, —Charles Garnier, who had broken the ties of friendship and family love to devote his life to the conversion of the New World. There was a very human trait in Blessed Charles Garnier's personality which appeals to our own hearts, a buoyant, cheerful outlook on life that revealed itself in his actions and words, but the man in him was subordinate to the saint. Indeed, his bright manner was a result of the pleasure he felt in following the footsteps of his Crucified Saviour. His bed was of the hardest, his food at times repugnant, and he wore next his flesh a belt studded with sharp iron points. When his post at Etharita was attacked he refused to flee, but hastened

from cabin to cabin, blessing and encouraging his panic-stricken parishioners. Even when mortally wounded, his courage was undaunted, and he was in the act of dragging his mangled body to the aid of a wounded Christian when death overtook him. A blow on each temple with a hatchet ended his heroic life.

For two hundred and fifty years the Church withheld her verdict concerning these men who gave their lives in a cause which seemed to fail, but their beatification, coming as it did in 1925, has caused a wave of interest in their lives and deaths which is most welcome in the present age of worldliness and materialism. The site of old Fort Ste. Marie was chosen as the most suitable place for the erection of a shrine which would keep alive this devotion, because it witnessed, if not the actual martyrdom, at least the inward struggles of the Jesuit Fathers. Their intercessory power has been manifested on many occasions since their deaths. Numerous minor miracles have been granted at the Shrine and countless favors received by their devotees in Canada and the United States, a remarkable fact which predicts that this Martyrs' Shrine will in the near future rank as one of the greatest in the world.

Margaret Thompson, Arts '28.

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WILLIAM JAMES.

William James grew up in a home of the old Puritan tradition and one of unusual culture both intellectual and moral. His father was a distinguished theologian and writer, on terms of intimacy with several eminent thinkers among whom were Carlyle and Emerson, whom our future philosopher thus came to know personally. There is no doubt but that James inherited and followed the literary style and temperament of his father.

The general impression given by William James' philosophy as also his personality, was of taking life seriously. His aim

was not to make a new and popular philosophy, but a philosophy which, built upon the rock of experience, should justify the secular convictions of common sense and the time-honored, moral intuitions of our race. The originality of William James does not appear so much in his cardinal beliefs, which he took from the general current of Christian thought, as in the novel and audacious method by which he defended them against the learned philosophy of the day.

James was one of those beings of heroic type whose thought carried away by the passion for truth, aspires to nothing less than embracing the sum total of living things and sketching a philosophy in which every human experience finds a place. He was a man of infectious enthusiasm and of an expansive and generous spirit that instantly won all hearts, and one who was forever looking forward to the future. He unceasingly demanded facts and for them turned his scrutiny to concrete reality, well convinced, as he says, that final truth is to be found only in the living flux of things.

The method that James was to follow in philosophy was that of opposition between the abstract way of thinking, that is the logical and dialectical way—and the concrete way of thinking which nourishes itself on the facts of experience.

In James' vision of things, two aspects can be distinguished on the one hand his popular philosophy, that is, his moral and religious manner of looking at life and the world; his opinions as a professional philosopher on the problems of methodology and methaphysics.

Taking the latter aspect into consideration his philosophy shows that his point of view has gradually progressed steadily in one direction, and that is toward an ever more radical empiricism. At the outset of his career while retaining his preference for the concrete method of immediate experience, he for some time shared the firm belief of the trench philosopher, Renouvier, in the value of pure logic and the certainty of conclusions founded on the principles of identity and contradiction. But little by little his inborn distrust of every-

thing abstract, purely deductive, and incapable of verification, got the upper hand and we have seen that he finally gave up the desire to get a rational or unified comprehension of the data of experience, but confined himself to ascertaining what these data are. This was not destined to modify his vision of reality; which appeared to him as only the more extraordinary and diversified, defying all the rigid and closed systems of intellectual philosophers by its inexhaustible richness and its perpetual creation of novelty. The only difference is that while he had previously believed one could successfully comprehend it by the necessary laws of thought, just as Renouvié believed, he now saw this impossible, that our concepts are unable to seize the real becoming of things, and that these overwhelming transcend the power of logic. We cannot dream of confining them in any theoretical formula and the only way of getting at them is to plunge directly into the living flux of experience.

This renunciation of every effort to grasp reality by logic seems to have had the effect of still further emancipating James' spirit. One might say that he had glimpsed the possibility of reconciling on the ground of immediate experience, philosophical doctrines which had seemed to him, until then, absolutely incompatible.

James passed from a primordial pluralistic chaos toward an ever-growing state of union and harmony: that is, just the reverse of Bergson's theory, which said that the universe started with an original harmonious unity, moves on along diverging lines of evolution towards an ever-increasing dispersion. However, they had one common conviction that the reality of this "becoming," this unceasing creation of the new, is inconceivable by our logical thought and must be apprehended directly from immediate experience.

No thinker knew better than James how to guard himself against the false ideal of unity at any cost which besets philosophers, and so often causes them to distort the actual reality by stretching it on the procustean bed of a rigid system. Never-

theless this absolute respect for concrete experience, changing, overflowing and never-ending, necessarily preventing his settling upon a precise metaphysical doctrine, which once formulated would have been felt by him to be a hindrance to all further movement of thought.

If James changed and did not appear to settle definitely the special problems that interest professional philosophers, the case was quite different in all that he called popular philosophy which was to him the only important one, the one by which we live and the one which it is the sole business of all other philosophies to support and fortify. Here he never changed except in details of form of exposition. Here we find him quite the same through his whole career. To him we are free in spite of the chains of heredity, education and habit which bind us. The universe of which we are a part is a mixture of good and bad—an unfinished process of creation, to whose destiny we contribute by our voluntary, moral and religious attitude. This confident attitude is the only one to which we are conformed because it alone enables us to support the tragedies and appreciate the joys of life.

James' philosophy rests entirely on his psychology. He has left his imprint of originality and penetration on every branch of philosophy which he took up. He did not really leave behind a school; his philosophy consists more in an attitude, which must be communicated by contact and feeling, rather than through a doctrine of its convenient codification.

Nevertheless he will live as an upholder of moral and intellectual liberty, a firm believer of intense life and personal faith and a liberator from all systems which tend to stifle man's spontaneity. He was one of those many philosophers who tried to bridge Kant's break in philosophy—tried to combine the sense of the real and that of the ideal into a synthesis.

Mary R. Fitzgerald, '28.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, known to the world as the greatest musician of all times, and to whom special attention is being drawn this year of his Centenary, was born in 1770 at the picturesque town of Bonn, on the Rhine. His father was a tenor singer in the Elector of Cologne's private chapel, but received such an insufficient salary that financial circumstances of the Beethoven family were indeed very poor. Thus it was to contribute some support to the family that Ludwig van Beethoven was started on a musical career.

His teachers were many and not always on harmonious terms with the boy, so that the child's progress was slow in comparison with the infant prodigy Mozart.

The death of his best and truest friend, his mother, was a heavy blow to Beethoven, yet surrounded with disheartenings which would have daunted the courage of many, he fearlessly and nobly looked matters in the face, and earnestly set about a task to which he never could to the end of his days inure himself—that of teaching. But his strength of character is responsible for his great success. He overcame unnumbered difficulties and rose to the heights of the unsurpassed composer of instrumental music. In personal appearance he was below medium height, but broad and firmly built; his eyes usually reflected, as did his music, a great variety of moods, and his usual expression seems to have been rather that of melancholy than of gaiety. Beethoven's deafness was a deep wound to his sensitive nature, yet his own words are "Patience, I must choose for my guide," and again in a letter to his brother when anticipating death, "O God! Thou lookest down upon my misery; Thou knowest that it is accompanied with love of my fellow-creatures, and a disposition to do good! O Men! when ye shall read this think that ye have wronged me, who in spite of all impediments of nature did all that lay in my power to obtain admittance into the rank of worthy artists and men."

His character was simplicity itself; falsehood was absolutely foreign to his nature and he carried truth and sincerity into brusqueness, and often into shocking rudeness. And yet so great was the influence of his personality that those to whom he was rudest, were fondest of him. His simplicity, sometimes credulity, blinded him to real facts and made him often unfair and harsh. Such conduct must have been greatly due to his deafness, his sensitive nature and his passion for music, but he had the saving virtue of humility and readily confessed his faulty and even tried to make amends for them.

He was tenderly affectionate, and there is something wonderfully touching in his devotion to his nephew—one of the meanest, most graceless scamps on record; but on whom, partly because he was left to him, partly because of his craving for affection, Beethoven lavished all his tenderness. His nature and his deafness drove his goodness inward, and we must look to his music, and to the mystical aspirations with which he salutes God in the sunrise or the beauty of the woods, for the deeply religious feelings of his heart.

A Catholic by birth, and dying in that faith, a more deeply religious mind never existed. God was to him the most solemn and intimate reality, whom he saw and welcomed through all aspects of nature, and in every mood of Joy and sorrow.

He treated his pianoforte as an intimate friend, to whom he could confide his thoughts and secrets, and taught it to respond in sympathy with all his innermost feelings.

The works of Beethoven may be assigned to three distinct periods of his intellectual development. The works of his first period extend to his sixteenth orchestral work, including besides several pianoforte sonatas, trios for pianos and stringed instruments. These works show the influence of Haydn and Mozart and display the highest cultivation of the forms and principles of art previously established in the Viennese school of music.

The second period of Beethoven's artistic life in which his genius was comparatively self-reliant, extends from the sixteenth to the eighteenth work, and was the most productive and brilliant part of his career. To it belonged his greatest creations,—symphonies, overtures, sonatas, all of which display the highest qualities of imaginative composition. Chamber compositions such as his septets, quintets, quartets, trios, serenades, etc., also belong to this period, and also his dramatic art of which he has left but a solitary specimen—his opera "Fidelio."

In the third and last period of Beethoven's career we find his greatest works, the "Missa Solemnis in D," and the great "Choral Symphony" which transcend all common laws and forms and belong to the highest sphere of art. Other works of this class approach those just mentioned, though they do not reach the same elevation, but all are alike in passing far beyond the ordinary traditional forms of art.

The music of Beethoven has left a profound impress on art, and in speaking of his genius it is difficult to keep expression within the limits of good taste. For who has so passed into the very inner penetralia of his great art and revealed to the world such heights and depths of beauty and power in sound? Beethoven's greatness was a recognized fact during his lifetime and on his death just one hundred years ago, kings, princes, poets, painters, and all the public of Vienna, flocked to pay to him their tribute of respect.

Beethoven's principal title to fame is in his superlative place as a symphonic composer. In the symphony, music finds its highest intellectual dignity. In Beethoven the symphony has found its loftiest master.

Hermine Keller, A.T.C.M.

Graduates' Day at St. Joseph's College

On Saturday, June 11th, the class of 1927 of St. Michael's College and the affiliated women's colleges of Loretto and St. Joseph's, assisted at a High Mass for the Graduates in the St. Alban St. chapel. The celebrant was Rev. W. H. Murray, C.S.B., and Rev. E. J. McCorkell, C.S.B., delivered the baccalaureate sermon, which was as follows:

"The secular ceremonies which mark the close of a University career leave something to be desired. Did you not assemble this morning to assist at the baccalaureate Mass you should feel that the atmosphere of religion in which you moved and lived and had your being as undergraduates of St. Michael's had somehow failed you at the most needful time. Your college stands for the paramount importance of religion in education. The mantle of religion should therefore be thrown over these days of parting with your professors and with one another. That is the significance of this ceremony of to-day.

It is a commonplace to speak of the University graduate as standing at the threshold of life, and of University education as a preparation for life, for citizenship in the world. Now if we regard citizenship in the Augustian sense, if we regard the world as the "City of God," which it is, no fault with the terminology can be found, and no qualification of the ideal is necessary. You have indeed been trained for citizenship.

It cannot be contended that the world in which you assume citizenship to-day is in the classic language of St. Paul "no mean city." It is a mean city. Let me describe it briefly. It is in the broad sense a world of schisms. Christianity held up the ideal of the brotherhood of man, but the founder of Christianity foretold the world of modern life with all the intense concentration of poetry when He said: "The father shall be divided against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against

the mother, the mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law." The Saviour spoke of the relationship which that primitive people knew well, the blood-relationship. But He meant more. He repeated the idea almost to the point of monotony, but He succeeded in concentrating in these powerful lines the teeming and varied antagonisms of modern society. The whole industrial structure, which is the most characteristic feature of modern civilization, is based upon the assumption that the only adequate motive for effort is unlimited gain. Man is assumed to be purely selfish. There are times, of course, when this selfishness plays itself out, and then we have moments of respite. Capitalists and workmen wear each other down, and then you have agreements. Rival corporations checkmate each other, and you have understandings. Nations decimate each other in war, and you have a "League of Nations." But the relief is only temporary, because the spirit of the world is the spirit of selfishness, or as I have said, the spirit of schism.

Now, into the world not greatly dissimilar from our own, which I have described, St. Paul sent his disciples of Corinth. It was a world of Christian and Pagan, Greek and Jew, master and slave. What message did he give them? What excellent way of life did he outline for them? It was the way of charity. And how did he estimate that virtue? As not only the greatest of gifts, but the only one that really counts. He called it the greatest of all the gifts which man may receive; greater than eloquence by which the hearts of men are stirred; "if I speak with the tongue of men and angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal"; greater than the highest learning: "if I should know all mysteries, and all knowledge and have not charity, I am nothing"; greater even than faith itself: "if I have faith so that I can move mountains and have not charity, I am nothing."

And how did he describe that virtue? He was not content to define it as the love of God and the love of our neighbour. He described it further so that no one might fail to under-

stand. "Charity is patient, is kind; charity envieth not, deal-eth not perversely; is not puffed up, is not provoked to anger, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not with iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

Now what St. Paul called charity and described in these words, I beg leave to call citizenship. To be a man of charity in the Pauline sense is to be a good citizen. It is the duty of a citizen to co-operate with others for the common good. This is nothing less than charity if it is animated by the love of God. Charity does not consist merely in giving money or goods to the destitute, though this is charity. It does not consist merely in money gifts to hospitals, churches, and educational institutions, though this too is charity. Charity consists in the giving of time, of advice, of example, of encouragement. You are charitable when you serve on a hospital board, on a school board, on an athletic committee. You are charitable when you cast your vote; that is, if you do these things with the proper motive as a matter of duty for the good of others. And you are not genuinely charitable if you fail to do these things, if you withdraw within your own shell, so to speak, and have no concern for others. What does it matter that you do not get fair treatment? Charity is patient. What does it matter that you get no credit for it? Charity seeketh not her own. What does it matter that others have base motives in public life? Charity thinketh no evil.

The antagonisms which exist in the world to-day, and which existed also in the world of St. Paul, are to a great extent natural and inevitable. At least the distinctions from which they spring must exist in any ideal human society. You will always have distinctions in race, and distinctions in class. Your life of charity will not remove these distinctions, but rather will raise them into a higher unity. There is, however, one antagonism to-day which should disappear, because it is not essential. It is the bitterest of antagonisms, and yet it is an unnecessary one, that is the religious antagonism, and the distinction in religion from which it springs. We know, of course, from revela-

tion that God's plan calls for one faith, one baptism, one fold, one shepherd. But apart from Revelation we reach the same conclusion. Distinctions in religion are based upon ignorance of religious truth, and it is no ideal condition that is based upon ignorance. There should be one religion, therefore, and no religious antagonisms. You will, of course, have to face the real and not any ideal world, and you will be called upon to exercise charity towards members of other religious groups, to work with them, to respect them. And this, by God's law, you are bound to do until the day comes when all shall be one in the unity of faith.

That day will be hastened if you have a strong faith, and a burning enthusiasm for your religion. It is easier to have this faith to-day, it seems to me, than it has been perhaps ever. There is a very interesting movement in the world of thought at present. The bold vibrant note of progress has been softened to an apprehensive whisper, and Tennyson's

“ forward, forward let us range
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of
change,”

has been almost entirely hushed. There is a tendency in almost all branches of knowledge to turn back the pages of history, because there is a growing conviction that for hundreds of years a wrong course has been followed. Men are beginning to think that the Golden Age is not before us, but behind us. Scholars are in fact looking back to the Middle Ages (non-Catholic scholars, I mean), and some of them are frank to say that the course of speculative thought during the past four centuries will have to be retraced.

The fact is that the world is beginning to recognize that there is such a thing as Catholic culture; that this culture dominated the civilized world in what is called the Middle Ages; and that there has been nothing like it since. That was the age of faith, when men took a proper view of life as a place of exile, when the unseen world was very near, and people spoke about

it earnestly and often. God had a real place in that world. If you went into one of the mediaeval towns they would entertain you by showing you their cathedral, their pride and glory, the work of their own hands, inspired by faith and love. To-day what are we shown; your railroad depots vaster than any cathedral; your factories with their chimneys taller than cathedral spires. Do people talk about God and the future life to-day? No, not even when death occurs. Even Catholics hesitate to speak of the soul and its welfare, through a sort of perverse instinct that it is bad taste. All this is because there has been super-imposed upon the Catholic culture of the Middle Age another culture that was not Catholic, but Protestant, and this alien culture in time came to possess the field, and even to colour Catholic views of life.

Now after the long winter there are signs of a return of spring. The culture which the Catholic Church nourished in her bosom, and which she preserved in her Catholic Colleges, as she preserved at an earlier date the faith in the catacombs, that culture is coming to be recognized again, and a Catholic may well be proud of his Church which has forced this recognition from her traditional enemies. Be proud of that religion, I bid you, and you will serve it well. Recently the President of the University of Toronto, in an address on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of our College, spoke of our **contribution** to the common life of the University, and moved his hearers deeply when he said: "We respect you as you bring it, we respect you as you stand by it, we respect you especially as you adorn it." Bring your religion into the world whither you are going, and you will be received with welcome. Stand by it and you will be respected. Adorn it, I implore you, by your virtues of heart and mind, and you will make it prevail to the glory of God and your own eternal honour."

One of the most devout worshippers present was Dr. Gertrude Lawler, on whom the University of Toronto has recently conferred the highest honour in its power to bestow, that is, the Degree of Doctor of Laws (*honoris causa*). At the close of the sermon, which followed the Mass, this humble petitioner for

graces and blessings of holy Mother Church, led the procession-
al column of graduates as they filed out of the sacred edifice
to the front hall of the college, where Miss Lawler hurriedly
took leave amidst a chorus of congratulations and the kind
wishes of old school-day friends.

Miss Lawler is one of only three women, who have received
this exceptional mark of distinction from the University of To-
ronto. She has proved herself well worthy of the exalted hon-
our by her outstanding achievements for many years in this
city. She will add to the splendour of her richly silken crim-
son robe of honour, a grace and dignity, which are peculiarly
her own. May she long live to enjoy the ripe harvest of titles,
and the special marks of public renown which have been be-
stowed upon her.

At St. Joseph's College residence on the Queen's Park Cres-
cent a dainty luncheon was prepared for the assembled gradu-
ates of '27, at which the President of St. Michael's College pre-
sided and members of the staff attended. Afterwards a pleas-
ant hour was spent in the spacious grounds, gay with the
bloom of flowers and shrubs.

EXAMINATION RESULTS OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE IN THE FACULTY OF ARTS, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Fourth Year.

English History—Class II.: Regina M. Harrison.

Modern Languages—Class II.: Norine Wiley, Eileen V.
Young; Class III.: Loretto Bradley.

Household Economics—Class I.: Doreen Smith.

Pass Course—Grade "B": Dorothy M. O'Connor.

Third Year.

English History—Class II.: Mary McNamara; Class III.: Anna O'Brien.

Modern Languages—Class III.: Ida V. Jones, Mary McGarvey.

Commerce and Finance—Class III.: Edith M. Quinlan.

Pass Course—Grade "B": Gladys M. Graham, Margaret M. Thompson; Grade "C": Bessie C. Dunn, Mary R. Fitzgerald (Eng.), Alice C. Hayes, Anita A. Murphy; Without Grade: Marion C. Hayes (Eng.); Aeg.: Rachel H. Kelly (Eng. Fr.).

Second Year.

Modern Languages—Class II.: Lorraine A. Driscoll.

Household Economics—B. L. Helen G. Farrell (Fr.).

Pass Course—Grade "C": Irene M. Berhalter, Loretto H. Breen (Sc.), Katherine A. Kernahan, Theresa McDonald; Aeg.: Dorothy Enright (Lat. Hist.).

First Year.

Classics—Class I.: Alice O. Quinlan; Class II.: Gertrude H. O'Malley.

French, Greek, Latin—Tr. Maida Passmore (Greek).

English and History—Tr. Evelyn G. Martin (Sc.).

Modern Languages—Class II.: Marie E. Crean, Mercedes M. French.

Household Econ.—Tr. Audrey Campbell.

Pass Course—Grade "A": Helen M. Grant; Grade "B," Eileen H. O'Brien; Grade "C," Margaret H. Downey, Katherine A. Harris, Helen M. Mahon, Catherine A. Potvin; Without Grade, Elizabeth P. Cooney (Lat. Sp.), Margaret M. Kormann (Lat., Sc.), Eleanor McBride, Alma M. O'Connor (Alg. & G. Sp.), Kathleen M. Williams (Eng., A. & G.).

THE FUTURE OF CANADA.

"Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!"

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

"The twentieth century is Canada's." Often that expression is heard and one wonders why. But after studying her truly wonderful resources, the conclusion is reached that the man who composed that phrase was a thinker. If this phrase was true before the war, it should be doubly so now.

Africa is exceptionally rich in gold and diamonds; South America and Manchuria in copper; the United States in oil, coal, and iron-ore, while England has been described as "the coal-cellar of the world," but to no country known to civilization has nature been so bountiful as to Canada,—that tract of land measuring nearly three quarters of a million square miles—about a third of the British Empire.

One may well talk of her "broad acres" when there are nearly two billion three hundred and eighty-seven million of them. Literally millions of acres of the most perfect soil are simply waiting for the plough. Her enormous harvest can easily be trebled. In fact with her uninterrupted years Canada already bids fair to become a modern Egypt to which the world will turn for bread.

It is no exaggeration to say that the vast mineral wealth of the country has scarcely been scratched; that wealth far beyond the dreams of avarice is lying waiting to be developed. The technical departments of the Canadian Governments have done and are continuously doing wonders in the fields of Geological, Mineralogical and Agricultural research.

Especially should Canada appeal to the British people. The warm current of the Pacific moderates the climate of western Canada just as the Gulf Stream moderates the climate of western Europe. We have great varieties of climate, but nowhere is the prevailing temperature so warm as to be enervating, and everywhere it is such as should help breed a strong, aggressive and conquering race. It is not possible to

foretell or even hazard a judicious guess as to the development of our agricultural, mineral and manufacturing industries. We know for certain that the extent of territory open for settlement, and the richness and variety of the resources, ensure that in the very near future these territories must be the home of millions of people.

The tide of immigration which set in towards Canada at the opening of the present century soon developed an annual volume more than four times as great in proportion to our population as the immigration to the United States in any year of her history. Almost all European nations have contributed of their citizens to make up this large and increasing number of immigrants. One of Canada's greatest tasks during this century will be to mould these diverse nationalities into a true Canadian nationality, so that they may be a source of strength rather than of weakness, that they may possess our ideals and share our aspirations; and that we may as one people devote our energies to the performance of our national and social obligations.

The burdens and disabilities, financial and otherwise, made by the war, though extremely heavy, are cheerfully borne, and in no way dampen the courage and optimism of the people. Our national resources are so great, and our confidence in the future so well based and general that we bend our back to the burden and our minds to the plans for overcoming the difficulties with the cheerfulness of a combatant who enjoys the present struggle in the sure hope of coming victory.

Canada has overborrowed, overbuilt and overspeculated, but is thoroughly sound in mind and limb and has learned much from past experience. Her progress hereafter, which will be better based, and on saner principles and improved methods, will undoubtedly be very marked.

The population of England and Wales exceed five hundred people per square miles; at one-quarter of that rate Canada would accommodate half a billion. With her vast area, huge tracts of which are still unsurveyed, her present population does not exceed an average of two persons per section or

square mile. This fact will doubtless appeal strongly to those of this and the next generation whose inclinations lead them to an open air life, not the least of the many benefits of which is the close proximity to nature. The man who owns his farm, the "vested righter" who reaps the fruits of his own brain and brawn, makes up for individual and national wealth.

In the tasks of conquering the forces of nature and subduing half a continent, a sturdy individualism has been developed and Canada to-day is possibly the most individualistic community under the British Flag.

But with the rapid increase in her population and particularly in the growth of her cities, social influences and social forces are rapidly changing the current of the nation's thought and life. Canadians are becoming less individualistic; the social conscience is asserting itself; and legislation to secure social justice for the masses of the people will occupy a large place in the legislature programmes of the future. Such legislation is one of the pressing needs of Canada.

The influence of Canada in the counsels of the Empire must steadily increase. That influence will be left on the side of democracy and free government. With such an area open for settlement, with British and democratic institutions firmly planted, with a strong and virile population, loving liberty, and hating oppression; with an ever-increasing tide of immigration to our shores, Canada, if but equal to her opportunities, can indeed make this her century.

Germana Donati, Form V.

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THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY (C.P.R.)

Before this Transcontinental Railway was constructed, British North America was a string of scattered provinces with Lake Huron the western boundary of effective settlement; beyond lay the fur-traders' preserve, and between Upper and Lower Canada, and the province by the Atlantic, a wilderness intervened.

Settlement clung close to river, lake and sea. Lower Canada, until the Eastern Townships were settled, was one long-drawn-out village with houses close set on each side of the river streets. Deep forest covered all the land save where the lumberman or settler had cut a narrow clearing, or fire had left a blackened waste. To cut roads through swamp and forest, and over river and ravine demanded capital, time, and strong, efficient governments all beyond the possibilities of early days. On the other hand the waterways offered easy paths. The St. Lawrence and the St. John and all their tributaries and lesser rivals provided inevitably the points of settlement and the lines of the travel.

The development of water transport to Canada furnishes a record of the interaction of route and cargo, of need and invention, of enterprise and capital. First came the bark canoe which carried explorer, trader, soldier, missionary and settler to the uttermost north and south and west. For the far journeys it long held its place, but on account of increasing freight, it was supplanted by the sailing schooner along the coast and on the Great Lakes and finally the steamboat followed.

Land transport came later and developed by slower stages. The art of roadmaking gradually converted the blazed trail to the macadamized road and thence to the railway.

From the beginning, in Canada the railway was designed to serve through traffic, but it was at first regarded as a very minor link in the chain, river and canal still being considered the great highways of through traffic. In 1836 a railway line was completed from Laprairie on the St. Lawrence, to St. John's, on the Richelieu, from which transportation to New York by water was easily effected. For ten years this sixteen-mile railway was the sole steam railway in British North America, while the United States had built nearly five thousand miles. Political unrest, and absorption of public funds in canals hindered development in Canada. A few small lines were built and more ambitious schemes were under way. These roads were all designed to secure for Canadian routes

and Canadian ports a share of the through traffic of the West.

The problem of transportation in the west was now being considered. From Montreal and Toronto the railway could be utilized as far as Collingwood, and the steamer to Port Arthur, from which stretched miles of water travel, portages and wagon-road. About this time international rivalry was exercising its influence. In the United States the railway had rapidly pushed westward, but had halted before the deserts and mountains lying between the Mississippi and the Pacific. Then the young Dominion was stirred by ambition to emulate its powerful neighbour.

These factors brought the question of a transcontinental railway on Canadian soil within the range of practical politics. In 1871 the Government of Sir John A. MacDonald decided that the road should be built by a company, not by the State, that it should be aided by liberal subsidies in cash and in land, and should be begun within two, and completed within ten years.

The first task was to survey the vast wilderness between the Ottawa Valley and the Pacific and to find a possible route. From Lake Nipissing to the Red River stretched a thousand miles of rugged woodland, covered by a network of lakes and rivers—a wilderness which no white man had ever passed through from end to end. Then came the level prairie and a great rolling plain, rising in three steppes to the towering Rocky Mountains which presented the most serious engineering difficulties.

Early in the survey a practical route was found throughout. Striking across the wilderness from Lake Nipissing to Lake Superior, the line was to skirt the shore of the lake to Fort William, to continue westward through Winnipeg to the Red River at Selkirk, and then in a northwesterly direction to the Yellowhead Pass, where the Rockies could be easily pierced. As there was no gap in the lordly range of the Cariboo Mountains the road would have to follow the Fraser and Thompson Rivers, which gave access to Burrard Inlet.

After the Dominion elections in 1872, a new Company, the Canadian Pacific, was organized with representative men from each province as directors. After a great deal of disagreement as to the terms of the contract and American interests, and difficulty in securing money, Sir John MacDonald announced in 1880 that the Canadian Pacific Syndicate had undertaken to build and operate the road. The most important chapter in Canada's railway annals, if not in her national life, had been begun.

The company included several members who had had experience in American railway building, one of whom was chosen president, and to George Stephen, one of the great Empire builders, the ultimate success of the Canadian Pacific was due.

The financial policy of the company was to depend entirely on stock issues. However, they were later forced to borrow from the government, but the fact remains that the bulk of the resources utilized in the building of the road were provided or advanced by the people of Canada.

Under the management of William Van Horne construction progressed rapidly. The route across the prairies was changed to a more southerly one, and passed through Kicking Horse Pass. In 1882 over two and a half miles of track were laid daily, and in the following year three and a half miles. By the end of this year the track was within four miles of the summit of the Rockies. It was not until 1884 that the wilderness north of Lake Superior was attacked in full force. It was found necessary to build a dynamite factory on the spot, and blast a road through the Laurentian rocks. This route, uncompleted though it was, was the means of conveying troops to the North West during the Riel Rebellion.

In the Eagle Pass at Craigellachie, on November 7th, 1885, the eastward and westward track-layers met. The longest railway in the world was open from coast to coast, five years before the end of the time required by the original contract.

The Canada which the present generation knows is a united Canada, an optimistic Canada, with industries and occupa-



THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

A rare print of the Confederation Conference held at Quebec, in October, 1864. It was presented to the Public Archives recently by the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden.

tions which give scope for the most ambitious of her sons, as well as for the thousands from overseas. It is a Canada whose nine provinces stretch almost unbroken from ocean to ocean. But the Canada of a generation earlier was far different. There was little national spirit or commercial enterprise, and many thousands were lured away by the greater attraction of United States cities and farms.

It was the opening up of the West that changed Canadian life, that gave a basis for industrial expansion, that quickened national sentiment, and created business optimism, and it was the building of the Canadian Pacific that opened up the West and bound it fast to the distant East. Certainly not least among the makers of Canada were the men who undertook that doubtful enterprise and carried it through every obstacle to success; and not least among the generations who have made possible the nation of to-day were the four millions of the Canada of the eighties who flung a great railway across the vast unpeopled spaces of a continent to the far Pacific.

Wilhelmina Keller, Form V.

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DEW DROPS.

Do you not know that fairies dance,
Dance each night o'er the velvet lawn?
Do you not know that pixies prance,
Prance each night until silvery dawn?

Wrapped in mists of sunset hue,
Mauve and saffron, yellow and blue,
Rainbow-winged, dance they do.

When the first dim arrow of light
Pierces the pearly eastern sky,
Fairies all must fade from sight
Fade away without a sigh.

At the coming of the day,
Fairy folk all fly away,
'Tis the rule they may not stay.

As they glide among the trees,
Sparkling gems they leave behind.
Though themselves we never see,
Oft their shining gifts we find.

Have you found them? Yes, you too,
On blade and bush the whole world through,
Dazzling jewels of crystal dew.

Irene Baxter, Form III.

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WHAT THE WORLD OWES TO UNPRACTICAL MEN.

According to a non-lexiconic definition, an unpractical man is generally one who uses his talents for the realization of some ideal, not for his own gain, and often indeed not for his fellow-men. This, in contrast with the practical individual who uses his mechanical or mental ability not only for his own betterment, but frequently also for that of his neighbor.

An unbiased opinion on what the world owes to unpractical men could be obtained only from someone who had derived equally untile and recreative advantage from both the unpractical and the practical type and that is why it is hard to obtain an entirely impartial view of this subbject.

The Catholic Church includes among its members many indeed whom the world designates as unpractical. The accusing finger points first at the Apostles—twelve men who have given up all—their means of livelihood, their worldly goods, even their homes, to follow One Whose aim was the regeneration in the Holy Ghost of all mankind—a plan in itself unpractical

as viewed by the eyes of the power-loving, pleasure-seeking world. But these twelve men have founded a society which has spread over the whole world in a surprisingly practical manner—can even the Church Fugient—the hermits and cloistered monks be termed unpractical, when they labor for the salvation of the immortal soul?

Poets and authors of the romantic type would admittedly lose their glamour if they lost their reputation as idealists. Their urge to write is to satisfy some inward craving for expression and the best of them never thought of the exploitation of their works financially or as a means of obtaining approval from this sordid world. But their tales and poems have been commercialized in a sense that for a proportionately small output one can admire and wonder at the imagery of a great man's mind by means of the printed page.

Jules Verne, who prophesied the mechanical development of the twentieth century, attempted to express his ideal of power being obtained from mechanisms, by stories calculated to stir the public interest. He certainly succeeded, but not in the way he desired. People read his books, not for the sake of the matter they contained as for the novelty of something so progressive coming to disturb the placidity of their Victorian lives.

If every man, whose plans usually resulted in folly, calamity or nothingness, were esteemed unpractical, then most engineers, all inventors and indeed, mankind in general, would fail under this heading at some time or other. To them the world would owe very little. But if unpractical men are only those who use their thoughts for the creation of something exquisitely beautiful, then poets and painters, sculptors and musicians would belong to this category, and much indeed would the world owe to those so-called unpractical, but many times blessed altruists who directly or indirectly increase the beauty and happiness of life.

Eleanor Godfrey, Form III.

MY LAND OF PROMISE.

When I have sailed all the high seas of life, and touched at all the shores of earthly happiness and glowing life, I know where my final abode shall be. At the edge of a tiny wood, far away from the hustle and the bustle of noisy city life, I will build me a house, a little rose-clad cottage beside a tiny stream whose steady rippling waters shall lull me to repose, and the birds twittering outside my bedroom window will be my heralds of the dawn.

And in that house there will be but one room in which I'll sit at night with softly shaded lights before a large grate in which a glowing, crackling fire shall reflect the warmth and cheer of the room. And in that room there will be just books and books and books. With them I shall renew my happy childhood, my joyful youth and my later more serious days and yet regret them not, being now surrounded by my most favoured friends.

"Alice in Wonderland" shall have for me the same charm and interest as in the olden days and even all the thrilling tales of impossible adventure shall find room upon my shelves. They too were friends. My favourite niche by the fire shall revive memories of school days, to which mayhap my own companions will have added a volume or two.

On a cold winter's night, when the ice and chill defy me to go out, I shall sit before my dancing fire and renew my girlish enthusiasm in "Jane Eyre." From one corner "David Copperfield" will beckon me, but lest he make me too sad, there stands "Pickwick Papers," whose humour shall never grow old.

The historic romance of "Romola" will tell me once again the tales of civic struggle between the Medici and the French, of religious struggle between the dying paganism and the New Christianity, and remind me of George Eliot's own assurance that "our deeds determine us as much as we determine

our deeds." A handsomely bound volume of "The History of Frederick the Great," which won Emerson's tribute—"the wittiest book ever written"—and the scenes with which Carlyle was so familiar, shall form a pleasant alternative with "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," whose descriptions will never tire me. And if I would combine the humorous and didactic elements, where should I seek rather than in "The Vicar of Wakefield?"

Among all my favorite biographies, I do not hesitate for a choice, since all the appeal of greatness and nobility is best exemplified by Him Who is the Incarnation of all virtues, and Whose Life was so ordered that we might always turn to Him for sympathy and inspiration.

How could I, then, with all these friends to love and rejoice and mourn with, how could I ever be lonely? Surely my most congenial companions remain at my beck and call, and never present themselves to bother me uninvited. And in my life with them I imbibe one lesson—to try to learn as they have done, the gift of friendship not only to my contemporaries, but to the people of all times to come.

Constance Bond, Form III.

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LITTLE THINGS.

What are the little things that count?

The music born in laughter's fount,

The cheery, kindly, helping word,

The smile so bright in a dreary world.

The touch so soft, the spirit light,

The glance that sees beyond the night,

Do not these little hidden things

Make e'en poor beggars like to kings?

Frances Wright, Form III.

SELF DEPENDENCE.

"The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be in making baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or statues or songs."—Emerson.

No matter what our work may be, internationally important or merely of personal consequence, we must love it if we would succeed in it, and we must attain, step by step as we succeed, the ability to be self-dependent.

Let us first define self-dependence. To possess it means that we have searched out ourselves and our abilities, have built on them and attained a consciousness of the power of forming judgments for ourselves and acting according to them. Now to form reliable judgments requires knowledge, but not so much school knowledge as that which comes with experience gained by living with out eyes wide open. And we need independence in character to judge for ourselves and follow our judgments in the problems that face us in every-day life.

Self-dependence means, too, the ability to earn one's living. To-day this is not a too difficult matter for girls. We have academies, colleges and technical schools to teach us a profession, and the handicap of social ostracism to the working-girl has long since been abolished. In olden days to be a good housekeeper and the belle of the ball were the great necessities of girlhood, and a weary lot was that of the girl who hated to scrimp but had to, to obtain clothes and pocket money.

But the girls of to-day have shown the world that behind a pretty face rests a goodly supply of brains, and so they choose their profession as lawyer, doctor, novelist, designer, social service worker or whatever may please them. The world looks up to the self-dependent girl and recognizes her as a member of a dignified profession, while she earns the money for her much-coveted luxuries or mayhap invests in real-estate, bonds or other financial ventures. Intellectual treats are quite possible for her, she can assure herself that she

is as well-dressed as any of her friends, and best of all, she knows she is independent.

Nothing can equal the satisfaction that comes with the realization that one is self-dependent and ready to face the problems of the day and solve them satisfactorily. Do you not believe it? Do you not want to experience it? Well, then, be interested, develop the qualities God has endowed you with, work at your character with energy and gain self-dependence.

Eileen O'Sullivan, Form III.

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A CANADIAN POET OF INDIAN EXTRACTION.

"Into the rose-gold Westland, its yellow prairies roll,
World of the bison's freedom, home of the Indian's soul;
Roll out, O Seas! in sunlight bathed,
Your plains wind-tossed, and grass enswarthed.

—E. Pauline Johnston.

Emily Pauline Johnston was the youngest child of G. H. M. Johnston, Head Chief of the Six Nation Indians, and his wife, Emily S. Howells, a woman of pure English parentage.

Chief Johnston was a Mohawk of the "Blood Royal," being a scion of one of the fifty noble families that composed the confederation founded by Hiawatha some five hundred years ago, and known as the Brotherhood of the Five Nations, and which was named the Iroquois by the early French missionaries and explorers.

The Iroquois Indians fought with the British against the French and their Huron and Algonquin allies, for which service the British Crown granted them a large portion of the land known as the Indian Reserve bordering the Grand River in the county of Brant, Ontario, on which the tribes still live.

Here it was on her father's estate "Chiefswood," that E. Pauline Johnston was born. As a matter of course she inherited from her Iroquois ancestors and from her English

mother the loyalty to Britain which breathes through both her prose and poetic writings. At a very early age, this little Indian-English maiden gave evidence of her poetic genius, composing doggeral rhymes, and memorizing verses that were read for her. On one occasion when a friend of her father, who was going to a distant city asked little Pauline what she wanted him to bring her as a present, she replied, "Verses, please."

Pauline's educational advantages were not extensive, being limited to two years training under a nursery governess, three years at an Indian day school, and two years at the Brantford Central School. She acquired, however, a broad general knowledge, having been through childhood and girlhood a great reader, especially of poetry; before she was twelve years old she had read every line of Scott's poems, every line of Longfellow's, and much of Shakespeare and Addison. The first periodicals to accept Pauline Johnston's poems and place them before the public were "Gems of Poetry," a magazine published in New York, and "The Week" established (in New York) by the late Professor Goldwin Smith. "The Toronto Saturday Night" was the first Canadian publication in which her poems appeared.

Miss Johnston's first appearance as an entertainer was in 1892 when present at "An Evening of Canadian Literature," arranged by Mr. Frank Yeigh, President of the Young Liberals Club, she contributed to the programme by reciting her much-discussed poem "A Cry from an Indian Wife," in which she showed the Indian's side of the North-West Rebellion. The audience which represented the best of Toronto's Art, Literature and Culture encored her enthusiastically, to which she replied with one of her canoeing poems. Later Mr. Yeigh arranged for her to give an entire evening in Association Hall. It was for this recital she wrote her best known poem, "The Song My Paddle Sings." The success of this entertainment encouraged Mr. Yeigh to undertake the management of a series of recitals for her throughout Canada to enable her to go to England and submit her poems to a London publisher. Within two years this end was accomplished, and she spent the season

of 1894 in London, and had her book of poems, "The White Wampum," accepted by John Lane of the "Bodley Head."

In London she was cordially received by distinguished authors and artists—and was invited to give recitals in the drawing-rooms of diplomats and members of the nobility.

Upon her return to Canada she made her first trip to the Pacific Coast, giving recitals in all the cities and towns en route.

During her sixteen years of travel, she crossed the Rocky Mountains nineteen times, toured Canada twice, Newfoundland once, and visited London, England, twice. After her second visit to London she made her return trip by way of the United States, when she was engaged by the American Chautauquas for a series of recitals covering a period of eight weeks.

Giving up public work she made the City of Vancouver, B.C., her home, and devoted herself to literary pursuits. Miss Johnston's last complete poem, "The Ballad of Yaada," was not published until several months after her death, which occurred on the seventeenth of March, 1913.

—Norah McCann,

Academy, Form IV.

SCHOOL NOTES

On the afternoon of March 21st the pupils of St. Joseph's Academy were privileged to see the moving pictures illustrating the Eucharistic Congress of Chicago, which were shown at Massey Hall. Each day this spectacular event of 1926 was presented in detail. It was very interesting and made us realize the strong faith of the vast number of Catholics who came to the Congress from far and near to show their devotion to Our Blessed Lord in the Eucharist.

Ray Godfrey, Form 1-A.

* * * * *

A Visit to Parliament.

Our Form had the advantage of a visit to Parliament one afternoon in February, when we realized as never before how the government of our province is conducted.

From our place in the balcony, we could hear distinctly the speeches of the members.

Hon. Mr. Ferguson, the Premier, impressed us as an excellent speaker who is blessed with a keen sense of humour.

The questions discussed that day were "The Widows Compensation Bill" and matters of health. Unfortunately we had to leave before the session was over, but all had an enjoyable as well as educational afternoon, having learned in a realistic way how the provincial government is carried on.

Rose Brown; Mary Calvert; Form 1-A.

* * * * *

The Sisters, students and some friends spent a very enjoyable evening in the College auditorium on March ninth, when

an ensemble recital was given by Geza de Kresz, violinist, and Norah Drewett de kresz, pianist.

A few explanatory sentences by Madame DeKresz regarding the selections made each number on the programme more intelligible to its audience and therefore ever so much more enjoyable.

The first selection was a violin solo entitled "Chaconne," by Vitali, which was beautifully rendered. An interesting coincidence in connection with this number, is the fact that the violin which Mr. de Kresz used was made about the same time that his selection was composed. A piano and violin duet—the Sonata in C Minor op. 30 No. 2, blt Beethoven, followed, and aided by its perfect rendition this remarkable composition came very near bringing tears of eestacy to many an intent listener.

The second group comprised three violin solos by Mr. de Kresz. (1) "The Romance" in G major, by Beethoven; (2) "Hungarian Dances," by Brahms, and (3) the delightful "Aire Russe" or "Red Sash," by Wieniakski.

The piano group consisted of three Chopin selections, namely, the Etude in A Flat, the Nocturne in G major, the Third Ballads in E flat, and the beautiful Berceuse, by Chopin, as an encore.

Hermine Keller, A.T.C.M.

* * * * *

There has been great rivalry among the pupils of the Entrance Class for a prize offered by Sister Superior for the highest marks in the Arithmetic Examinations during the Easter term. There were several girls who had honours and these drew for the reward. Dorothy Chambers being the winner, awarded a feather pen.

M. Price, Entrance Class.

A delightfully interesting and withal educational lecture on Tibet, accompanied by instructive slides, was given by Major Cross, M.Sc., geologist and advisory mining engineer, in the school auditorium, on the afternoon of April 22nd. By pictures of word and screen, we learned the wonders of Tibet—its majestic mountains, dangerous volcanoes and treacherous glaciers, its varied vegetation, its unique products and its populous cities. But to us, of course, the people were most interesting of all, with their fantastic dress and their wonderful strength and their pagan customs. Major Cross had information enough, gained from his own experience, to keep us interested and eager for more throughout the lecture, and left us more interested than we ever thought we would be in that remote story-country, Tibet, the “Top of the WoWrld.”

Alice O'Connor, Form III.

* * * * *

Miss Gladys Moffatt, A.T.C.M., gave a very successful piano recital in St. Joseph's College auditorium on the evening of April 27th, 1927.

The programme included “Bach” Prelude and Fugue No. XV., Beethoven's Sonata in F op. 10 No. 2, MacDowell's Idyll, MacDowell's Shadow Dance, Chopin's Fantaisie Impromptu, Elgar's Idylle, Debussy's Arabesque No. 2, and Valse Reman-teque, Moskowski's Capriccietto, Hahn's Polonaise de Concert.

Miss Moffatt was assisted by Miss Gertrude Bergin, A.T.C.M., violin, who was accompanied by Miss Margaret Clemens.

Hermine Keller.

* * * * *

Retreat, May, 1927.

Our annual Retreat, later than in former years, was given from the fifth to the ninth of Our Lady's month. Rev. Father Keogh, C.S.S.R., of Toronto, our excellent Retreat Master,

showed us by recounting incidents from the lives of the saints, how great was their faith and love of God as compared with ours of the present day. Among the many beautiful sermons were those on the Blessed Sacrament, Our Blessed Lady, the inevitable one on Vocations and a particularly impressive one, "The Wages of Sin is Death."

The Retreat was brought to a fitting close by our consecration to Our Lady followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the Papal Blessing. A great many who made the Retreat feel that they will be able to look back upon this as the turning point in their lives.

Margaret S. Mallon, Form V.

* * * * *

On the evenings of May 16th and 17th parents and friends greatly enjoyed the physical culture demonstration given by the pupils of the Academy.

A game opened the programme, the winners taking a position which presented a "Welcome" to the audience.

The various drills by the High School pupils were skillfully executed, while the graceful dancers of the younger pupils were cleverly intermingled to provide variety and colour. The Frolics of the little ones afforded great amusement by their costumes and individuality of manner.

The costumes in all the dances were very attractive and as we watched those in the stately minuet it would seem as though they had slipped into our modern life from the sixteenth century.

The demonstration closing with the Grand March, O Canada and God Save the King, was a fitting finale to an excellent performance.

Mary Frawley, Form II.

A very interesting ceremony took place in the Convent chapel on the afternoon of Saturday, the twenty-first of May, when His Grace, Archbishop McNeil, assisted by the Reverend Father Murray and Reverend Father Forrestell, C.S.B., administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation to twenty-eight of the Academy pupils. Before receiving the sacrament the pupils were questioned by His grace on some of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer and the Sacraments. This was followed by a brief instruction. The ceremony was closed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

Eileen O'Sullivan, Academy Form III.

* * * * *

Spring seems to develop the artistic tendencies of Form II. Art Class, that is if we are to judge by the amount of excellent work they are doing. Those who obtained a high percentage in the Art Examinations are now applying their theoretical knowledge. Hence, we who are able to peep into the Art Room at noon-hour see pretty lamp shades, intricate floral designs painted on pretty colored silk scarfs and handkerchiefs, and rainbow-hued rubber aprons decorated in oils.

The girls' memory books in future days will recall to the students of to-day hours spent in the studios at S.J.C. Had Mary and Naomi worked as industriously in the early Autumn as they are nowadays there would have been more competitors for the Art Medal.

The Art Room presents an attractive scene. The exhibit this year promises to surpass any of former years.

Mary Coughlin, Form II.

* * * * *

The girls of the Studio are eagerly looking forward to their annual picnic which is to be held on Monday, May 28th, at Mt. St. Joseph. Art is attractive even in the Studio, but is much more interesting when under the direction of our teacher the beauties of nature are viewed in a picturesque spot, and our

pencils and brushes then seem enchanted. Then, too, we have the picnic side of the matter—one not to be ignored after a scholastic year.

Frances Wright, Form III.

* * * * *

On the last Sunday of May, a ery devotional procession was held in honour of our Blessed Lady. It was headed by the girls of the Sodality, the President bearing the beautiful new banner of Our Lady, the streamers carried by four little children, dressed in white. The girls in uniform followed, then the Sisters, through the corridors of the Convent and into the grounds where the statue of the Blessed Virgin was crowned. Returning to the Reception Room Our Lady was again crowned, after which the procession wound its way to the Chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Norma Coughlin, Form III.

* * * * *

A large audience of relatives and friends were enjoyably entertained on the evening of Friday, May the twenty-seventh, by the Junior Music Pupils in the Auditorium of the Academy. About twenty piano solos, each creditably performed, constituted the evening's programme.

On Tuesday, June the first, the Intermediate Music Pupils took their turn in holding a recital. This time, besides piano solos, we had as a pleasant diversion two violin solos delightfully rendered, a vocal solo, and a recitation introducing that well-known old-time melody, "Home, Sweet Home." It would be hard to estimate which group of pupils excelled in their grade of study.

But the best is yet to come! On Tuesday, June the eighth, the advanced pupils will hold their recital, which we are looking forward to as a genuine treat.

Frances C. Dickson.

**RECITAL BY THE GRADUATE STUDENTS, TUESDAY
EVENING, JUNE 7TH, AT 8 O'CLOCK.**

Programme.

- ListzPiano Quartette—Rakoczy March
 Claire Chinn, Anderena Cornell, Gladys Moffatt,
 Francis Dickson.
- C. von Weber....Allegro Feroce from the Sonata in D minor,
 Irene Connelly, Silver Medallist, 1927. [Op. 49]
- C. von WeberPolacco Brilliant, Op. 72
 Rose Burke.
- RogersSong—The Star
 Gertrude Robertson.
- BrahmsRhapsodie in B minor, Op. 79
 Thomas McMahon.
- MacDowellPolonaise de Concert
 May Redmond.
- Guy d'HardelotSong—Sans Toi
 Florence McCarney.
- SchubertFinale from Fantasia in C major
 Muriel McGuire.
- BeethovenAndante Favori in F
 Anderena Cornell.
- Saint-SaënsViolin Solo—Havanaise
 Gertrude Bergin, A.T.C.M.
 Pupil of Mme. Rachelle Copeland-Stephenson.
 Margaret Clemens, Accompanist.

ChopinScherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31
Frances Dickson.

Dubussy Valse Romantique
Moszkowski Capricciotto
Gladys Moffatt, A.T.C.M.

DonaudySong—Spirate pur-spirate
Marie Fournier.

MacDowellTo a Water Lily
PaderewskiCroacovienne Fantastique
Clare Moore, A.T.C.M. Gold Medalist 1922.

Brahms Scherzo, Op. 4
Hermine Keller, A.T.C.M. Gold Medalist 1926.

H. BunningSong—Sunshine and Butterflies
C. Cadman My Desire
Gladys Moffatt.

Liszt Polonaise in E
GriegConcerto in A minor—Op. 16
Rita Savard, A.T.C.M. Gold Medalist 1924.

Orchestral Accompaniment, Second Piano—Hermine Keller.
Accompanist—Claire Chinn.

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Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland.

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

VOL. XVI. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1927

No. 2

APOSTOLIC DELEGATE WELCOMED

His Excellency, Most Reverend Andrea Cassulo, Archbishop of Leontopolis, the recently-appointed Delegate Apostolic to Canada and Newfoundland, arrived in Toronto on Thursday, September 15th, when he was welcomed by His Grace, Most Rev. Neil McNeil, D.D., LL.D., Archbishop of Toronto, and the priests of the diocese.

On the following day His Excellency, accompanied by His Grace the Archbishop, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Bearzotti, and Rev. Father Manley, Chancellor, visited the Catholic Institutions of the city.

Since 1921 His Excellency represented the Holy See as Apostolic Delegate to Egypt and Arabia until his appointment to Canada in succession to His Excellency, the Most Rev. Pietro di Maria, who is now Papal Nuncio at Berne, Switzerland.

The Crown

I would fashion a crown for the brow of my Queen,
A crown of jewels rare;
I would set it to match its brilliance
'Gainst the radiance of her hair.
I would search the world for those precious gems.
Thus I mused as I sat in the ray
Blue-white of the shrine's one vigil lamp—
But, then, I had come to pray.
I had come to pray, so I took my beads
And began, at the cross to tell,
In Paters and Aves and Glorias
Her Joys—while the twilight fell.
Through my fingers the chain of the mysteries slipped,
While the darkness came on apace—
And, was it the lamp or a halo of gold
That was lighting my Lady's face?
I couldn't be sure, but the tender light
In her eyes kept holding me there;
The shadows, perhaps, told of Sorrows
That comradeship helps one to bear.
So I counted the beads for the winding road
Which to Calvary's summit curls;
And as I looked again, my Lady's head
Seemed wreathed with a crown of pearls.
So bright—that the search for this earth's poor gems
Disturbed my soul no more;
But, on through the Glorious Mysteries
My heart's fast fervour bore.
And when I came to the chaplet's end
Which the gate of Heav'n inbars,
I glanced once more at the coronet's gleam,
And methought 'twas a crown of stars.

Mary A. Hallinan.

OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY OF POMPEII

In the vicinity of Naples, at the very foot of the terrible volcano, Vesuvius, that has more than once spread ruin and devastation over these smiling valleys and that towers in awful dignity with threatening rumbling over the magnificent views of the Bay of Naples, in the shadow of the old Roman amphitheatre and Pompeii's ancient temples and palaces, stands the beautiful Basilica of the Holy Rosary, containing the miraculous shrine of Our Lady of Pompeii. That on the spot, where in days of yore a false goddess was worshipped, the Virginal Mother of God should be loved and venerated to-day seems in itself a miracle. For, unknown to explorers, this was a wild space of desolate land in the Valley of Pompeii, in October, 1872, when Don Bartolo Longo, a distinguished Italian lawyer, who for thirty years had been a spiritualist, and now walked there thinking of the best way to atone for his sins and wasted life, that he might find peace and happiness, heard a sweet voice saying to him: "Wilt thou find peace again? Spread my Rosary, for whoever propagates devotion to the Rosary shall never perish." This was all that was needed to bring him the final grace of conversion. Falling on his knees, he held out his hands towards heaven, as though making a solemn promise, and thus answered Mary's invitation: "If thy promise is sure, then I am safe, for I shall not leave this valley ere having spread thy Rosary." He began at once to spread devotion to the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary among the poor and ignorant people who lived in the scattered huts and hamlets in the Valle di Pompeii. Associated in the good work with him was the Countess Mariana de Fusco, and in every hut and hamlet they left beads and pictures for the inmates. This noble lady afterwards became the wife of Don Bartolo Longo, and, in or-

der to encourage the pious custom of saying the Rosary in public places every evening, went with her husband to the poor little chapel in the vicinity of their home and gathered around them there the people, especially the children of the neighboring hamlet. They desired to have a picture of the Queen of the Rosary to hang in the oratory, and accordingly Don Bartolo went to Naples, and after some research his confessor, a Dominican Father, offered him a worn old canvas, an old-painting of the Madonna that the friar had bought many years before in a print-shop for two shillings. The picture was wrapped in a sheet, and a carter, who made an occasional trip from Naples to the country about Scatti, that lies east of Pompeii and south of the volcano, was entrusted with the transportation of the painting to Pompeii, where it was exposed for the encouragement of the devotion of the peasantry to Our Lady of the Rosary.

From the day that the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary was erected in the humble little chapel of the lonely hamlet begins the history of the marvels wrought by God at Valle di Pompeii. That was February 13th, 1876, and when Don Bartolo Longo told the Bishop of Nola of his wish to erect a chapel in honour of the Queen of the Rosary the Bishop said he had long cherished the hope of building a church at Pompeii, and, instead of erecting the chapel at their own expense, he charged Don Bartolo and the Baroness Longo to collect one penny a month from each peasant of the place and from other persons, as a fund for the church, the corner-stone of which he laid May 8th, 1876. A temple of majestic architecture, with pillars, dome and belfry of beautiful proportions, it holds three thousand people, has ten altars, including side chapels, and a remarkably fine organ with sixty stops. The decorations—rare marbles, bronze statues, artistic paintings and frescoes with friezes of angels gracefully arranged above arches and medallions—make the sanctuary one of the most famous in the world. A monument of bronze and marbles, the royal throne from which the Queen presents her Divine Son to His adoring subjects, supports the painting, which is indeed a mass



OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

of brilliant gems, tributes of gratitude from people of all climes and all beliefs, who have willingly offered their most valuable ornaments. A jewelled crown of diamonds and sapphires was blessed by the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., and May 8th, 1887, Cardinal Monaco La Valetta was delegated by the Pope to solemnly consecrate the altar and preside at the ceremony of the coronation. He brought to Pompeii a magnificent chasuble richly embroidered with the arms of the Pecci family, and His Holiness desired that this vestment be worn by the Cardinal on the solemn dedication of the altar. On the same day, in 1892, the Basilica was consecrated, and every year on the eve of the feast thousands of pilgrims flock to the Valle di Pompeii and spend the night in prayer during the Veglia Santa. During the year the shrine is visited by hundreds of thousands. While the faithful were encouraged to build a temple in honor of the Queen of the Rosary, near the ancient and desolated City of Pompeii, the late Pontiff, Leo XIII., directed the Christians of the whole world to say the Rosary and granted many privileges to the sanctuary and to those who visited it. By a brief of March 13th, 1894, he took the holy place under his immediate patronage and raised the church to the rank of an Apostolic Church, so that it is no longer within the jurisdiction of any bishop, but a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals is appointed Vicar of the Apostolic Church of the Rosary in the room of Leo XIII., who called himself parish priest of Pompeii.

His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., during the twenty-five years of His Pontificate, kept an Hour of Guard, saying the Rosary from eleven to twelve every night, and at the termination of the Hour he would stand up and bless the world. Once a year he exhorted all the faithful to cultivate devotions to the Rosary.

His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV., as a last request, asked those about him to remember him at the Shrine of Our Lady of the Rosary.

THE RENASCENCE IN GERMANY

By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.

THE Renaissance in Germany differed in some important respects from the Renaissance in Italy and in France. The ancient literature could not win the same national sympathy from the Germans as it did from the Italians. The past of which it spoke was not their past, but one which had made war upon them and them which they had helped to overthrow and destroy. When the Roman Civil Law had been discovered again in the twelfth century, their King-Emperors, like Frederick Barbarossa, had claimed to possess the prerogatives of Augustus and of Constantine and the claim had been resisted as an aggression upon old liberties by the Church and people of Germany as well as by the Popes and the Lombard League.

That preference of beauty before truth and of poetry before science and of rhetoric before philosophy, which was the salient characteristic of the Renaissance in the land of its origin, could not equally prevail in the North, since the Germans had not the same sense of beauty and fine taste as the Italians and the French. The study of classical literature among the Germans was generally more for practical purposes, religious or worldly, as the case might be. Nicholas of Cusa, Johannes Mueller (Regiomontanus) and Copernicus (partly German) are names more significant and famous than those of any poets or artists of the Germany of that age.

Among the Brothers of the Common Life at Deventer and the Augustinian Canons at Zwolle in the Diocese of Utrecht (then a part of the Empire) classical scholarship was united with the faith and piety of the Imitation and kept in its proper subordination to religious knowledge. Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa, a pupil of Deventer and a contemporary of Thomas à Kempis, and the first modern conjecturer of the rotation of the earth, teaches in his *Docta Ignorantia* that intellectual humility

is the door to wisdom. Alexander Hegius (1433-1498), from Heek in Westphalia, the first great "Humanist" at Deventer, who made the school the centre of education for all North Germany, always warned his pupils that any learning gained at the expense of piety is harmful. The school of Deventer sent out colonies, if I may so call them, to many places. The principal one was the school founded by the town of Schlettstadt, in Alsace, in 1450. Out of this school came Jacob Wimpheling (1450-1528), who was called the Preceptor of Germany. The Anglican Bishop, Creighton, honestly tells us that "there was a succession of men who laboured to heighten the religious, moral, and social life of the people; there was a quiet but steady current of conservative reform in ecclesiastical matters; there was a continuous attempt to deal by personal perseverance with the acknowledged evils of the times. This movement of reform was too powerful to be neglected by the leaders of a new movement. The New Learning had to take account of these men, and at first was an aid to their endeavours." The counsel of St. Peter: "Add to your faith virtue and to virtue knowledge," was always followed by many. When the Renaissance was on the verge of extinction by the Protestant Revolution, Eckius, Cochlaeus, and Murner, the great opponents of Luther, were men who combined literary culture with their theology. Eck was a man, says Creighton, of whom any university might be proud. Murner was an ardent Humanist, Cochlaeus is particularly remarkable because in a visit to Rome in 1517 he formed an intimate acquaintance with the members of the Oratory of Divine Love, which was the beginning of the Catholic Reformation.

The Monasteries.

The monasteries in Germany were much lowered by worldly young people who entered them without a vocation, or were forced in by their families. The Church then suffered from the princes and nobles the same kind of evils which it is now beginning to suffer from the democracy. For we have only the laity to choose from. But during the fifty years before the

Lutheran revolution, "reform in the monastic orders had been steadily pursued," says Creighton. There was a steady intellectual as well as spiritual melioration. The most famous man among them was Trithemius (1462-1516), that is John of Trithenheim, who was Abbot of the Benedictines at Sponheim, near Kreuznach, on the Rhine, for many years. He was the most universal scholar in Germany, and placed knowledge of divine things before all others. Ignorance of the gospels, he said, is ignorance of Christ. "This is indeed the golden age in which literary studies have found new life," he wrote to his younger brother. "But do not be led to absorb more of secular literature than is necessary to obtain a knowledge of the Holy Scripture, lest the saying of the Wise Men about the lover of vanity, of whom there are many at present, be applied to you: 'They do not know things necessary because they have learned things superfluous.' True science is that which leads to the knowledge of God, which does not puff up, does not make men proud, but makes them grieve for their shortcomings and fills the heart with love of our Creator." He was pressed by Willibald Perkeimer to come to Nuremberg and become one of the learned society of historians, antiquarians, and men of science there; but he declined, saying: "The study of literature loves solitude; it detests both the tumult of a court and the publicity of city life. I am poor here, but I have no love of riches." During the last ten years of his life (1506-1516), finding Sponheim uncongenial, he was appointed by the Bishop of Wurzburg abbot of the Scottish monastery of St. James in that city.

The monasteries generally were homes and centres of education, and readily adopted the new printing though this threw their copyists and illuminators out of employment and perhaps caused some of them to become "idle and lazy monks." In 1462 the city of Mainz was stormed and sacked in one of the numerous civil wars, and the printers with their secret were dispersed. The first printing press in Italy was set up in the monastery of Sta Scholastica at Subiaco, which had some connection with Germany. I have seen there a copy of the first religious book printed by them, namely, Lactantius' Divine Insti-

tutes, 1465. This was preceded by the grammar of Donatus and by Cicero De Oratore, which were needed for the schools. The two German printers removed after a few years to Rome and set up their press in a house adjoining the Palazzo Massimo alle Colonne. I do not know how many times I passed this house in our walks in Rome. One of my reasons for remembering it is that I found out that here the exiled Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell (in the 17th century) had dwelt. I remember also discovering that they were buried in S. Pietro in Montorio, and taking my camerata to see their tombs. But I am wandering far away from Germany and must return. The Cistercians at Marienthal began to print in 1468, and the Benedictines at Bamberg and St. Ulrich at Augsburg. The Brothers of the Common Life introduced it to Brussels in 1474; they called themselves "preachers not in word but in type." The earliest books printed in Germany were of a popular, devotional, and educational character. The Bible was printed both in the Vulgate and in translations; and there were eighteen German bibles, before Luther knowingly and purposely mistranslated it.

The Universities.

Germany in the 15th century was only geographically a country; in the political sense of the word the Germans did not form a country, but only a loose confederacy of sovereign princes, dukes, margraves, landgraves, and Free Cities. Their King, elected for life, not by the people, but by half a dozen of the princes, though he usually received the titles of King of the Romans and Roman Emperor, was no more of a King than the King of Poland; he was merely the President of the confederacy. There was no general, common government or legislature, for the Diet was not a parliament. The Holy Roman Empire was only the ghost of the empire of Charlemagne, sitting crowned on its grave.

At the opening of the century there were seven universities within the boundaries of this confederacy, from Prague in Bohemia to Rostock in Mecklenburg near the Baltic Sea. In the

middle of the century the Free City of Greifswald, in Pomerania, founded a university in which the jurists predominated. Then in 1460 the University of Freiburg in the Breisgau (part of Baden now) was founded by the Archduke of Austria; and the city of Basel close by, which a council had made self-important, established a rival. In 1472 the Duke of Bavaria set up the University of Ingolstadt and the Papal charter contained a new and wise rule that every graduate should take an oath of fidelity to the Apostolic See. A few years later the Archbishops of Maintz and of Triers showed that the Church had not lost her old zeal for the highest education. These universities were for the most part an elevation and improvement of schools long existing. But in 1470 the Count of Wurtemberg founded an entirely new institute at Tubingen; and in 1503 the Elector of Saxony established a totally new seat of learning at Wittenberg, a small town or large village on the Elbe. This was the more remarkable because his dominions already contained the old university of Erfurt, and the other Duchy of Saxony (Saxe-Meissen) had a university at Leipzig. Frederick the Cuning, whom the Lutherans afterwards entitled the Wise, obtained the Pope's permission for the new foundation, but he did not seek the charter from the Pope, but from the Emperor. The last new university of this age was at Frankfort on the Oder, in Brandenburg, in 1506.

The universities, especially the new ones, showed a tendency to neglect canon law for the civil law. The old Roman Law which the Emperors formerly had tried in vain to employ was now turned by the princes and dukes to promote their provincial absolutism. "According to the detestable theory of the Roman jurists," says Wimpfeling, "the prince is everything in the country, and the people nothing. The people have merely to obey, pay taxes, offer their services, and above all obey not the princes alone, but also their officials, who are beginning to assume the functions of the real lords of the country." With the aid of this new principle the princes and the burgomasters of the Free Cities became more inclined than ever to tax church property, to interfere in the appointment of the bishops and

other prelates, to appropriate Church revenues, and even to meddle in the administration of the Church, and assume a right of visitation.

The new universities naturally gave more importance to scholarship. The professors of classical literature also began to claim an equality with the teachers of religion. Jacob Locher, surnamed Philomusus, the professor of poetry at Ingoldstadt in contradiction to the spirit of that university, claimed that poetry should be an equal power with theology. This aroused the indignation not only of the theological professors there, but of Jacob Wimpheling. As this poetry was in fact not Christian but pagan poetry, the claim really meant that pagan beauty, not Christian truth and goodness, should be the guide of life. The controversy spread, for pagan professors in other universities took up the conflict. But these new universities as a rule were not unfaithful to the Catholic religion. Not only Maintz and Triers, but Ingolstadt, Frankfort and Tübingen, were as firm as Cologne against the new heresy when it came; and Freiburg in spite of some of its professors, settled down on the Catholic side. Wittenberg was an exception; and this was chiefly due to the character of the Elector. Frederick (1463-1525) in his youth had been even superstitious. He collected nineteen thousand relics, and obtained a Papal Indulgence for all who visited them. But he became a Humanist. He was a man of quiet and cautious disposition, a student and a musician, a patron of arts and letters. In the retirement of his palaces, at Wittenberg or Lochau, he read the classics so assiduously that he knew Horace and Juvenal by heart; and when he came forth for business, he repeated to himself or others passages from his favourite poets as he went along. He became a latitudinarian or indifferentist, or perhaps "free" thinker, and abandoned the faith much earlier than has usually been recognized. He favored both paganism and heresy in his university. He was Mr. Facing-both-ways, and the change in his principles was so artfully and diplomatically concealed that the Pope (Leo X.), on the death of Maximilian in 1519, wished Frederick should be chosen Emperor.

Erasmus.

It is impossible to speak of the Renaissance without mentioning the influence of Erasmus (1467-1536), though he was not a German. Very various judgments have been formed about this great man of letters. Some would assign to him

Quel cattivo coro
Degli angeli che non furon ribelli
Ne fur fedeli a Dio, ma per se foro.
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna;
Non ragioniam di lor', ma guarda e passa.

But Erasmus was a sincere Catholic, as Sir Thomas More assures us, though he was not a fervent and zealous one; and though he was not a very pious man, yet his life was decorous. He was neither a pagan nor a heretic. In his youth he entered a monastery of Augustinian Canons without any vocation, merely because he was poor and saw no other profession open to him in which he could obtain distinction; he never had anything of the monk, but the habit, which (as the Council of Trent says) does not make the Religious. After awhile he found a bishop to take him out of his convent, and he was careful never to go back to it. He was an accomplished man of letters, and wrote Latin as if it were his native tongue, but never became a great Greek scholar. He had no taste for antiquarian pedantry or for art; and he had no turn for metaphysics or scholastic theology, and did not like Aquinas nor even Augustine. His moral philosophy was shown in his collection of *Adagia* or proverbs of the ancients. We cannot call him a wise man, but a witty. He was a man of variable temper, easily turning from fulsome flattery to aversion and ridicule. He was of a contradictory disposition, and his favourite weapon of reform was ironical mockery and sarcasm. The monks and friars were his particular butt. In later times when the Index was established after his death he was one of the first writers to be prohibited. There are many erroneous opinions in his works; but it is their general spirit and tendency, which may be described as latitudinarian or

theologically Liberal, that caused men to say that Erasmus laid the egg which Luther hatched. There is, however, no more in this saying than in the jingle about Nicholas de Lyra.

Si Lyra non lyrasset
Lutherus non saltasset.

Luther's heresy was an original one, and no one is responsible for him. There is no connection or affinity between the spirit of Erasmus and the fanatical enthusiasm of justification by faith alone without works and without charity. In Luther's eyes Erasmus was no better than a Pelagian. Yet it is true that Erasmus' spirit of criticism and opposition and his dislike to the development of doctrine cooled loyalty and piety and faith, and weakened the power of the Church to resist either paganism or heresy. He took the sunset for the dawn. He was very slow to discern the real character and tendencies of Luther; he at first encouraged people to support the heretic as a true reformer, and advised the Pope not to condemn him; he was very reluctant and timid in writing against him. But at last he did oppose him, and in defending free will he struck at the very heart of Luther's system.

A Secret Club.

The most dangerous conspirator in this time was Mutianus (1471-1526), that is Conrad Muth, who was entitled Rufus because of his hair and complexion. Muth was a worldly man of Epicurean temperament who entered the clerical profession merely for a livelihood, and who detracted and blackened his own brethren in order to excuse himself. He was educated at the university of Erfurt and travelled in Italy, where he imbibed all the evil of the Renaissance. When he returned, he first was invited to the court of the Landgraf of Hesse (father of the notorious Philip) but he did not like a courtier's life, and managed to obtain a canonry in Gotha. He neglected all the duties of his profession, and devoted himself to literature. "A free-thinker who preserved his freedom of thought by cautiously holding his tongue in public," he artfully concealed his panthe-

ism or paganism, like a Modernist, under Christian phraseology, and professed to direct his thoughts to "God and the saints and to the study of all antiquity." He pointed to a glorious future, a golden age to come. The influence of any system of thought is greater upon those who are formed by it than on him who forms it. Mutian spoke of the old opinions and institutions with an air of kindly and pitying contempt. But he inspired younger men with a hatred for scholastic theology and philosophy as pedantry, a passion for classical beauty, and a spirit of irreverent criticism for the whole of the past. As he found no support for his views from his own brethren at Gotha, he made friends with two young men from a neighboring Cistercian monastery, George Burchardt, usually called Spalatinus, because he came from Spalt, and Henry Fastnacht, who styled himself Urbanus because he was from Urb, near Gelnhausen. Spalatin afterwards became chaplain to the Elector Frederick, and was the patron and go-between of Luther. With these young men Mutian formed a club who professed to be readers of the best literature and criticism, ancient and modern, and supplied themselves with all the worst books from Italy. Their minds were "a sieve that stores the sand and lets the gold go free."

Young Germany.

They formed a special connection with the neighboring university of Erfurt, before the foundation of Wittenberg. Erfurt, the capital of Thuringia (annexed to Electoral Saxony in 1485), had a university since 1392. Its literary department now became infected with pagan freethinking. Three brilliant young students in particular became disciples of Mutian, whose name had been remembered there. These were John Jager (1480-1539), who called himself Crotus, and because he came from Dornheim Rubianus; Ulrich von Hutten (1488-1523) and Eobanus of Hesse (1488-1540). Luther was a student of Erfurt, but he never had much taste for classical poetry, and studied law in obedience to his father.

"Humanist studies, however much they may conduce to the

ornamentation of learning," wrote Cochlaeus in 1512, "are injurious to those who have no solid logical training. Hence the levity of certain persons to whom the name of Poets is improperly given. Hence the buffoonery and criminally scandalous lives of some of them. They are the common slaves of Bacchus and Venus, not the pious priests of Phoebus and Pallas." Eoban wrote Latin verse with classical elegance in imitation of Ovid, and developed an anti-Christian spirit more and more as time went on. It was said later that he was the greatest toper in Germany. Hutten was the oldest son of a noble but poor baron; but as he was both very small and sickly and very clever, his father judged him quite unfit for the world and forced him into the monastery of Fulda. At the age of sixteen he fled from the monastery with the assistance of Crotus. Yet it would have been well for the unhappy youth if he had remained in the shelter of the cloister. He now led the life of a poor scholar and wandered from one university to another, living on the good nature and charity of men who recognized his genius. With a temperament like that of Rousseau, he soon wore out the patience of his patrons wherever he went, and quarreled with them, and sometimes lampooned them. Poets in genius like to the soaring angels, too often have been in character like to the serpents creeping upon the ground. The brightest often are the meanest of mankind. His life became altogether scampish; he must be described as a shameless degenerate; and his diseases and death were the consequence. His infidelity was a natural result of a licentious life. He visited Italy, where he suffered much from poverty and the afflictions incident to a time of warfare. When he returned he obtained the patronage of Albert of Hohenzollern, the new Archbishop of Mainz and primate, to whom he assumed the character of a patriot who wished to see the German Church independent of the Pope. The young men of whom Hutten and Eoban and Crotus were types adopted the spirit of innovation and license with fervor; for young men of letters eager to distinguish themselves are usually inclined towards novelty. They despised their ancestors, and

they despised their contemporaries, and they despised themselves until the moment when they became truly despicable. Then they began to be proud of their shame and gloried in it. Their activity was only Blindman's Buff. Their light was the phosphorescent light which comes from putrefaction :

So have I seen in larder dark
Of veal a sparkling loin
Replete with many a brilliant spark,
As sage philosophers remark,
At once both stink and shine.

The Gleam which they followed was a will-o-the-wisp, generated from the gases of a bog and leading into the dismal swamp of atheism or pantheism. It may be said of them in the language of Scripture that, the very light in them was darkness, and thinking themselves wise, they became fools, and took darkness for light, and thought light darkness. The relation of these men to Luther was analogous to that of Voltaire and Diderot to Rousseau and Robespierre.

These young Humanists felt that the Germans were despised by the Italians—a feeling which is a sure sign of the “inferiority complex” as much as the insolence which Luther afterwards showed was a sign of inferiority.

Between the German and the Italian Humanists there was another difference, an accidental relation. From the time of Pope Nicholas V., that is the middle of the 15th century, the Italian men of letters had been taken under the patronage of the Papal Court, and therefore were supporters of it. The German Humanists on the other hand looked to the Emperor Maximilian, and especially to the local princes, who were the rising power. The envy and malice felt against wealth and greatness was by them directed away from the princes against the bishops and the monasteries. These hypocrites, posing as reformers, with the beam in their own eye, were attacking the clergy and especially the Religious, in satires in which there was some little truth, a great deal of exaggeration, and a considerable quantity of downright falsehood and deliberate lying. The

German nobility and capitalists being already ungenerous, and the common people being simple, readily received attacks upon the wealth of the bishops and monasteries though this wealth was indeed partly the gift of generous and enlightened men in old times, but was still more the product of peaceful industry, which had turned bogs and woods and the sides of the mountains into fields of wheat and orchards. For the bishops and monasteries were good and easy landlords to their tenants, while the secular barons and knights were wasting their own substance and that of their tenants in civil wars. But these robber barons now looked with greedy eyes upon the lands given by their ancestors and the houses which the monks had built, and they readily devoured satires about "worldly bishops" and "lazy monks," though the bishops and abbots too often were men of the world whom the world forced upon the Church.

The Battle of the Books.

In the course of the year 1511 a violent quarrel burst out between the Humanists and the Theologians over a question apparently trivial, but which evidently was only an occasion or pretext for the new race of Humanists who were eager for a fray. A few years before a convert from Judaism named Pfefferkorn, at Cologne, in his zeal for the conversion of his race, proposed various measures, such as that they should be prevented from their practice of usury and that they should be compelled to give up all their religious books except the Old Testament, as they were anti-Christian. He appealed to the Emperor, who after some wavering, called for the opinion of some judges of such matters. One of these was John Reuchlin, a layman very learned in Hebrew literature, also a jurist and a man of affairs. Reuchlin's judgment was that two Jewish books, mendaciously and insolently anti-Christian, should be destroyed, but that the rest should be preserved, as they were useful to Christian Scholars: theologians would not have made so many mistakes if they had read the Jewish commentators. Pfefferkorn, of course, became aware of Reuchlin's op-

position to his proposals, and in a pamphlet against the Jews and against Reuchlin's judgment asserted that the latter understood nothing of the Talmud, and did not know enough to have really written the books on Hebrew published under his name, and even hinted that he was bribed by the Jews. Reuchlin replied even more hotly in a pamphlet, the "*Augenspiegel*," published during the great Frankfort (on the Main) Fair in the Autumn (1511). This pamphlet created an immense excitement throughout the whole of Germany, for of course it was actively circulated by the Jewish traders and peddlers and was supported by all the younger Humanists. It was sent by the chief parish priest of Frankfort to the Inquisitor of the Province of Maintz, Jacob Hochstraten, a Dominican of Cologne. It was naturally taken in connection with Reuchlin's previous writings, in which he not only had spoken of the "innumerable defects" of the Vulgate and wished for a long enough life to correct them, but claimed to understand the grammatical meaning of the Scripture better, with the aid of Jewish commentaries, than St. Jerome did, and set aside the Fathers' exposition and corrected St. Augustine. His Latin comedy *Sergius* had ridiculed princes who were guided by their clergy. Reuchlin was a sincere Catholic and did not turn his coat during the religious or rather irreligious revolution that was impending. But the publication of such opinions by a layman in the temper of that age did help, in spite of his good intentions, to addle the brains of Young Germany and lead them to despise both Tradition and the *Schola Theologica* if not the authority of the Church itself. The *Augenspiegel* was examined by two theologians, who discovered some erroneous opinions in it—a judgment which was afterwards confirmed by several universities. The Inquisitor privately demanded that Reuchlin should retract these; but instead of appealing to a higher court, Reuchlin appealed to the public in another pamphlet (1512) in which he attacked the theological censors of his former pamphlet. One of these theologians replied in a temperate Latin book;

but Pfefferkorn attacked his opponent personally in a "Brandspiegel." In October, 1512, the Emperor condemned the Augenspiegel; and Reuchlin, indignant at this, lost his temper and his head and published in 1513 a Defence, addressed to the Emperor, "against the Cologne Calumniators." This was one of the most frantic libels of that age, in which, in the true Renaissance style, he blackened his opponents, calumniated the character of Pfefferkorn's wife and disgraced himself by accusing the Cologne Dominicans of being influenced by immoral relations with her. The Emperor ordered it to be suppressed (July 9, 1513). After this the universities of Cologne, Mayence, Heidelberg, Erfurt, Louvain and Paris condemned the Augenspiegel. The Inquisition had long since ceased to be active; but the Inquisitor now in September, 1513, summoned Reuchlin before his tribunal at Mayence and Reuchlin at once appealed to the Pope. Meanwhile the young Humanists were all agog, like a swarm of hornets, under the secret leadership of the old spider Mutianus, who had been watching as Modred watched Lancelot. The Dominicans were then the object of the same unreasoning fear, suspicion, and hostility as the Company of Jesus in later times. But the quarrel grew more and more heated on both sides, and spread in widening circles, and though ostensibly the Humanist attack was on the Dominican headquarters and Cologne university, yet it was aimed at the theological Faculties of every university.

The Outburst of Anti-Clericalism.

"It is in public quarrels as in private and family ones," said Burke; "it is a trifling difference at first, but the bitter quarrel is for the lie and the blow; and in such a case it would be ridiculous to talk as such persons do who are the partial, paltry, tiresome narrators of their own story—to say in quarrels whether an egg was round or oval, when the blow was given for "liar" and "scoundrel." The spirit of contention and of forming parties about difference of opinions as well as of interest is one of the standing vices or diseases of hu-

man nature, and by this time the educated class in Germany was divided into two parties, and the students in the universities were buzzing with excitement and debates. A few men like Erasmus and Wimpheling and Sebastian Brant held aloof and kept silence, hoping that the flames would burn themselves out. The Pope referred the matter to the Bishop of Spire, who (in March, 1514), pronounced in favour of Reuchlin, that his book was free from heresy if rightly understood, and even censured the Inquisitor, who at once appealed to the Pope. But the Humanists now proclaimed a victory over the theologians. Mutianus, himself a rabid old dog, snarled that the theologians were raging dogs but unable to do more than bark. On the other hand, the Cologne theologians with Hochstraten wrote that the Humanists would be emboldened by the decision to attack theological truth. Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards Pope Adrian VI., wrote to Rome in April, 1514, of the necessity of healing "this cankerous disease. In 1515 the Archduke Charles, the future Emperor, wrote to the Pope that "every day that the decision of this case was postponed, the corruption would grow worse. The question must not be decided in Rome as a mere question of abstract form, but the concrete reality and the circumstances must be kept in mind. It was not a subject for a commission of a few Cardinals, but ought to be laid before all the Cardinals now assembled in the Lateran Council. Would that the strife could be ended! Would that the simple sheep could be saved from the wolf, and the scandal removed from the path of the weak." The King of France also wrote in support of the judgment of the University of Paris. But Rome, anxious to be just and to hear every side, for Reuchlin had powerful friends, and perhaps hoping that this German quarrel would calm down and die out, was slow to pronounce a public decision.

But in Germany the malignants who thought themselves enlightened, kept up their fusillade upon the Dominicans and the University of Cologne and the theologians in general. Hermann van dem Busche, who had been a professor of Humanities at Cologne, and at first had taken part in the op-

position to Reuchlin, now went over to the enemy when he saw it was safe to do so, left Cologne, and became one of the most malicious and active assailants of the Dominicans and the university. In the course of the year 1515 Crotus Rubianus and his faction composed and published anonymously a series of caricatures of the orthodox scholars under the title of *Epistolae Obscurarum Virorum*. Crotus and his assistants kept the authorship a close secret, knowing how vulnerable they themselves were and how open to retaliation. The letters purported to be written by men of the old orthodox school who looked to Ortwin Gratius (van Graes), the Professor of Humanities at Cologne, as their leader. Gratius was a good scholar, and an ardent Humanist; he also was a true reformer, and in later years published the *Fasciculus Rerum Expetendarum et Fugiendarum*. But he was a loyal Catholic and had defended his own university and the Dominicans against Reuchlin's attack. The Epistles were addressed to him and were signed with such names as H. Schaffsmulius, Pellifex, Thomas Langschneider, B. Plumilegus, P. Hafenmusius, whom some of the German public were simple enough to take for real, living men. The letters were composed with much dramatic skill, and the writers are made to exhibit themselves as old-fashioned, simple, stupid men puzzling themselves about childish questions in metaphysical theology and morals, writing dog-Latin only and confessing their own weaknesses and vices, and wondering why the Pope does not crush Reuchlin and his supporters, Gratius replies, and is grossly calumniated by being made to confess similar vices. A second volume appeared later, written by Hutten, and more venomous. The *Epistolae* contained some humor and a good deal of coarse mockery and most readers laughed with them. But no decent man could approve of their foul calumnies and insults against Gratius and the Inquisitor Hochstraten and Pfefferkorn and his wife. Reuchlin saw through their officious zeal, and saw that the volumes could do him no good, but must do him harm if he were supposed to have any connection with them. Erasmus said that a quarrel between

literature and theology must injure both religion and literature and was offended by their use of his name. Luther, who always hated the Jews and never had much love for the Humanists, described the authors as buffoons. Still they did in some measure create the idea of a stupid party opposed to an "enlightened and progressive" school. This effect was in a way analogous to that of the "Provincial Letters." Hutten treated the success of Reuchlin as a triumph and published a Latin poem entitled *The Triumph of Capnion* (a Greek form for Reuchlin's name), and with it a frontispiece for the general reader,—Reuchlin crowned with laurel, in a chariot with the *Augenspiegel* in his hand, escorted by a troop of poets, and preceded by a band of musicians and singers, and by children strewing flowers in his path. In front are the trophies of his victory, the books of his opponents in chests with their conquered gods, Barbarism, Superstition, Ignorance and Greed; then come the Dominicans as captives in chains. The procession is marching to Reuchlin's native town, whence the citizens are pouring out to welcome the hero. One delighted fellow is seen hurling a friar out of a window. Pfefferkorn is lying on the ground with his tongue cut out, a dog lapping his blood.

This concerted attack upon the monks and the clergy disgusts us the more when we remember that the assailants had no qualification, but wit without wisdom and style without information, for even Reuchlin's books about Hebrew and the Old Testament have no scientific value. Those who spoke of the ignorance and pedantry of churchmen owed it to the church that the classics had been preserved and that they themselves were able to read and write at all, and not still mere German barbarians. Censures upon "lazy and gluttonous monks" and "pampered prelates" came with an ill grace from men who never denied themselves a hearty meal and as much Rhenish wine as they could swallow, on any day in their lives; for Mutianus and his disciples not only neglected the fast days of the Church, but mocked at them. The censures on the wealth of the Church coming from men

who longed to share in the plunder of it, look very like the language of Falstaff reproaching the London citizens whom he robbed on their way to Canterbury with their gor-bellies and their city luxury. These austere satirists, so hypocritically zealous for Christian morals, took very good care not to reform their own lives. They were ready enough to take up later the sentiment and the song ascribed to Luther, which is now sung in the taverns and even by the theological students in their smoking concerts:

Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weiber, und Gesang
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

In later years, when faith and freedom and fine letters and arts were slain in Germany, and every margrave had planted his petty throne on their grave, then the Humanists saw their folly when it was too late, and most of them returned to the Church of their fathers. They saw then what they should have seen before, that after all the Church has only the world to choose from, and that if the men of the world would mend their own ways, or even bring up their children properly, there would be better material of priests and religious.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre
Ill-attuned pair, unite.

Hutten introduced his hatred of Rome, for he had Rome on the brain as much as Treitschke and other German writers in our own time had "England" on the brain. But his invective at this time had little effect against Rome, no matter what our imaginative, a-priori historians may say. For in this dispute Rome had been quite fair and even friendly to Reuchlin. It was a quarrel among Germans. Hutten's talk about "the drain of money from Germany to Rome" took no great hold now, for though the Germans were even then a grumbling and censorious people, yet as one of the most distinguished investigators, Finke (*Kirchenpolitik, Verhältnisse*, 100) affirms, "a closer knowledge of the Papal System of taxation will be its vindication." Anyhow

the Pope in the Lateran Council had just ordered that the taxes and fees of the Roman Chancery should be reformed and reduced. Indeed the Lateran Council had just enacted a multitude of canons for the reform of abuses in the Church, though the German bishops and abbots were not putting these canons in practice. In spite of our historians, it was not Rome that at this time was specially unpopular, but the German prelates—bishops and abbots. Thus Melanchthon testifies a few years later as to Luther: "They love him for no other reason, so far as I see, than because by his help they have shaken off the bishops."

Thus the educated and upper classes of Germany were now in a condition of excitement and anti-clerical fermentation. In the year 1516 Aleander, who visited Rome as secretary with the Bishop of Liege, warned the authorities there that the Germans were now in a state of mind in which they were ready to follow any madman who might come along. Here then we see enlightened Germany on the eve of the very darkest of the truly dark ages, when the blind should lead the blind into the ditch.



The Palace of the King

We read of wondrous palaces
Where kings have dwelt of old,
Enwrought by hands of cunning men
With ivory and gold;
But oh, to build a palace
Within my inmost heart,
Where only God and my poor soul
Might dwell from all apart!

We hear of stately castles, too,
With bastions deep and strong,
That so no dart of crafty foe
May work the inmate harm:
But oh, to fortify my soul
'Gainst every dart of sin,
That only God may tarry there,
Nor evil enter in.

Men tell of shrines exceeding fair,
Of widespread, far renown,
Where incense breathes and jewels gleam,
Worthy a monarch's crown:
But oh, to find some gift of price,
Some jewel from the mine,
To make my soul less poor and mean,
More meet to be His shrine!

Give me, dear Lord, the oil of grace,
The gold of love divine,
The priceless pearl of purity
To beautify Thy shrine,—
That Thou mayst take delight therein,
Low bending from Thy throne,—
Nor find there aught to sadden Thee
Since all is but Thine own!

Edith R. Wilson.

RETREATS FOR THE LAITY

By Rt. Rev. Henry G. Graham, D.D.

RETREATS are as yet known and appreciated by comparatively few of the laity amongst us. They have been looked upon hitherto as a duty belonging only to the Clergy and Religious and Seminarists, or perhaps as a spiritual luxury enjoyed by the leisured and well-to-do. In many countries, of course, notably in France and Belgium, they have long been firmly established, and have met with marvellous success both in the numbers that attended and in their beneficial results. In these countries, it is no new thing for thousands of men, and of women and girls also, to make Retreats throughout the year. In Holland, for example, we are informed there are thirteen Retreat Houses, which are filled week after week; each year 16,000 to 17,000 men and 11,000 to 15,000 women enjoy the great blessing of a three-days' "Closed" Retreat (i.e., living in the Houses), not to mention Retreats in other forms. In Germany, statistics for 1924 tell us there were 187 Retreat Houses distributed over the various Dioceses, of which fifty-nine are exclusively Retreat Houses and the others are buildings used for this purpose from time to time. Sometimes people of various social grades make a Retreat together; in other places the various classes and occupations are organized separately; this week it will be a Retreat for employees, next week for men, now it is artists, now doctors, now soldiers, now teachers, and so on. Bishops and Priests are alike enthusiastic about them, finding them a real source of regeneration and sanctification of parishes, and even, as one of them has said, "the remedy for all our ills."

We have, therefore, been far behind these countries in taking up the movement, and even yet the idea will appear strange to many because it is novel. But, thank God, it is beginning to

spread—all honor and thanks to those who have been the pioneers—and people are coming to regard Retreats as, what they really are, one of the most powerful supernatural means for combatting the evils and dangers of the day.

Extraordinary diseases require extraordinary remedies. Our Holy Mother the Catholic Church, rich with the riches of God and fertile in producing from her treasury things new and old, provides in every age the proper weapons of defence against all the enemies of the soul. The needs of the faithful vary at different periods: what sufficed for our forefathers may not suffice for us in our different circumstances. In substance, of course, the chief weapons of defence, namely, the means of grace, are always the same,—prayer sacraments and the like. But the employment, the application, the extension of them varies. Hence it is that new forms of devotion, new organizations, new practices, spring up to meet new conditions. The world is always changing but the world is always with us, and its worldlings, and all that involves; and in these days of ours it has its special dangers. Catholics have to live in the midst of a society steeped in heresy, irreligion, and materialism, where God's most inviolable rights are disregarded in public and in private, with a consequent contempt for authority, even domestic and parental surrounded by an atmosphere of paganism, where the cult of the impure in press, literature, drama and life holds sway over multitudes, unchecked and unashamed, and the senses are assailed by sights and scenes and conversation reeking of vice and sin, refined or gross. Everything tends to draw men away and drag them down from the high standards of purity and holiness held up by the Church. People can hardly expect to be constantly living in such a poisoned atmosphere without being affected by it, even against their will and perhaps even without their knowledge.

And here, precisely, is the benefit of Retreats as an antidote. What a Retreat contains, indeed, is not new, but it operates in a new way, new, that is, to most of us, in its use of the exterior and interior means of grace to overcome the prevailing evils; "*non nova sed nove*," as the old expression has it. Our Holy

Father Pope Pius XI., as is well known, has more than once given the weight of His Apostolic Authority to the spiritual power of Retreats.

In his "Apostolic Constitution" of July 1922, he earnestly recommends the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius, and declared that saint to be the heavenly patron of all retreats. "We regard it as certain," says His Holiness, "that most of the evils of our day start from this, 'there is none that considereth in the heart' (Jer. xii., 11); . . . and we have studied the rich crop of virtues that ripens today no less than of old in spiritual retreats, and not only among members of religious congregations and the secular clergy but also among the laity; and what in our age is worthy of special and separate remark, among the working classes themselves. Therefore we earnestly wish that the making of the spiritual exercises should daily spread wider and wider abroad; and that those houses of Devotion, into which men withdraw for a whole month, or for eight days, or for fewer, there to put themselves into training for the perfect Christian life, may come into being everywhere, more and more numerous, and may flourish." And in a further document in the same year His Holiness, while declaring that in these spiritual exercises is to be found a remedy for the great sin of modern society, expresses the wish that Retreats may become so popular as to be brought within the reach of all without exception. "If the generality of the faithful," he says, "make diligent use of this means of sanctification, human society may shortly hope to obtain the gift of longed-for peace, with the checking of unbridled licence and the return to a sense of duty and obedience."

We have said that there is nothing essentially new in a Retreat, either as regards the end in view or the principal means employed; for it simply employs in its own way the divinely established means of grace to the end of sanctifying the soul. But the actual exercise of a Retreat has a wonderful power all its own. A Retreat means, as the word implies, that you retire from the world for a shorter or a longer time to some quiet and sheltered spot, there to meditate and pray and

exercise the faculties of your soul on the One thing necessary. You leave behind you for the time being your home, your work, your worldly interests. You get away entirely from the noise, the din, the bustle of life. When you enter the Retreat House, you simply leave the world outside and cease to think any more about it and concentrate your heart and mind exclusively on the matter of your eternal salvation. You speak little. You have a certain number of meditations or conferences each day given by the Retreat Father on the great truths of Faith as applied to your sanctification. You have a regular daily programme to follow: Prayer, Mass, Rosary, Spiritual Reading, the Stations of the Cross and the like, and, what is most important, you make a good Confession and fervent Communion.

Everything in and about a Retreat House helps you to do this well; the peace and calm of undisturbed seclusion, the religious surroundings, the silence of all the retreatants, the association and sympathy of others bent on the same holy purpose as yourself, the order of succession of one pious exercise after another; above all, the Blessed Sacrament in your midst—the first time in your life you ever passed a night under the same roof as Our Blessed Lord—what a privilege! what a grace! what an encouragement! In those precious days eternal principles have time to sink deep into your soul, Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, and the other truths of Religion, which you learned at school but which have been dimmed or overlooked in the battle of life. Quietly but persuasively the preacher puts them before you again in a way and under conditions that you never experienced before, and as these appeals follow steadily one upon another, gathering strength as they come, they carry conviction to the mind with irresistible effect. Truths long known come home to you with a new and startling force, and why? Because the Holy Spirit of God is at work with His special grace to illumine your soul so that you see the things of eternity in their proper light. And you yourselves are co-operating with the Holy Ghost, for you are really meditating and studying what you hear, and yielding yourselves to the

operation of His Grace for your soul's health. Almighty God will reward that, and will answer your prayer.

Men come out of Retreat "renewed in the spirit of their mind," perhaps totally reformed, if that were necessary, with a new determination to live as fervent Catholics and lovers of God, prouder than ever of their Faith, because they understand it better, and see its beauties and have felt its power and tasted anew its consolations. They see clearly now the path of duty in their daily life, and no human respect or wordly consideration will turn them from it. They are resolved to act up to the principles and ideals of their religion, come what may. They are firmer, stronger, more fearless, more zealous. They are filled with happiness and joy, for all their difficulties and troubles have been swept away and they "feel within them," as one said of old, "a peace above all earthly dignities, a still and quiet conscience." And what we read of the Apostles SS. Peter and John will be repeated in its measure in regard to retreatants going back to the world: the people "seeing the constancy" of those humble men, wondered, and they knew then that they had been with Jesus." (Acts iv. 13.)

Such is the wonderful effect of a Retreat. Ordinarily this cannot be secured by a Mission. Missions of course we must have, they are necessary, for there are thousands who never can, or at least never will, go to a Retreat. But a Retreat is better. A Mission is unavoidably full of distractions, you are mixed up with the crowd and mingle with your-every-day companions, and are occupied with your daily work. You hear the sermons, but you have neither the time nor the quietness, amidst all the bustle and excitement, to reflect upon what you hear. Now as St. Alfonsus says, "Reflection is the mother of holy resolutions, and this reflection can never properly be made except in solitude." That is the secret of the power of a Retreat: solitude, detachment, silence, recollection. "Venite seorsum in desertum locum," Our Lord says to you as He said to His Apostles, "et requiescite pusillum." "Come apart into a desert place and rest a little" (St. Mark vi. 31). Our Lord one day said to St. Teresa "there are many souls to which I

earnestly desire to speak, but the world makes so much noise in their hearts that my voice cannot be heard. Ah! if they would only withdraw a little from the world." And thus, adds St. Alphonsus, who narrates the incident, "God wishes to speak to you, but He wishes to speak to you alone in Retreat; for if He spoke to you in the midst of your family, your relations and friends and daily occupations would continue to make such a noise in your heart that you would not hearken to His voice." It is the old familiar truth taught by the Almighty to Elias so long ago, "*non in commotione Dominus*:" The voice of God is not in the tumults and tempests and strife of the world, but in quietness and solitude. "I will lead her into the wilderness and I will speak to her heart." (Osee. ii. 14).

We suppose that none will deny that they would be the better for a Retreat, and some will even admit that a Retreat is necessary for them; for alongside the good and the faithful there are also to be found the unfaithful and the sinful. As to the latter, if they are resolved to turn to God from an evil life, they will find in a Retreat the surest means of doing so. In the solemn stillness of the chapel, in the very presence of their God and Saviour, they will have to face the one great question and all other things will sink out of sight. Pondering it well in the light of eternity, their eyes will be opened to their awful condition. They will be roused, awakened, disillusioned. They will be ashamed of the way they have trifled with their souls and they will pray to God about it, and He will speak to them and give them the graces there and then to settle with the help of the priest the great affair of their salvation. Before they depart they will have become new creatures in Christ; "*old things are passed away, behold all things are made new*;" and a peace will reign within the soul which passes their understanding.

But good and pious Catholics also need a Retreat, for in the journey of life some mud and dust will cling to them; the brightness of the soul becomes tarnished; truths of salvation lose their grip; the conscience gets slack; carelessness creeps

in; the lower line is taken; loose habits are acquired, difficulties and perplexities arise; perhaps they have played the coward and begun to compromise here and there; it may be that some great decision has to be taken; they are jaded and weary and anxious. For all this, they need a spiritual tonic; they require to refreshen their minds with fundamental principles, so that they will guide their life and actions by them in the future. This a Retreat will do for them. They will realize again the goodness and the love of God and His claims upon their undivided allegiance. Their souls will be flooded with light and grace. They will be inspired to do great things for Christ Who has done great things for them. They will come forth with a new zeal and fervour, resolved to be perfect Catholics and even, as experience proves, to be apostles in His service. And this is what we want—a band of apostles in every parish, men and women fired with a great love of God and great zeal for His glory and great devotion to the Church, who by their pious example will influence all around them to lead higher and better lives.



Beauty

Beauty is dead and buried deep, you say,
 Since field nor garden shows nor flow'r nor leaf,
And woods once green unlovely are and gray
 And winter's days are sunless, cold and brief.

Nay, in all seasons, evident, everywhere,
 The heart that loves may beauty's smile discern;
The rugged granite and the rock austere
 Reveal her face no less than frond or fern.

She leaves her footprints in the sparkling snow;
 She braids her tresses by the crystal glass
Of icy rivers; and her jewels glow
 On every frosted twig and blade of grass.

Is there not beauty in the wrinkled bark
 As in the leaves that fledge the budding tree?
Nor in the bare oak's naked strength and stark
 That braves the tempest of adversity?

Nay, listen close at nature's throbbing heart
 And you shall hear in every pulse and vein
Her mystic forces, doing each its part
 To weave earth's robe of summer grass and grain.

Shall hear deep down in sunless cave and crypt
 Her elfin host, of color and perfume
That fashion forth the daisy, crimson-tipped,
 The lily's wonder and the rose's bloom.

These, beauty's servants, ceaselessly, unseen,
 Their weird enchantments work by night and noon,
To bring again, when woods are newly green,
 The miracle and opulence of June.

P. J. Coleman.

FRANCIS' HANDMAID CLARE

WHILST Francis' sun rose resplendently over Assisi, to revivify the world in its warm rays, and although altogether unsought and undesired by him, his name was writ large athwart the religion of the period, there were others of his immediate associates and family who reflected his virtues and spirit marvellously, even in the earliest days of the new apostolate; and helped by him to scale the dizzy heights of spiritual life which he had rediscovered, helped him in their turn, not a little, in the general heroic work he so enthusiastically undertook, and by word and deed, did explain and justify, before a callous and unsympathetic community the Gospel of poverty, self-abnegation and sacrifice, he practised for Christ's sake and the sanctification of precious souls. Early associated with him in this wondrous mission was St. Clare, a comely virgin, of gentlest breeding fascinating manners and a soul so pure and limpid as to rival the perpetual snows upon the Appennine tops which towered over the verdant hills of her Assisian home.

And whilst everything conclusively points to St. Francis' life being a divinely-appointed one which, naturally, had to run its astounding course, still, it may be asseverated that the sustaining strength and exceptional virtue of St. Clare more than any other of that galaxy of brother saints about him, more than the strong, wise and saintly men, in exalted positions in the Church who counselled, approved and commended him, was his abiding stay and support—an example and model of all the virtues he so loved and exemplified in his own life, his consoler in times of poignant distress, and the gentle incentive to nobler things amongst her own sex in Italy. Francis listened to her as a confiding child to its mother. She considered him as her Father in God and saviour from the contamination of the world; and, as such, spoke to him always

confidently and hopefully of his apostolate when others were sceptical, or at least unhopeful. Francis rose like a sun, says Dante, and illumined his age—and of course, all succeeding ages—with his splendor. His deeds are recorded in the letters of the times, in the chiselled and painted masterpieces in the temples; they are moulded and hammered into the everlasting brasses; they are writ in tenderest terms in the jeweler's art; they shine forth from the ceramics and lustres of the table; they are abundantly expressed in the architecture, music, song, practices and observation of Medievalism; and when degenerated races later flooded the world with war, rapine and famine and all their attendant horrors, the conventual centres of Franciscan life had much to do with keeping the flame of faith alight amongst the Christian nations and recalling them to the purer life for which their Founder prayed, devoutly preached and ardently desired. In all this art, we always find Clare closely associated with the Seraphic Patriarch. In the old convent church of Assisi those depictions are particularly numerous, both in the upper and lower sanctuaries, in the wonderful frescoes of the Florentine School, which seemed to bud, flower and fruit in the beneficent light of Francis' fervor. There Clare is seen in her special mission of love and prayer, side by side, with her spiritual father. In the lower Church she is shown by the mystic brush of Cimabue being shorn of her luxuriant locks and dedicated to God by Francis himself, and in the admirable limning of Giotto, in the Upper Basilica, grief stricken with all her little community, she venerates before the door of the cloister of St. Damien, his stigmatized body, as it made its last sad course, to the Church of St. George, there to await many years her own coming before being placed in the superb shrine which now covers him. Go into any of the churches of this district and you will find Francis and Clare in the art schemes of the walls, and in the metallic treasures. They stand together, at either side of the chancel in the magnificent sanctuary of San Rufino, in chaste and beautiful marble conceptions of the immortal Dupre. In the little cortile of her own

dear convent home she is represented in beautiful bronze by Caesare Aurelj, on a pedestal, covered with bas-reliefs commemorating incidents in her own and St. Francis' life. They are always associated in religion, and the true art which waits upon it; and in the hearts of Assissians they are both equally tenderly loved and revered. The spontaneity of this feeling is as edifying as it is consoling to Christian pilgrims.

After viewing the uncorrupted body of St. Clare, in the New Church, or her titular church of Assisi, where devoted citizens carried her in triumph, following seven years sleep in St. George's and where in a wondrous crypt she lies to-day as calmly and serenely as upon her poor little monastery pallet; and after admiring this spacious and stately, though bare white and empty interior, and the outside with its curious flying buttresses, I naturally proceeded on through the New Gate, adown steep declivity, in my desire to find St. Damien's—the cradle of the Second Order, the shrine where Christ spoke directly to Francis from the Rood: "Francis, seest thou not My house is being destroyed? Go thou and repair it for Me." And his reply: "Gladly will I do it, O Lord!"—and had so many other holy communings with His Master, whilst he labored assiduously with his own delicate hands to fulfill his promise and erect the simple monastery adjoining for his cherished handmaid, after saving her from the contamination of the world and committing her forever to the service of his lover, Christ. He came here often in his busy life of preaching, exhorting and instructing, to edify Clare and her pious companions; and just before death, in his blindness and general debility, like another Job in patience and endurance, but much greater than his patriarchal prototype in spiritual equipoise and strength, he inhabited the little wattle hut Clare made for him in the garden, where he burst forth in that sublime note which has re-echoed in all the ages since as "The Canticle of the Sun," which gave, they say, to Italian poetry the same primal impulse that Chaucer gave to English:

Canticle of the Sun.

To the Great, Omnipotent and Bountiful Lord
Be praise, glory and lasting benediction:
Thee alone, Most High God, such titles become,
And there is no man to be named before Thee!
Be Thou praised, then, Lord, with all Thy creatures,
And especially, Mister Brother Sun
Which brighteneth up the Day, and maketh it
Beautiful and radiant with Thy markéd splendor;
Be Thou praised, Lord, for Sister Moon and Stars
Of heaven, with their sweet charity;
For they are precious and most beautiful:
Be praised, Lord, for Brother Wind,
For Air and Clouds, for Calm and every Weather,
By which Thou givest succor to Thy creatures:
Be thou praised, O Lord, for Brother Fire,
With whom the Night is all illumined;
For he is comely, gay, robust and strong:
Be Thou praised, my Lord, for Sister, Mother Earth
Which Thou sustaineth so and governeth,
The which brings forth rich fruits, bright flow'rs and herbs;
Be praised, O Lord, for all buried in Thy love
And, for Thee, Who stand infirmity and tribulation;
They are truly blessed that bear with resignation;
Because by Thee, Great God, shall they be crowned fore'er;
Be Thou praised, Lord, for Sister, Bodily Death,
From which no living man can e'er escape—
Woe, woe to them that die in mortal fault;
But blessed are they that gain Thy holy favor,
For Second Death can do them no more harm:
Praised and blessed be My Good Savior; and may He
Be thanked and served in all humility. Amen.

The Sweet Saint's Life.

Saint Clare, who had been made Superior of St. Damien's
by Francis himself in 1215, ruled there as Abbess until her

death forty years later. She never once went out of the Abbey cloister, and, therefore, there is not much known about a life "buried with Christ in God." We know she followed St. Francis, becoming a copy of his poverty, humility and mortification. We know, too, that she had a special love and veneration for the Blessed Sacrament, and to increase that love of the Crucified she learnt by heart and was always reciting the Office of the Passion, which Francis himself composed. Any spare time, outside of devotion, she gave to manual labor. Under her St. Damien's became a sanctuary of every womanly virtue and a fruitful nursery of saints. Besides the gentle St. Agnes, who left home with her in the beginning, St. Clare saw her younger sister Beatrice, her mother Ortolana and her aunt Bianca follow her to the cloister, and before she died witness the establishment of Clare Monasteries, modelled on St. Damien, throughout the Christian world. Her silent influence did much, too, in elevating the womanhood of her country. She threw a veritable charm round poverty and greatly strengthened Francis in promoting the spirit of unworldliness, which in God's good providence was to restore discipline in the universal Church and renew the morals and civilization of Western Europe. And not the least of her works was the aid she proffered to Francis. He turned to her in his doubts. She advised against his giving up preaching for the purely hidden life of meditation he so longed after. When worn out and almost blind he came for the last time to St. Damien's, as has been said, and they counselled together on the good of the order they had founded. The Seraph was persuaded that his hour was nigh, but he was filled with heavenly consolation, and sang his fervent praises in hymns and canticles. His holy tryst effected, he returned to the damp floor of the hut at the Portiuncula, to breathe forth his seraphic spirit to God. Carried back to his native Assisi amidst the awe and veneration of the entire populace, his frail remains are set down before the modest little convent cloister, where the heart-rent Clare and her companions reverence him and the sacred marks of Christ's Passion which

on account of his intimate life with Him were miraculously imprinted upon him; and there she resolved to keep unalterably his covenant. Giotto has immortalized this scene. Who can view it in cold colors on the convent walls without emotion? What must have been the feelings of that day and generation! And Clare remained ever faithful to the high ideals of Francis.

When Frederick II.'s army was devastating the fruitful valley of Spoleto, in 1224, advancing soldiers upon Assisi were scaling the convent walls at its base when rising from a sick bed and inspired of God, St. Clare took the Ciborium out of its little receptacle and went with it to face the fierce invaders. She appeared in the open upper window (still to be seen) with the sacred Host, and holding It confidently aloft, prayed earnestly for liberation.

The soldiers, already on the ladders against the walls, fell away in stupefaction and dismay. The entire army was in flight—an unmistakable miracle. For this St. Clare is always represented with the sacred vessel in her hands. And when later a large force of enemy troops, under General Vitale di Aversa, were getting ready under the convent walls to storm her beloved town, she eagerly gathered all her children around her and prayed God so earnestly that a furious storm arose in an instant and scattered the whole army over the plain, routing it completely. Assisi was grateful for this second delivery to the Seraphic Mother, and its veneration of her sanctity and power now knew no limits. It increased with years and culminated as she reached her end. Never strong, indeed, never well, physically, because of her austerities and mortification, Clare, like Francis, was ever cheerful, spreading holy joy and happiness amongst all that approached her. Raised up in bed, says her biographer, she spun the finest thread and out of it made the most delicate material for altar corporals, sending them, in a silken burse, to the Churches of Assisi.

Feeling her end at hand, she exhorted all to the fervent observances of the Evangelical Counsels as preached by Father

Francis and lived up to by all her house. There was to be no compromise with the world. Pope Innocent IV. came from Perugia to solace her death-bed. St. Agnes, her sister, came from Florence. Brothers Leo, Angelo and Juniper, three of Francis' closest friends who attended him in his last hour, were there also at hers, and they read for her the Passion according to St. John, as they had done for him in like circumstances. She died on August 11th, 1253.

The Pope returned for her funeral. The Poor Clares wanted to retain her body at St. Damien's, but the citizens of Assisi would not have it so, and carried her off as a precious heritage to St. George's, as they had done to the Seraph himself. Many miracles and works of grace were evidenced by all; and, so heroic were they in character, that only two years afterwards, Pope Alexander IV. came especially to Assisi to solemnly canonize her. In 1260 her remains were taken from St. George's to her own New Church, and buried deeply under it to secure them safely in these troubled times. Great then was the joy of devout Assisians when, nearly six centuries later, they were discovered in 1850, and the coffin opened, only to find her sacred body in a wonderful state of preservation. Leo XIII. had them transferred with greatest pomp to the present becoming crypt, in the early days of his reign, constituting for her a canonical feast, on August 12th of each recurring year.

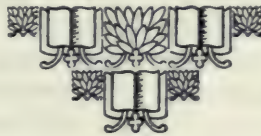
There are the same rude tables around the narrow walls, and here they point where St. Clare as Abbess, sat for the forty years she was cloistered there with her bridegroom, Christ. The Capuchins still occupy these same places. What must be their daily communings!

And then our sympathetic guide conducts us up to where the dormitory was, and points to the little corner where the Sainted Abbess slept, on a poor pallet, and then to the door, in the end of the small place looking upon the Plaza, where she appeared with the Ciborium lifted high and put to flight the sacreligious Saracens. And there is the same little niche in the rough wall where she conserved it, and whence she had

the precious privilege of sustaining herself with the Divine Flesh and sharing It with her devoted children.

In the armory or treasury of the Abbey we see the actual vase or ciborium which she used, her breviary writ by Fra Leone, a little chalice called of the Purification, a morsel of the bread blessed in Pope Gregory's presence, St. Bonaventure's pectoral cross, a reliquary of the Fourth Pope Innocent and a bit of plaster which had touched the wound in the Seraph's side. The whole place is made of rambling chambers, hugging one the other and evidently added as the needs demanded. The whole in plain superficies would scarce half occupy the meanest monastery chapel of which we know. They show, too, the little elevated garden (really a tiny room) where Clare, too ill for other work, delighted to tend sweet flowers which spoke to her at once of Him Who gave them exquisite scent and colour. Just under it Francis prayed and joyed with God in his reed hut.

Only once try to summon up the saints that made God debtor there! Just think of the major spiritual impulses that emanated there, going around and around the world in benefaction, and you will quickly see that it is not vast moles of stone that really count, nor the ambitions of official builders, but His chastening spirit fused in such frail and lovely vessels as Francis and his handmaid, Clare. A.E.B.



Daily Communion

What care have I since Jesus comes
Each day to be my Guest?
He's promised me within His heart
I'll find my surest rest.

What happiness can this world give
That my heart cannot know,
Since Jesus by His presence sweet,
Brings Heaven here below?

Though FRIENDS so true be mine by right
In love and friendship bound,
My "Changeless Friend" remains the best,
No greater love is round.

And earthly FAME is well denied,
When Heaven's King comes down,
The laurels of His grace to give,
Can earth hold such renown?

A wondrous POWER is given me,
Bright rays of heavenly light,
With Him who strengthens me, I know
I'll conquer in the fight.

And this world's WEALTH I will not miss,
Since Jesus comes to me,
And opens wide with loving hands,
His golden treasury.

Then why seek further HAPPINESS?
In this world 'tis not given,
When Jesus comes to me each morn,
It makes my earth a heaven.

Margaret Commeford.

IN GOD'S TIME

By Enid Dinnis.

I DON'T suppose that any of the readers of this story will have visited St. Deaghan's Well, even if they have been in Ireland, especially in the remote corner of Ireland where the well is situated, nevertheless the natives will tell you that a large number of people visit it during the year to say their prayers and bring away a drop of the blessed water. Most people have not so much as heard of a "rag well," and this was the reason why the energetic chatelaine of Ballybraney Castle insisted on completing the education of her guests by sending them on an expedition to St. Deaghan's Well and the little ruined chapel adjoining.

Frank Headingly, Mrs. O'Clare's brother, decidedly had a legitimate grievance when the outing was suggested. He had brought with him to Ballybraney one Brandon McNeill, a young American of Irish parentage whose acquaintance he had made whilst on the pilgrimage to the Chicago Eucharistic Congress. McNeill had not been a pilgrim—he had no definite faith, although his parents had been Catholics, so Frank Headingly had borne him off to Chicago to learn what the Catholic Church meant, and Brandon McNeill had witnessed the shining traffic of Jacob's ladder pitched betwixt Heaven and Chicago, from an aeroplane, by this it is not meant that modern invention had actually served to bring him into touch with the celestial trafficking, but the bird's-eye view of 100,000 automobiles parked outside the city had not been without its effect. Brandon had become deeply interested in the new aspect of Catholicism, and being a man of leisure had quite eagerly accepted his friend's invitation, given on an impulse, to accompany him to Ireland, Headingly being due on a visit to his sister who had married an Irishman.

"You will find Ireland terribly behind the times." Frank had warned him.

"Ah, yes, 'tis very Catholic, isn't it?" had been the exasperating rejoinder, and the Anglo-Saxon had half repented his idea of completing the conversion of Brandon McNeill in a country where everything was at least an hour behind hand, from breakfast onward.

But he might have been spared the "rag well." What on earth had put such a stupid idea into Mary's head? Brandon McNeill was delighting in Ballybraney. He had been vastly amused by the complexities incurred through certain folk keeping the new summer time, whilst others adhered to the old way, and had gallantly conjectured that none knew what the time was because they all seemed to be living in eternity. Frank Headingly was getting quite hopeful of bringing to flower seed sown at Chicago, when St. Deaghan was brought on to the scene, cheek by jowl with the leprechauns and banshees. Of course Brandon McNeill was as keen as razors to hear all about the "holy well." He addressed his questions in smooth and suspicious tones of pious enquiry: "Who was St. Deaghan," "Were people really cured at the well?"

It really is maddening when you have been vindicating the authenticity of St. Peter, or at any rate his presence in Rome, to have a St. Deaghan suddenly intrude himself,—the type of semi-mythical saint who always gets himself involved in the pagan superstitions of the country. The young O'Claires were only too delighted to tell the visitor all about the "rag well." It was a place where the people went to be cured of their diseases, and the idea was that if they left a rag torn off their garments tied on the bushes they would leave the disease they happened to be suffering from behind as well, though some people said the rags were left behind as thank-offerings when a cure took place. The well of course was "miraculous" in its origin and it never dried up. Molly, the eldest girl, supplied this information, more shame to her. Headingly endeavored to put in his spoke. "It is scandalous," he said warmly, "the priests ought to put a stop to all this paganism," and at that if Molly, who ought to have known better, didn't go and sug-

gest that Father O'Shea must certainly be invited to accompany them on the picnic as he knew all the history of the holy well.

Father O'Shea was a primitive—a priest of the old, almost vanished type. He had spent all his days in the corner of the country where St. Deaghan's Well had sprung into miraculous being and St. Deaghan was probably as real to him as St. Paul, if not more so. He spoke a rich brogue, and it was quite possible he knew little about Chicago. If only it had been his new curate, Father Mulligar, who had been suggested it would not have mattered. The latter was abreast with the times. It was even said that he had been instrumental in installing a radio set in the cottage of some poor crippled parishioner—a seemly set-off to St. Deaghan, and the prixie people with whom he hobnobbed generally.

Headingly took his niece to task about it afterwards. St. Deaghan's shrine was an aspect of Catholicism which might have been spared the enquirer. Molly was a vigorous young person of one and twenty, the family chauffeur, and to be suspected of having a guiding hand on other things besides the wheel of the family Ford. She was impenitent, not to say pert, in her rejoinder. "All aspects of Catholicism did not include 100,000 automobiles," she said. Of course Father O'Shea was the man to show them St. Deaghan's Well and the chapel; he knew all its recent as well as its ancient history. "You can tell him the story of Chicago and the aeroplane," she said mischievously, "that is, if you can get a word in, and Father O'Shea will tell you about old Dinny.

To Headingly's disgust Father O'Shea accepted the invitation to the picnic which was to include a visit to the "rag well" also. Ah, but St. Deaghan's Well was a place well worth visiting. "Was it all superstition about the well?" "That might be, but the chapel was a holy place. St. Deaghan had surely said Mass there. There were a million people at the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. Sure that would be a holy place too." Politeness never failed Father O'Shea.

St. Deaghan's Well is approached from a road which winds into the solitude of the hills which Erin, with instinctive

courtesy towards Dame Nature, calls mountains. Adjacent to the well stands the site of the hermit's chapel, roughly indicated by the remains of its walls which scarcely rise above the soil. At the end where the altar once stood the wall remains its original height and there is a tiny window with a rough ledge. The holy well is approached by a flight of dank and slippery stones. Its waters are said never to dry up, even in the longest seasons of drought.

The picnic party encamped itself on the hillside, and after tea Father O'Shea was deputed to show the well and chapel to the visitors. Molly accompanied them. "I love St. Deaghan's chapel" she said, "and I'm going to say a prayer there."

"You believe in St. Deaghan, then?" said Brandon O'Neill.

"I do" Molly replied emphatically. "It's a holy place, but don't touch the rags on the bushes because they might be infectious. They are off the clothes of people with all sorts of diseases, you know."

Brandon peered into the defiant blue eyes. "You wouldn't notice St. Deaghan's Chapel at all from an aeroplane," Molly said. "It is so remarkably small. The birds can hardly see it from the tree-tops."

Small the chapel certainly was. It barely held the visitors who stood gazing around the tiny space. There was something pitiful in the sheer desolation of what must always have been the abode of stark poverty. The present day had made its contribution, to be in keeping with a tradition of dearth. A few beads from a broken rosary lay on the little ledge above the altar-space, and someone had left there a little soiled picture of the Sacred Heart to proclaim the sacred character of the spot where the rank grass and nettles grew. Ireland refuses to clothe her hallowed memories in tidiness and decorum, and nobody had renovated St. Deaghan's sanctuary. To the left, between the well and the sanctuary, a large bush was extending its branches, exhibiting its fruits. Rags of every description there were, fragments of cloth or linen, abject symbols of the sordid poverty to which the fame of St. Deaghan owed

its promulgation, in later times at any rate. They might be saying "Please," or they might be saying "Thank you," Molly explained. But there was one object at least which suggested a favor obtained. Lying among the nettles was a stout walking stick of the shillelagh variety.

"Quite worth appropriating" Brandon McNeill remarked. "I wonder it doesn't get taken."

"Ah now, that will be Dinny's crutch," Father O'Shea explained excitedly. "He received a favor from St. Deaghan"—he eyed the stick affectionately—"and came away walking without his stick. He always had to walk with a stick, did Dinny, on account of the trouble he suffered from. That would be a bit of his trousers, yonder on the bush," he added. "I met him coming home that day. He was walking at a grand pace, and without his stick, and a great hole in the knee of his trousers and himself always neat and clean, although impecunious. 'I took the bit out from here,' says he, 'because, owin' to ut bein' more worn than the other parts, I was able to cut it out aiser. I had to cut it wid a bit of a stone, having no knife convanient.' He was a grand man for bein' on his knees, was Dinny."

"I should like to meet him," Brandon McNeill said.

"Then you'll have to be going to Heaven," was the reply. "Dinny died two months since. God rest his soul."

"Too late" Brandon said, shaking his head. "You see, I was wanting to ask Dinny if there really is such a place as Heaven. But was he actually cured?"

"Cured, not at all," Father O'Shea replied crisply. "He made himself a great deal worse walking like that, at a great pace, and without his stick. He fell down before he got home, and was laid up, which was all for the best, as it gave Maureen a chance of putting a patch on his trousers."

"But you said something about a favour," Brandon explained with puckered brows. "It must surely have been a very short-lived one."

Father O'Shea looked just a trifle abashed. He glanced

at Molly for support. "Ah" he said, "I can't be telling you that story. Its got no aeroplanes in it at all."

Molly seemed to think otherwise. "You can tell it to Uncle Frank," she suggested, "and Mr. McNeill may listen if he likes. It is so Irish,—how old Dinny threw away one crutch and walked on two after receiving a favour from St. Deaghan." She was full of mischief. McNeill was trying to fathom her—a sort of elfish person who might have held out a hand to both saint and prairie who hobnobbed at rag wells and places similar.

"Please tell the story," Brandon implored. I am desperately interested in St. Deaghan. I had a goat called Dinny when my people lived in Ireland. I think I named it after the gardener."

Father O'Shea's embarrassment disappeared. "You must know" he said addressing himself to Frank Headingly this time, "that Dinny had served on the altar from the age of seven. He came here from another part of Ireland when he was getting on in years, and he still served Mass—it was the breath of his nostrils. He was to live with his married son, after his wife died. The son's farm is just over yonder." Father O'Shea pointed to a white cottage nestling in the hollow. "Then he contracted the illness which stopped him getting to Mass. He couldn't stand the jolting of a cart with an ass under it; he tried once too often,—they brought him home more dead than alive. 'You'll have to serve St. Deaghan's Mass, Dinny,' says the doctor when he examined his heart. 'It must have been a grand thing to have served St. Deaghan's Mass,' says Dinny. After that, mind you, Dinny was one that kept things in his head and thought them over—he took to coming up to this place on Sundays and saying his prayers all by himself. People began to talk about it and say that he was touched in the head because he would move backwards and forwards as though he was serving Mass, and take no notice of anyone who came to tie a rag on the bush after visiting the well. One day he says to me when I came to bring him Holy Communion, 'Your riverence' he says, 'I would ask you this, would it be play-acting if I was to say to myself

that I was hearing Mass, up in St. Deaghan's Chapel, and answering it, just as though there was a priest saying it at St. Deaghan's altar?"

"I thought for a moment and then I answered him. 'No harm at all,' says I, 'so long as you don't try and act the priest. Well, he went on for years like that, saying his prayers in that way, and people got more and more certain that he was crazy. When my new curate, Father Mulligar, came, he thought that he ought to be stopped spending his time like that play-acting in the chapel, for Dinny would be serving his imaginary Mass every morning, without fail. It was over the time of day that he fell foul of Father Mulligar. Father Mulligar went up to the farm when he came along here. He had a great idea about putting up a radio for Old Dinny to listen to, —he is very kind to the poor is Father Mulligar.

" 'Now Dinny,' says he, 'what time do you get up in the morning?'

" 'Indade it be seven o'clock by God's time,' says Dinny.

" 'God's time! cried Father Mulligar, 'not at all, not at all. No such thing as God's time,' says Father Mulligar. 'Sure don't you understand that time is man's concern. God lives outside time. It's all the present with Him. He sees everything at once. It is we that make things come one after the other.'

" 'Now that might have been Greek to most folk, but old Dinny had plenty of time to think things out, and he was in the habit of listening with respect to a priest. And that was how he had something to tell me that day when I met him walking at a great pace without his stick.'

There came a pause in Father O'Shea's narrative. "Go on Father," Molly said encouragingly, "tell it in Dinny's own words."

"I met him," Father O'Shea said, removing his eyes from the intent countenance of Brandon McNeill and addressing himself to Headingly, "the morning I spoke of. He was coming away from the chapel. 'Why Dinny,' I said 'how well you are walking! Where is your stick?'

“ ‘Glory be to God,’ he says, ‘I’ve forgotten my stick. There’s a grand thing happened to me up in the chapel.’ ”

“ ‘Have you been to the well, Dinny, and got cured?’ said I, holding that to believe one’s eyes is not unintelligent, although there may not be much credence due to holy wells as a rule.

“ ‘Cured!’ he said, looking surprised. ‘No it’s just that I forgot to pick up me crutch. It’s a grand idea that has come to me whilst I was serving me Mass. Bedad, says I to myself. If everything happens at once in the sight of Almighty God, He should be seeing St. Deaghan saying his Mass and me answering it, all at one and the same moment. Dinny, I says to myself, you may be serving the Mass and himself saying it; himself’s would be a rale Mass thinks I, and that was a grand thought. If it’s a rale Mass, Dinny me boy, I says, you may be makin’ your intention, and that was another grand thought, for it’s a special intention I’ve had for three years. It’s the great St. Deaghan, I says, that will be offering it up for ye. And then I just recollected myself and I prayed: Almighty God, will you take notice of the Mass that St. Deaghan’s offering up for my intention this minute, if You will excuse me for speakin’ of minutes, and You livin’ in Eternity. It was a great thought,’ Dinny ended up, ‘for a man who has knelt for years just fancying things.’ Well, I thought that, properly speaking, it was a theological question.” (Father O’Shea looked troubled at the recollection,—but it seemed harmless enough.) “I couldn’t find any heresy in that aspect of Eternity, and Dinny was a bit touched in any case, and there could be no harm in his child’s play. Still I put the case to Father Mulligar when I got home, as it was he that had put the idea about God’s time into Dinny’s head, and his theology was not so much in need of rubbing up as mine.

“ ‘Ah, now,’ said he, ‘it’s crazy old Dinny is through saying too many prayers. He ought to be stopped going up to St. Deaghan’s Chapel and carrying on like that, making game of the Mass. I’ll get the radio set up in Larry’s cottage,’ says he, ‘and that will give Dinny something to think about, and if

he hears the Westminster clock striking over in London he'll get the time of day all right,' says Father Mulligar with a smile at the joke he had against the lot of us. 'And it will take his thoughts off eternity for a while at any rate hearing the music and speeches and all.'

"Well, Father Muligar was as good as his word—he always is. It took him about a fortnight to get the radio from Cork, and then set up, and meanwhile Dinny had got a patch put in his trousers, and was about again with the help of two new sticks. He wouldn't let them fetch the other from the chapel. It was a rare difficult business for him to get to St. Deaghan's Chapel, but since he had got the queer idea into his head that he was actually serving St. Deaghan's own mass, there was no stopping him at all. 'Sure, and the face of Him when he comes home,' Maureen said to me. 'Tis the sight of Heaven that he has in his eyes,' says she, 'and the new patch nearly out of his knees already.'

"One Sunday morning after he had offered his Mass, Father Mulligar said to me, "I'm going over in the car to Larry O'Flynn's to take the loud speaker. Old Dinny hasn't heard the radio yet, and it will be great fun,' says he, 'when Big Ben strikes. Dinny will be hearing it up in St. Deaghan's Chapel, if he is there saying his prayers, and he will be just wondering what it is.'

" 'I think I'll come with you,' said I, 'I doubt if Dinny will be well enough to be out of bed. He was very queer last time I was there a day or two ago. I had promised to take him Holy Communion. But when we reached the cottage Maureen told us that Dinny had gone to the chapel as usual. 'I'm in a way about it,' she said, 'for the Lord knows he was not able to do it.'

" 'Never mind, Maureen,' said Father Mulligar. 'I'll fix up the loud speaker and we'll set him listening to the wonderful things it will tell him. At noon it will be telling you the right time, 'If I make haste and get it fixed.' 'The right time,' the London time,' and at that I moved off leaving Father Mulligar to instruct her in the matter.

"I came up here," Father O'Shea ran his eyes over the place where the little group was standing. "Dinny was sitting over yonder." He pointed to a heap of loose stones fallen from the wall. "He was leaning forward on one of his sticks—the other was on the ground beside him—and breathing heavily. The patch was very nearly out of his knee. He had his rosary in his hand, and I did not disturb him. I can see him now as he sat there, with his queer blue eyes gazing before him at the stick which he had thrown away on another occasion, it being the object which came within range of his vision. He may have been thinking of that grand thought of his, and how it came to him, on the day when he went home walking, as you might say, on the air. In a few minutes up comes Father Mulligar—quick as he could walk. 'Is Dinny here?' he says. 'We shall be hearing Big Ben strike in a moment. I wonder what the old boy will think of the miracle? Hush,' says he, 'don't disturb him.'

"So we stood quiet and the next moment there rang out in the stillness the sound of the chime that comes before the striking of the hour. 'Ding dong, ding dong' (Father O'Shea intoned it, keeping time with his finger.) I never heard that without a feeling of something coming along. 'Ding dong, ding dong.' Then came the pause before the striking of the hour.

"Dinny had looked up suddenly at the sound of the chime. We watched him. He didn't look in the direction it came from. He looked towards the place where the altar stood—over yonder. Then he got up and went over quickly to the spot where he used to kneel when he fancied that he was serving Mass, and knelt down. At the first stroke of the clock at Westminster he made the Sign of the Cross and started muttering the answer to the Introibo ad altare Dei.

"'He's going through the whole business,' Father Mulligar said: 'shall we speak to him?' Then Big Ben struck again. 'No' I answered him, 'let him be, let him be.' And the clock struck a third time. Then we waited whilst the great notes boomed out. Dinny was kneeling stiff and upright. He didn't answer any more. 'He's listening,' answered Father Mulligar;

and I don't know what made me say what I did, but I answered, 'He is, but he is not listening to the time.' And then Big Ben struck again, and Dinny remained still an image. When the last stroke had sounded he moved. He was some moments trying to struggle to his feet. When he had got on to them he seemed to have forgotten all about what he was supposed to be doing. He came away from the altar step, and as I looked at his face I thought suddenly of what Maureen had said of the face of him when he came home from serving St. Deaghan's Mass.

" 'Well, Dinny,' says Father Mulligar, and did you hear the clock strike just now? "

" 'Indade and I did,' Dinny answered him. 'It struck twice,' says he, 'once before Mass, and again when Mass was over. That would be the half hour, I suppose,' says he, 'but I should have thought it was more than half an hour that the Mass took. Glory be to God, it was a grand Mass.' "

" 'But that was Big Ben striking away in England,' says Father Mulligar, trying to wake Dinny up to the existence of his miracle, 'and it struck twelve. It has only just stopped striking.' "

"Dinny looked a trifle perplexed. He tried to follow what was being said to him out of courtesy, he was a real gentleman, was Dinny. 'I heard the chimes,' he explained to Father Mulligar 'That would be St. Deaghan reminding me that it's time for Mass, says I and I went over to the altar all in a hurry. And then a grand clock struck one, somewhere, Big Ben was it? God forgive you Dinny, says I, you're an hour late. 'Twas twelve that you ought to have served Mass. And then a voice seemed to say: 'Never mind Dinny, there is no such thing as time with God Almighty,' And that set me thinkin' about God's time an' all. And then I seemed to hear a rare voice it was this time, saying the words the priest says as he stands at the altar. Introibo ad altare Dei, and I made the answer which is, as your reverence knows, to God Who giveth joy to me youth. And then a strange feeling came over me that I was out away in God's time, and that I was

servin' all the Masses that had iver been said by every priest, not only St. Deaghan. And I seemed to hear a wonderful voice saying the words of the Mass—a voice like the sound of many waters. It was a grand thing that happened. I seemed to be servin' all the Masses that iver shall be said until the crack of doom, as well as all the Masses that ever were. And there was a grand singing of the Gloria in Excelsis, and God forgive me, I forgot to go on answerin' the Mass. I just listened. And when it came to the consecration a voice cried, 'Make haste Dinny, and offer it for your intention, for this is THE MASS, this is every Mass,' and then,' Dinny said, 'I heard the clock strike again. One big boom and Mass was over.' That was what Dinny had to say to Father Mulligar.'

Father O'Shea paused and blinked at the little window with the soiled picture and the broken rosary on the ledge. Then he glanced at Brandon McNeill. The latter was standing bareheaded. "You see God had, indeed, given joy to his second childhood and allowed him to dream a dream in the midst of his child's play, as it were.

"Father Mulligar answered Dinny quite mater-of-fact. 'There were ten strokes of the clock which you didn't catch,' says he, 'owing to you being out of earshot at the time. You see Dinny,' says Father Mulligar, and you would have hardly have recognized his voice, 'there is a limit to the Big Ben miracle, and there are places where the loud speaker can't make itself heard.'

"Then Dinny made a remark which I have quoted many times since. 'Bedad,' he said, 'that's true, and a man's no nearer Heaven in an aeroplane than he is standin' on that heap of stones.'

" 'Not so near, Dinny,' says Father Mulligar; 'that heap of stones was very near to Heaven just now.'

"Well, that was the last time that poor Dinny served his Mass at St. Deaghan's altar. We practically had to carry him home. Maureen put him to bed, and said it was just as well as the patch had come entirely out of his trousers, but Dinny had done with garments, even the earthly garment that as a rule

keeps a man from the 'third Heaven.' He died two days later. God rest his soul. It was a grand favour that he got up at St. Deaghan's and that's the story of it."

"Thank you, Father," Brandon McNeill said. He was still bareheaded, although the faintly indicated sanctuary seldom received that recognition from strangers. "This has given me a new aspect of Catholicism. You warned me that the rags might be infectious," he said, turning to Molly, "and I believe I have contracted a touch of Dinny's complaint."

"I wonder if the old fellow got the thing he used to pray for at his Mass?" Frank Headingly asked musingly.

"I know what his intention was," Molly said, "he told me. It was to get faith for some one he used to call the 'little master,'—the son of the family he was gardener to in Clare. They went away to America. The little master lost his faith when he grew up and Dinny got word of it, he loved the little master and the little master had named his pet goat after him."

"Then he must have been me," said Brandon McNeill.

"I knew it was," Molly said, "when you mentioned the pet goat. But haven't you given rather a neat answer to Uncle Frank's question? He was asking if Dinny's prayer had been answered."

They stood in silence, the four of them, in the tiny space which encircled infinity. Then the silence was broken by the note of Big Ben of Westminster striking seven down at Larry's farm. Force of habit moved Father O'Shea. "That would be six o'clock by God's time," he remarked.

And away in God's time Brandon McNeill and Molly O'Clare were living a moment upon which divine love had set the seal of immortality.

Confidence in God

The long desired favor, weary soul,
Not granted yet?
O trust in God's sweet word of promise.
He does not forget.

He seeth all the long, sad, dreary hours
Of hope deferr'd;
Confide in Him and all thy sorrows tell;
Trust in His word.

When least thou dost expect, it may be sent,
This longed-for-boon.
God knoweth best the time to give. Just now
'Twould be too soon.

Thou knowest the promise, that all we ask
In Jesus' name
We'll surely have. He gave His life for us,
For us He came.

His sweet prayer, weary soul, joined to thine,
Will open wide
The treasures of His Father's greatest love;
In Him confide.

Leave all to Him; trust in His love for thee;
He knoweth best,
Despair not, never falter, onward go;
Thou wilt find rest.

THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE'S VISIT TO ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT

His Excellency, Most Rev. Andrea Cassulo, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, received a most gracious welcome on Friday, September 16th, at St. Joseph's Convent, St. Alban Street, where he paid a morning visit attended by his secretary, the Right Rev. Monsignor Bearzotti, and in company with His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop McNeil and the Chancellor of the diocese, Rev. T. Manley.

The visiting party was met by representative members of the Community assembled at the main entrance of the Convent, to offer a most cordial welcome to the august representative of His Holiness, Pius XI. After this first and special greeting, the distinguished visitor was conducted to the spacious reception room, where His Excellency delivered to the Sisters his message from the Holy Father and spoke with repeated emphasis upon the great work undertaken by the good Sisters of this Community in the Western Mission fields of this immense Dominion of Canada, whither he announced his intention to go very shortly on a tour of inspection. He made special reference to service and love of God shown in the self-sacrifice evinced in the work of the Sisters of St. Joseph in their efforts to spread God's truth and love among the Ukrainian people and to maintain their loyalty and fidelity to the Holy See of Peter, the only true centre of Christian unity. Before leaving the reception room His Excellency bestowed upon the Sisters the Papal Blessing.

As the guests passed along the Music Hall they were surrounded by the white-froaked and bright-eyed "Minims" and girls of the Junior School, who sang a welcome song very joyfully, waving the while the Papal colours. Very benignly did the grave Roman Ambassador smile upon these young choristers and expressed his appreciation of their hearty

greeting, then blessed them and advanced without delay to the Auditorium, where he was again welcomed in a full-voiced chorus which included all the Senior School under direction of Signor Maestro Carboni, who received special recognition from the distinguished visitor.

On behalf of the school Miss Aileen O'Sullivan very beautifully expressed appreciation of the honour conferred upon St. Joseph's by the presence of the illustrious Prelate, assured him of their most fervent prayers for the success of his Apostolic labours in their favoured land of Canada, now privileged to enjoy the salutary counsel and wise direction of the Representative of Christ's Vicar within her boundaries. At the close of the address a beautiful floral offering was daintily presented to His Excellency by Miss Delphine Bickall. Then approaching the stage where the young ladies were arranged in white uniforms, the Delegate told them of his happiness to be with them, of his gratitude for the warm and sincere sentiments of their address to him as emissary of the Holy Father and of his pleasure in offering congratulation to the Community whose members, by their prayers and virtuous lives, should attract others to follow their example.

As the guests were leaving the Hall the young ladies sang very sweetly a laudatory Latin hymn, the strains of which vanished into silence as a recessional until the chapel was reached. Dispensing the blessings of the Holy Father to all, as he passed along, the Apostolic Delegate and his accompanying party departed, leaving a most pleasant memory in the minds, and a tender sentiment of devotion to the grand old Church of Christ and her world-wide governing Head, in the hearts of all.



COMMUNITY NOTES

Reception and Profession of Novices.

On Monday morning, August 15th, St. Joseph's Convent Chapel was the scene of a beautiful and most impressive ceremony, when eleven young ladies were received into the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and three novices made their Final Profession in the Congregation. The altar was beautifully decorated with flowers and lights and within the sanctuary were assembled many of the clergy of the diocese. Rev. Father R. McBrady, C.S.B., officiated, assisted by Rev. M. Johnson and Rev. Francis O'Neill, O.P., addressed the candidates and their friends in a most inspiring sermon, the text of which follows:

The Sermon.

"The Catholic Church has for its mission the salvation of the souls of men. Our Blessed Lord came to do a perfect work. He was the Messiah promised by God the Father; He was the only-begotten Son of God. He was the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, made man, and He came in the fullness of time to accomplish a perfect work—first, to redeem the souls of men by offering His very life on Calvary in expiation for the sins of Adam's children; second, to found His holy Church, the voice of which was to teach all nations to the end of time.

"In order to make His mission successful, Christ called to Him twelve men and gave to them a wonderful enthusiasm, a spirit that enabled them to give up all things which had hitherto attracted them, all the goods of the world. Peter was able to testify for them all, that "they had left all things to follow the Saviour," that they did it gladly because they relied on the promise of the Saviour that He would bestow

on them the blessing of everlasting life, and it was this exchange that gladdened the hearts of the apostles.

“Throughout all ages of the Church there have been men and women wise enough to listen to that Divine call, “If thou wouldst be perfect, give what thou hast and follow Me.” This is the invitation which has been heeded throughout the Church by thousands of men and women, and this morning we gather before the altar of God to witness the obedience of these young women to that wonderful call, “Leave all and come follow Me,” and our hearts are glad to know that these our friends, these our relatives, these our dear ones, have chosen the part of Mary, have chosen the better part. We are glad now in anticipation of the glorious days to follow this renunciation of worldly ways.

“The friends of Jesus on the way to Emmaus were glad because the Saviour met and conversed with them, and so will these Sisters be glad and happy. Their hearts will be warm within them because they have resolved henceforth to be in a very special way the friends of the Saviour. They have chosen to be brides of the Crucified and He will put in their hearts a great exaltation, and day by day give them reason to know that when the Lord is present with His blessings and benefactions, all is well.

“Sisters, you are giving up promises of the success that the world offers, many of those pleasures that the world deems indispensable. You are parting from your parents, from your brothers and your sisters and your friends, but you are going closer to Almighty God. He receives your renunciation as a sacrifice, as a holocaust. He is glad and happy to welcome you into the Community of St. Joseph. He has blessed that Community and given it long years of blessed consecration for the welfare of Holy Church. You are glad to be admitted to it, and your friends are happy that you leave them to win a greater joy, the fullness of spiritual satisfaction in the consecrated life of a Sister of St. Joseph.

Day of Joy.

“So, instead of a day of sorrow, this is a day of supreme joy. The Saviour’s influence has triumphed over all the agencies of the world; the wisdom of the princes of darkness has been superseded by the wisdom of Almighty God, and in your souls reigns the reward of that triumph. We, seeing you, are filled with sentiments of congratulation, sentiments of high esteem, and hope that in days to come you will find the fruition of your hopes and aspirations. You have desired to be made perfect before God, to follow the precept, “Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect,” and, directed by the Church of God, you enter upon a religious life, a fixed state of stability where you are surrounded by rules and regulations approved by Holy Church. You have in the history of your order glorious records of thousands of holy women, whose oblation was blessed so abundantly that their lives were an everlasting benediction.

“We pray that your lives may be modelled on the saintly lives of those who have gone before you in the light of faith. Their consecrated days are a guarantee to you that you make no mistake. As they walked, so with God’s grace you will walk. Following their footsteps you make no mistake; they have done well, their lives have been glorious. It is our prayer that grace may abide with you day by day, directing you and filling your souls with spiritual exaltation in your work of Catholic education, care of the orphans, care of the aged poor and in the work which comes to your hands in your hospitals.

“Sisters, may God’s blessing tranquillize you in the day of your trial, in the hour when disappointment threatens to crush you. We are following the Saviour, and if we are, we must be courageous to accept the cross. That is the condition. We must take up the cross of our life, the cross of sacrifice. You have your obedience, your rules, the restraining of your natural tendencies, but you will be willing when you remember that Jesus gave His last drop of Precious Blood for our salvation. You have the great protection of community

life, the edification of the kind words and actions of the Sisterhood. You will love it better day by day and God will give you the power to accomplish more for it. Your vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience are sanctioned by Holy Church to place you in the religious state, making of you special friends of the Blessed Saviour, making you of that number who have turned away from the allurements of the world and accepted the precepts of the Saviour.

“Our congratulations, then. In the name of the Fathers here assembled and those who could not be present, in the name of Mother General and the Sisters of the Congregation, in the name of your friends and relatives, I offer you sincere congratulations and best wishes that your religious life may be filled with spiritual joy and gladness, so that you will be able to say, looking back to this beautiful Feast of our Blessed Lady, “This is the day that the Lord has made, let us rejoice and be glad.”

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The Received.

The candidates for the Reception of the Holy Habit were: Miss Morrison, in religion, Sister St. Gabriel of the Passion; Miss Bradish, in religion Sister Frederika; Miss Kolbe, in religion Sister Adelaide; Miss McKenna, in religion Sister St. Dunstan; Miss Hurley, in religion Sister St. Bernarda; Miss Coreau, in religion Sister St. Clarence; Miss Walker, in religion Sister St. Dorothy; Miss McInerney, in religion Sister St. Omar; Miss Barry, in religion Sister St. Stephen; Miss McDonald, in religion Sister St. Irma; Miss Lalonde, in religion Sister Jean Baptiste.

The Sisters who made Final Profession were: Sisters Angeline, Mary Caroline and Albertine.

The Sisters who made First Profession at St. Joseph's-on-the-Lake, where Rev. Louis Markle, D.D., officiated at the ceremony, were: Sisters Lydia, Redempta, Dosithea, Trinita, St. Norbert, Eymard, Vianney, Cecilia, Amelia, St. Ivan, Rose Agnes and Vincentia.

The first of our Annual Retreats this year was held July 23rd to 31st, under the direction of a Eudist Father, Rev. J. B. O'Reilly, of the Sacred Heart Seminary, Halifax, N.S.

The second and third were held in August and were conducted by a Dominican Father, the Rev. Francis Xavier O'Neil, from Chicago, Ill.

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The Trustees of the Separate Schools of Toronto, at a meeting of the Board held June 3rd, 1927, expressing their appreciation of Reverend Sister M. Geraldine's work in writing a synoptical history of Canada for the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of Confederation, passed the following resolution:

"That this Board desires to convey to Reverend Sister M. Geraldine its appreciation of her work in composing the impressional, educative and entertaining Pageant entitled "CANADA," which was portrayed at Massey Hall on May 26th, 1927, and to compliment Reverend Sister M. Geraldine on her selection and sympathetic treatment of the striking incidents of Canada's early history and of its subsequent development."

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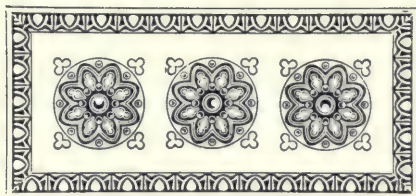
On the beautiful feast of our Blessed Lady's Assumption, August 15th, 1927, Sisters M. Rosalie and Bonaventure observed the Golden Jubilee Anniversary of their Reception of the Holy Habit, and on the same day Sister M. St. Anne observed the Silver Jubilee of her holy profession.

A Mass of thanksgiving for the blessing bestowed upon these Sisters during their long years of devoted service was celebrated by Rev. Francis Xavier O'Neil, O.P., that morning in the Convent Chapel.

Relatives and friends of the Jubilarians and members of the Community contributed to the joyousness of the occasion by their hearty greetings and tokens of thoughtful remembrance.

Ad multos annos!

His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago, who was the guest of Archbishop Neil McNeil of Toronto, on Friday, September 9th, accompanied by His Grace the Archbishop, Rev. Father Manley and Capt. McCarthy, visited St. Joseph's Convent. The party on arriving were met at the entrance by Rev. Mother and the Sisters and conducted to the reception hall, where His Eminence gave his blessing to the assembled pupils and told them that it was probably the first time that an American Cardinal had visited them. He then interested the pupils in telling of the good work being accomplished in the United States by the Sisters of St. Joseph, whom he knew very well, for he had received his early education from them. Concluding his brief but interesting address, the distinguished visitor granted the school a holiday.



Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association

1927—1928

Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. Paul Warde.

First Vice-President—Mrs. James E. Day.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. A. J. Thompson.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. M. Lellis.

Fourth Vice-President—Miss Mary McGrath.

Fifth Vice-President—Mrs. M. Healy.

Treasurer—Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Theresa O'Connor.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. McGrath.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Gertrude Ross.

Press Secretary—Miss Dorothy McMahon.

Historians—Miss Helen Kernahan, B.A., and Miss Helen Monk-
house.

Councillors—Mrs. Brazil, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Riley,
and Miss Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

The Annual dinner and re-union of the Alumnae was held this year at the new St. Joseph's College Residence, 29 Queen's Park, on Thursday, June 16th. Mrs. Paul Warde, President of the Association, and her Executive Committee and members of the Community welcomed the many who came to pay tribute to their old School and former teachers and enjoy a social evening with their school-day companions.

The large dining-room, extending into the conservatory presented a delightful festive scene when the one hundred and thirty Alumnae and guests took their places at the artistically-appointed tables. Dr. Gertrude Lawler, on whom a few days previous the Toronto University had conferred the degree LL.D., was the guest of honor.

Miss Teresa O'Connor, in proposing the toast to "Our Guests," sketched Dr. Lawler's brilliant career as a Scholar, Teacher, Writer and Organizer. In responding Dr. Lawler, in her characteristically felicitous manner, thanked the hostesses for according to her the place of "Honor Guest" at the Alumnae re-union and dinner, recalled her school days at St. Joseph's and her after associations with her beloved Alma Mater and the Alumnae, which were among the most cherished memories of her life. Congratulating the young graduates of 1927, who were so radiantly facing the future, Dr. Lawler said that she claimed them as her sisters, for she too was a Gold Medalist of St. Joseph's.

Miss Camilla Wright, B.A., referring briefly to the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation, proposed the toast to Canada. In response, Mrs. O'Neil sketched the wonderful history of our country from the coming of Jacques Cartier to this present year of Jubilee, stressing her special admiration for Canada's greatest statesmen, the Fathers of Confederation.

Miss Helen Duggan, B.A., replying to the toast to Alma Mater, remarked that very few, if any, pupils realized during

their school days the meaning of discipline or the true value of a good education. It is experience in the sterner school of life that one learns how to fully appreciate the self-sacrificing religious teachers under whose guidance one learns how to meet and overcome the difficulties which even under most favourable circumstances one is sure to meet in life.

Margaret Baechler, on behalf of her Sister Graduates, thanked the Alumnae for their courteous invitation to unite with them in membership and pledged loyalty to Alma Mater.

It is noticed that on every occasion of social rejoicing there comes from one source or another a tinge of sorrow, and so there was missed from this happy assembly one who always enjoyed and helped to brighten the Alumnae functions, Mrs. Mary Petley, the sweet singer and the, then, oldest living graduate of St. Joseph's, who was at the time suffering the death agony of a painful illness.

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The Alumnae Association extends heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Donald O'Brien (Flossie Miley), who on September 30th celebrate the Silver Jubilee anniversary of their marriage. *Ad multos annos!*

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The American Library Association held a convention in Toronto, June 20th to 26th. Through arrangements made by the Toronto Library Association, the visiting delegates were domiciled at the various University College Residences of the city. At St. Joseph's College Residence, 29 Queen's Park, the Misses Teresa and Patricia O'Connor, representing the T.L.A., extended welcome to:

Miss Margaret Smith, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss Helen Bullock, Ann Arbor, Mich.

. Miss Ella Campbell, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss Mary Donnegan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss Frederika Gillette, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss Hilda Rankin, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Miss Ina Rankin, Ann Arbor, Mich.

- Miss Virginia Tibbals, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Miss Rebecca Wilson, Ann Arbor, Mich.
Miss Ruth Howe, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Mabelle Runner, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Marguerite E. Hubbell, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Muriel McLoughry, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Charlotte Pease, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Mary Yagle, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Miss Sarah Scheuck, Princeton, N.J.
Miss Reta Cawley, Princeton, N.J.
Miss Marion Shaw, Princeton, N.J.
Miss Grace Anderson, Rochester, N.Y.
Miss Florence Van Hoesen, Rochester, N.Y.
Miss Ada White, Rochester, N.Y.
Miss Dorothy Arrison, Trenton, N.J.
Miss Sue Hilson, Trenton, N.J.
Miss Margaret Kehl, Trenton, N.J.
Miss Louise Ruckteshler, Trenton, N.J.
Miss Kuppinger, Trenton, N.J.
Miss Tirza Barnes, Westerville, Ohio.
Miss Isabella Chaffin, Dearborn, Mich.
Miss Laura Copeland, Brockton, Mass.
Miss Laura Cross, Boston, Mass.
Miss M. Florence Cufflin, Boston, Mass.
Miss Katharine Duffy, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Gertrude Pope, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Amy Peck, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Elsie Duncan, Turtle Creek, Pa.
Miss Jane Hewett, Norwood, Mass.
Miss Sigrid Holt, New York City (600 Lexington Ave.).
Miss Bertha Merrill, Natick, Mass.
Miss Nellie Parham, Bloomington, Ill.
Mrs. Elizabeth Southward, Maywood, Ill.
Miss Jane Hubbell, Rockford, Ill.
Miss Ella Hodges, Springfield, Ill.
Miss Anna May Price, Springfield, Ill.
Miss Margaret Earle, Springfield, Ill.

Miss Marjory A. Brown, Springfield, Ill.

Miss B. Broughton, Springfield, Ill.

Rt. Rev. Monsignor Eugene Tisserant, Curator of Oriental Manuscripts and Assistant Librarian at the Vatican, Rome, who attended the A.L.A., was the guest of Very Rev. Fr. McCorkell, President of St. Michael's College.

Before leaving the city this distinguished scholar and linguist (master of fifteen languages) was entertained to tea at St. Joseph's. Speaking quite fluently in English, Monsignor Tisserant interested the Sisters in describing the great Vatican library and its wonderful contents, among which under his special care were some 60,000 manuscripts dating from the 2nd Century after Christ to the 19th century, including a Greek Bible of the 4th century.

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Hearty greetings and kindest wishes for her future weal are extended to Miss Helen Mary Kernahan, B.A., whose engagement to Mr. Arthur Joseph Holmes is announced—the marriage to take place early in October.

WEDDINGS.

At Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, on June 21st, Miss Camilla Josephine Mulvihill became the bride of Dr. Philip George MacDonald. Rev. P. J. Flanagan, uncle of the bride, celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

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On Monday, July 4th, in St. Basil's Church, Miss Aileen Halford became the bride of Mr. T. V. McCarthy, B.A., Sec. Rev. Father Forestell, C.S.B., was the celebrant of the Nuptial Mass.

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August 15th. at the Church of the Holy Rosary, Thorold, Ont., Miss Cecilia Battle became the bride of Dr. John Leo Poirier. Rev. Father Battle, brother of the bride, officiated.

September 1st, at Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, Miss Edna Ann McCarron was married to Dr. Harold H. Halloran. Rev. M. J. Oliver, C.S.B., was celebrant of the Nuptial Mass.

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September 2nd, at St. Monica's Church, Broadway Ave., Toronto, Miss Vera Guyett was married to Mr. Norbert S. Walsh. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rev. H. Murray, P.P.

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On September 10th, at Newman Hall Chapel, Toronto, Miss Madeline Enright, B.A., was married to Mr. John Trapanier, Barrister. Rev. Father McNab, C.S.P., celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

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At St. Paul's Church, Birmingham, Alabama, on August 20th, Miss Marian Spencer Frawley became the bride of Mr. Fred. Emmett O'Connor. The nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rev. W. A. Kerrigan.

Our best and kindest wishes for future success and happiness are extended to these young couples.

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The International Catholic Alumnae Association was represented at the Biennial Conference of the World Federation of Education Associations, held in Toronto Aug. 7th to 12th, by Mrs. Mary Blake Finan, Chicago, Ill., President of I.F.C.A., and Mrs. Robert Devine, Ottawa, Second Vice-President of I.F.C.A. These delegates arrived in our city on Friday evening, August 5th. The following day the Executives of the Loretto and St. Joseph's Alumnae Associations entertained them to lunch at the Granite Club, after which Mrs. Paul Warde, President of St. Joseph's Alumnae, and Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, accompanied them to St. Joseph's Convent and College, where they were welcomed by Rev. Mother and the Sisters of the Community. On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Warde took them for a motor trip to Hamilton.

The Biennial Convention of the Provincial Chapter of the I.F.C.A. will be held at the Ursuline Academy, "The Pines," Chatham, on Thursday and Friday, October 5th and 6th.

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Miss Rita Savard of Cabano, Quebec, a pupil of St. Joseph's College, Toronto, carried off the honors in the competition held Saturday, June 18th, in Quebec City, for the Europe prize (\$3,000), given annually by the Province of Quebec to the student of music attaining highest standing in any of the departments of music. Congratulations, Rita!

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We congratulate Miss Dorothy Greening of St. Joseph's High School on her success in winning the Alumnae Scholarship of 1927.

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Holidaying in Europe during the summer were:

Miss Lois Gibson, who with her brother, Mr. Thomas Gibson, visited in England, Belgium and France.

The Misses Helen, Kathleen and Mary Kernahan, with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Kernahan, toured the British Isles and among other places of interest in France visited Lourdes.

The Misses Larkin of St. Catharines made Ireland their objective where they enjoyed a visit with Mrs. Mee-Power (Margaret Dawson) at her summer residence, "Devonshire Arms," Lismore.

Mrs. D. Lahey (Anna Fitzgerald) with her husband, Mr. Lahey, enjoyed a stay of several weeks in London, England, where their son, Gerald Lahey, S.J., is continuing his studies for the priesthood. They also made a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, in France. Unfortunately Mr. Lahey became seriously ill while in England and was forced to take hospital treatment. Mr. and Mrs. Lahey with Miss Agnes Fitzgerald returned home to Canada Sept. 10th. Mr. Lahey is now making fair recovery at St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto.

The Misses Anna and Clare Harrison spent their vacation visiting Rome, Italy, and other points of interest in Europe.

Miss Helen Grant will, we trust, at some early date give the readers of St. Joseph's Lilies an account of her delightful holiday wandering beyond the Atlantic.

Miss Quinlan has not yet given a report of her holiday trip, but we know she was numbered among the 25,000 Canadians who travelled in Europe during the summer.

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Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Garrecht (Agnes Ellard) on the coming to them of two tiny daughters—Anna and Ellen. And to Mr. and Mrs. Olgi (Marguerite McConnell) on the arrival of a daughter—Nancy Graham.

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The prayers of our readers are requested for the souls of our recently deceased friends:

Mrs. Mary Frances Payne Petley.

Miss Winifred Downey.

Miss Mary Cairo.

Miss Irene Brady.

Miss Helen Wickett.

Mr. John Hart.

Mr. James J. Stock.

Mrs ~~Miss~~ Helen McQuarry.

Mr. M. J. Haney.

Major-General Francis Louis Lessard.

Mr. M. J. Descarries, K.C.

Mr. Michael Kearney.

Mr. Duffy.

Miss Mary Pickett.

Mr. Brierly.

Dominic Charles Cowper Mee-Power.

Miss Josephine Gomez Rendon.

Mrs. Helena McDonald.

Mrs. Warren (Gertrude Elmsley), and

Miss Isabell Egan.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them!



MISS HELEN WICKETT.

Miss Helen Wickett, aged twelve years, daughter of Doctor and Mrs. James Wickett, Toronto, and a much-loved pupil of St. Joseph's College School, who was accidentally drowned while bathing in the Wye River, near Midland, at noon on Monday, June 27th, 1927.

Little Helen was an angelic child, and very clever, having in the final test examination held last June, passed with honours from first Form to second Form High School grade.

Her teachers and class-mates, who dearly loved her, sincerely lament her sudden and tragic death and deeply sympathize with her bereaved parents, her sister, Ida, and her brothers, Bradford and Robert. Requiescat in pace.

In Memory of Helen

A golden ray that from the morning sun
Sheds o'er the earth its brightness—then is gone,
Our playmate tarried here life's little day,
Gladdened our dreary world,—then passed away
As if 'twere loathe on earth, so dull, to stray,
Eager to find its joy where angels play,
There in the Presence of the Infant King
In happy Innocence and love to sing.
The brightness of her memory radiant clear
Will light us, too, beyond our earthly sphere.
Sore though we miss our little Sunbeam, pure,
We would not call her back—for Heaven needs
her more.

S.S.M.J.



They Answer Not

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all;
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet—
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joys of life,
They softened every frown.
But oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore,
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, forever more!

THE CLOSING EXERCISES AT ST. JOSEPH'S

The spacious Auditorium of St. Joseph's College was filled to overflow on Wednesday afternoon, June 15th, when the parents and friends of the students assembled to witness the Closing Exercises of the Scholastic year.

The undergraduates, wearing the modest dark blue costume of the school and the eleven graduates attired in dainty white, standing on the flower-embanked stage, introduced the programme by singing, under the leadership of Maestro Carboni, the School Hymn, "Hail to Thee, Joseph," after which the young lady graduates were crowned and presented with their graduating medals and diplomas by the Rt. Rev. M. D. Whelan, V.G. Then the programme was proceeded with as follows:

Piano Solo—Polonaise in E.—Liszt; Miss Claire Chinn, Gold Medalist.

Cantata—Choruses from "Indian Summer" (with flute obligato)—Eduardo Marzo. (Three voices).

Valedictory by Miss Agnes Foley.

Responding to the Valedictory, Rev. P. Dwyer, C.S.B., B.A., spoke as follows:

"Reverend Fathers, Reverend Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, My Dear Graduates:

In rising to address the graduates on this happy occasion, I feel that I have been called upon to perform a task beyond my years, and yet I am deeply conscious of the honour, also the privilege which has been accorded me in being permitted to take part in these beautiful exercises of Commencement. May I be permitted to congratulate these young ladies in my name and in the name of all the friends here present, and rejoice with them on this most happy occasion.

This is an event of great rejoicing for us all, for it marks the successful and honorable completion of a course of study and training which has extended over the past four years. It is an occasion of rejoicing for the Sisters of St. Joseph, who see in it the culmination and the reward of years of patient and careful training and supervision; it is an occasion of rejoicing for the parents who share the honor and the happiness of these young ladies, but in a particular way it is an occasion of special rejoicing for the graduates themselves. It marks the completion of their High School days and it brings with it joy in the realization of a hope, which though hidden and silent, has ever been the inspiration of their labours and the object of their dearest desire.

There are times in human experiences when we arrive, as it were, at a milestone in the journey of life, and when we can with ease and profit take our bearings—look back over the road which we have travelled and see how far, and in what manner we have progressed. And from that point of vantage we can look out upon the road which lies before, and although it be hidden in mist of futurity, yet by blessed Faith we can see the goal to which it leads.

To-day, my friends, you have arrived at one such milestone in your lives and from the eminence of graduation day let us for a few moments glance back over that green valley of the past four years—let us recall the blessed privileges which have been yours, the golden opportunities which encompassed your path throughout your High School days at St. Joseph's Academy. And also let us turn our gaze toward the Eternal Hills, let us look to the future years—and review together the path that lies before.

When you came to this Convent four years ago, little did you suspect the vast heritage of tradition in which you were about to share. Little did you realize that you were entering a seat of learning which represents the acme of perfection in Catholic Education and which has behind it seventy-five years of experience and successful and glorious history. On that day, my friends, you made a decision the full signifi-

cance of which you could not then appreciate, but to-day it is our happy privilege to go back together and bind up those memories, those privileges and advantages into one grand bouquet of grateful homage and sincere praise and lay it on the altar of your Alma Mater.

During those precious years which are just closing to-day you have been instructed and trained according to the best traditions of Catholic Education as exemplified and maintained by the Sisters of St. Joseph. You have been trained in the Arts and Sciences, not only by an Order of Women pre-eminentlly fitted for their task, but what is of far greater importance, by women who have given their all in the interests of Catholic Education. You have learned lessons of true Catholic Womanhood which will be your greatest support in the hour of trial and your greatest asset in the day of success. You have been trained according to the sound principles of Catholic discipline. You have learned the lesson of obedience, without which we can serve neither God nor man; the lesson of respect for authority without which our lives would be dismal failures, the lesson of self-control without which you could not confidently hope for happiness either in this life or the life to come. And throughout it all there runs the sweet and wholesome influence of Holy Religion which solves every riddle of life and orders all things sweetly. Such, my friends, in brief, is the quality of the training you have received at St. Joseph's Academy. And as you stand to-day on the threshold of your departure the only return which this College or these good Sisters will ask of you, for all you have received from them, is that you be ever true to the training you have here received. To a college, in a particular sense, may those words of Scripture be applied: "By their fruits you shall know them." You, my friends, are the fruits by which St. Joseph's Convent shall be judged. Let me express the confidence and the trust which is placed in you this day—that your gratitude and your loyalty will so prompt your every action that your conduct will ever reflect glory and credit not only upon St. Joseph's Convent, but

upon the entire system of Catholic Education, and that you will ever be living testimonials to its excellence and perfection.

The years which you have spent in St. Joseph's Convent are now passed and gone, but there remains the future—a future the success of which is already assured because the success of the past is unquestioned.

As we look out over the world to-day we see a mighty change which has come over society and which effects no portion of society more than it does our Catholic womanhood. In past ages the influence of a woman was confined to the home and the cloister, but to-day in addition to these two noble and holy vocations, the whole range of possible avocations, every walk of life, every profession is open to women as to men. And while we may not entirely approve of this great change in all its phases, yet we cannot fail to recognize in it vast and unquestioned opportunities for good, which young ladies like yourselves are most admirably equipped to accomplish. Let me assure you that the possibilities of the extent of your influence for good are beyond measure; and that the world is crying out for the wholesome and uplifting influence of a good Catholic womanhood. Do you but carry out with you into the world those lofty ideals, which you have acquired in the Convent, let you but remember that you are the salt of the earth, that in your power it lies to make this world a happier and a holier place in which to live—and then you will understand and discharge your duties and obligations to the society of which you will be members.

Youth has ever been the age of ideals and I am sure your ideals are high and noble and holy. If then you make your life in the world a continuation of your college days, if you begin your every action as you began each class in this Convent, with a prayer for light and grace, if you begin each day as you began this blessed day at the Communion rail, if you carry with you into the world a soul adorned with those flowers of virtue so dear to the heart of Mary, the Rose of Love, the Lily of Purity, the Violet of Humility—ah! then,

never in this life will we be able to estimate or appreciate the power and the influence for good which you will exercise upon society. Never until the Book of Life shall have been opened and your good deeds proclaimed to all mankind will you or we appreciate the magnificent accomplishments of your lives, and the immense debt of gratitude which you and we and all mankind shall owe to the Sisters of St. Joseph.

In conclusion, let me address to you those words which, I trust, are not inappropriate, those words of Our Blessed Lord to His Apostles: "Going therefore teach ye all nations."

Go forth, graduates of St. Joseph's, into the world which needs your influence; go forth into a Society which is crying out for your strength and your virtue; carry with you those high ideals of goodness, of truth, of piety and devotion to duty which you have acquired beneath this blessed roof. And then we may be assured that your lives will be happy and prosperous; that you will carry a blessing with you into whatever walk of life you choose to enter and that from the sanctity of your deeds and the powerful example of your truly Catholic lives there will flow a blessing not only upon this College of which you are to-day the honoured graduates, not only upon the Society of which you will be the respected members, but also upon the entire Church of God of which you are the privileged and chosen daughters. And the final wish of our hearts to you on your graduation day is that the joy of this happy day may be continued and perpetuated not only as a holy memory, but as a living reality with you all the days of your lives.

The Young Ladies Who Had the Honour of Graduating Are:

Miss Marguerite Baechler, Powassan.
Miss Marie Michelle Caruso, Toronto.
Miss Germana Louise Donati, Toronto.
Miss Agnes Gertrude Foley, Toronto.
Miss Helen Rita Halligan, Toronto.

Miss Mary Gertrude Hayden, Toronto.
Miss Mary Camilla Horan, Toronto.
Miss Beatrice May Palmer, Toronto.
Miss Mary Margaret Mallon, Toronto.
Miss Loretto Catherine McQuillen, Toronto.

List of Honours.

The St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association Scholarship, for the student obtaining highest standing in Matriculation, June, 1926—awarded to Miss Margaret Downey.

Papal Medal for Church History in Senior Grade—awarded to Miss Angela Preu.

Governor-General's Medal, presented by His Excellency Lord Willingdon for English Literature in Form IV.—awarded to Miss Norah McCann.

Gold Medal presented by the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, Archbishop of Toronto, for Christian Doctrine and Bible History in Intermediate Grade—awarded to Miss Alma Parent.

By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Whalen for Mathematics in Form V.—awarded to Miss Germana Donati.

By Rev. M. Cline for Languages in Form V.—awarded to Miss Wilhelmina Keller.

By Rev. Dr. Dollard for Languages in Form IV.—awarded to Miss Agnes Cowan.

By Rev. Dr. Treacy for Mathematics in Form IV.—awarded to Miss Margaret DeRocher.

By Rev. L. Minehan, for Science in Form IV.—awarded to Miss Margaret DeRocher.

By Rev. P. J. Coyle, for General Proficiency in Form III.—awarded to Miss Irene Baxter.

By Rev. Dr. O'Leary, for General Proficiency in Form II.—awarded to Miss Marceil Sylvas.

By Mr. Ambrose Kent, for Art in Form II.—awarded to Miss Rose Hayes.

By Rev. E. McCabe, for General Proficiency in Commercial Class—presented to Miss Beatrice Palmer.

By Rev. G. J. Kirby, for speed and accuracy in Typewriting—presented to Miss Teresa McMahon.

By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Sullivan, for General Proficiency in Form 1A—awarded to Miss Louise Hayes.

By Rev. G. Doherty, for General Proficiency in Form 1B.—awarded to Miss Rose Staring.

By Rev. J. J. McGrand, for Highest Standing in Entrance Class—awarded to Miss Orla Beer.

By Rev. W. A. McCann, for Christian Doctrine in Elementary School—awarded to Miss Mary Keller.

By Rev. J. C. Carberry for Art Needle Work—awarded to Miss Marguerite Cantin.

By the Heintzman Co. for Associate Grade in Piano Music—awarded to Miss Claire Chinn.

By Mr. F. R. Emery, for Intermediate Grade in Piano Music—awarded to Miss Irene Connelly.

By Mr. Chas. Cope, for Proficiency in Associate Theory of Music—awarded to Miss Hermine Keller.

By Mr. S. A. Frost, for Intermediate Theory of Music—awarded to Miss Anderena Cornell.

By Mr. J. A. Knox, for Proficiency in Oil and China Painting—awarded to Miss Frances Wright:

Special Prize for Oil and China Painting—awarded to Miss Lucille Godin.

Gold Thimble for Art Needlework by Mrs. J. M. Sweeny of Chicago—awarded to Miss Simone Cantin.

Silver Thimble for Plain Sewing by Mrs. Geo. Gavin—awarded to Miss Marie DeRocher.

Special Prize for Ladylike Deportment in Senior Division—drawn for and obtained by Miss Vesta Dumouchelle.

In Intermediate Division by Miss Ursula Montag.

Special Prize for Household Science Division—drawn for and obtained by Miss Margaret Mallon.

In Intermediate Division—Miss Ursula Montag.

GRADUATES 1927--- BIOGRAPHIES

MARGUERITE BAECHLER.

“A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift.”

From Powasson Continuation School Marguerite came to St. Joseph's in 1924. She is a diligent student and school activities find in her a loyal supporter. Possessed of a charming personality and a sunny, optimistic nature, she has made many friends among both pupils and teachers. Although a lover of pleasure, Marguerite does not let her pursuit of enjoyment overbalance her pursuit of knowledge—wherein lies her secret of success.

MARIE CARUSO.

“Her ways are ways of pleasantness and
all her paths are peace.”

For five years we have known her by her winsome smile, good spirit, kind ways and studious attitude. While not neglecting her academic work, Marie has given considerable time to Music. We believe she intends devoting her time to a further study of this art, and if our wishes materialize, her success will ring harmoniously.

GERMANA DONATI.

“A quiet manner, a pleasant smile.”

The past five years of Germana's life have been spent at St. Joseph's, and her elementary instruction was received at St. Patrick's Separate School.

Always an amiable companion, her friendship is valued as it should be. Her talents lie principally along reasoning lines and she has been the winner this year of the Mathematics Medal in Honour Matriculation. We expect Germana



GRADUATES OF ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, 1927.

FIRST ROW, left to right—M. Mallon, B. Palmer, G. Hayden, C. Horan, M. Baechler, W. Keller,
R. Halligan, L. McQuillan, CENTRE—G. Donati, A. Foley, M. Caruso,

to continue in her unassuming way along the path of higher education with as unfailing success as she has enjoyed in the past.

AGNES FOLEY.

"She that was ever fair and never proud
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud."

Out standing in literature, debating and reading, winner of the English Medal in 1926, Agnes was chosen as Valedictorian of her class and expressed their sentiments in an admirable manner. Agnes was also an enthusiastic class representative of the Mission Crusade and often used her eloquence to rouse us to greater efforts on behalf of the foreign missions.

RITA HOLLIGAN.

"She's little but she's wise.
She's a terror for her size."

They say good things are done up in small parcels, and Rita is no exception to that rule. Rita has made many friends for herself by her enthusiasm in all school activities and by her unassuming manner. She has proved herself a capable student and will, we are sure, be successful in her higher studies.

RITA HALLIGAN.

"Candor is the seal of a noble mind
The sweetest charm of woman."

They say good things are done up in small parcels, and Rita is no exception to that rule. Rita has made many friends for herself by her enthusiasm in all school activities and by her sincerity and unassuming manner. She has proved herself a capable student and will, we are sure, be successful in her higher studies.

GERTRUDE HAYDEN.

“She has wit and song and sense,
Mirth, spirit and eloquence.”

Born at Winnipeg, but from her earliest years St. Joseph's has claimed her. Gertrude's manner bespeaks the kindness which dominates her thoughts and we feel confident that her optimistic view of life will help to brighten the path of all who have the good fortune to come under her influence.

CAMILLA HORAN.

“Improbis labor omnia vicit.”

A student of St. Joseph's High School, Camilla entered her Upper School course at St. Joseph's Academy in 1925. The teachers have found her loyal and thoughtful, her fellow-students most helpful, especially whenever Mathematics were concerned. By hard labour and perseverance she has conquered all obstacles and has ascended the arduous ladder of success. We wish her a happy future. May she go through life with a song in her heart and a kind word for all on her lips!

WILHELMINE TERESA KELLER.

“A sweet heart-lifting cheerfulness
Like the spring-time of the year
Seem'd ever on her steps to tread.”

Wilhelmine came to us after three successful years at Uxbridge High School. Her brilliancy both in Music and studies has been truly proven; this year she was awarded the gold medal for languages.

Charm of manner, sweetness of disposition, and unusual ability go to the making of this fair young graduate.

May success continue to accompany her!

MARY MARGARET MALLON.

"She plays the game and hopes to win it,
And yet gets all the fun there's in it."

Margaret was born in the sunny state of old Virginia, where she received her primary education. Having completed her Lower School in Montreal, she came to St. Joseph's, where her ready application, coupled with a natural genius, promise for her, honourable success in completing her Matriculation this year. Her amiability emanating from a character steadfast and true makes her a staunch friend. So bright a personality will insure for her success and popularity in her University career.

LORETTO McQUILLEN.

"Strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

During her four years with us Loretto has gained the esteem and confidence of all. Added to her strong character is a sweet amiability which convinces us that she will be the instrument for much good in the teaching profession which she has chosen.

BEATRICE MAY PALMER.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair."

Miss Beatrice Palmer, daughter of Mrs. Palmer, Homewood Avenue, Toronto, has been a pupil at St. Joseph's since 1921, having entered the Entrance Class from the United States and completed her four years' High School. Beatrice will perhaps be best remembered by her schoolmates for her dramatic talent, but it is to her strong sense of duty and her ability to attend perseveringly to details that we look when we predict for her a successful future. Beatrice is attracted to Commercial work and during the past year has made herself proficient in its various branches, carrying off the class gold medal for General Proficiency. Her quiet manner, cheerful disposition, and a gentle tactfulness will make her future career a useful one.

RESULTS OF EXAMINATIONS AT ST. JOSEPH'S

Collegiate Centre

"C" denotes that the candidate has obtained between 50 and 59 p.e.; III. denotes between 60 and 65 p.e.; II. denotes between 66 and 74 p.e.; I. denotes between 75 and 100 p.e.

Honour Matriculation.

Marguerite Boechler: Fr. Auth. C, Mod. Hist. C; Dorothy Burlingham: Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. C, Geom. C, Eng. Lit. C, Mod. Hist. III.; Aileen Burney: Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. III., Alg. C, Geom. III., Mod. Hist. III.; Rose Burns: Spanish Auth. I., Spanish Comp. II.; Germana Donati: Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. II., Alg. II., Geom. C, Modern Hist. C; Mary Dunn: Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. III., Alg. C, Geom. C, Eng. Lit. C, Eng. Comp. III., Chem. C, Spanish Auth. I., Span. Comp. II.; Elizabeth Miller: Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. III., Latin Auth. C, Lat. Comp. III., Algebra III., Geom. II., Mod. Hist. C, Spanish Auth. I., Span. Comp. I.; Marguerite MacKenzie: Spanish Auth. C, Span. Comp. C; Bernice O'Donnell: Geom. C, Eng. Lit. C, Eng. Comp. C; Winnifred Parke: Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. II., Latin Comp. I., Alg. C, Geom. II., Eng. Lit. II., Eng. Comp. C, Modern Hist. C; Mary Roche: Fr. Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. III.; Bernardine Simpson: Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. II., Chemistry C; Mary Smyth: Fr. Auth. C, Fr. Comp. III., Latin Auth. C, Lat. Comp. C, Mod. Hist. C, Span. Auth. III., Span. Comp. III., Geom. C, Alg. C; Julianne Gauthier: Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. I., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. C, Alg. C, Geom. C, Mod. Hist. II., Span. Auth. II., Span. Comp. II.; Ena Harrison: Fr. Auth.

C, Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. C, Alg. III., Geom. C, Mod. Hist. III., Span. Auth. III., Span. Comp. III.; Nora Hayes: Fr. Auth. III., Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, Alg. C, Geom. II., Eng. Lit. C; Camilla Horan: Fr. Comp. C, Latin Auth. C, Alg. II., Span. Auth. C, Span. Comp. C; Wilhelmine Keller: Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. I., Latin Auth. I., Latin Comp. I., Alg. III., Geom. II., Eng. Lit. III., Eng. Comp. III., Chem. C, Span. Auth. I., Span. Comp. I.; Ronona Laplante: Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. III., Latin Auth. III., Latin Comp. I., Alg. C, Geom. C, Eng. Lit. I., Eng. Comp. I., Span. Auth. I., Span. Comp. II.; Margaret Mallon: Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, Alg. C, Geom. III., Chemistry III.

Pass Matriculation and Entrance to Normal.

N. Badgery: Eng. Comp. C, Lit. C, Brit. Hist. II., Physics C; T. Baxter: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. II., Brit. Hist. I., Alg. I., Physics III.; C. Bond: Eng. Comp. III., Lit. I., Brit. Hist. I., Alg. III., Phys. C; R. Boyce: Lit. C, Brit. Hist. II., Alg. III.; R. Burns: Anc. Hist. II., Geom. I., Latin Auth. II., Latin Comp. C, French Auth. II., French Comp. II.; M. Byrne: Lit. C., Alg. I., M. Caruso: Alg. C., Geom. II., Phys. C, Chem. III., French Auth. II., Fr. Comp. C; K. Connelly: Eng. Comp. C, Lit. II., Brit. Hist. I., Alg. II., Phys. III.; A. Cosentino: Anc. Hist. III., Alg. C, Geom. III., Chem. C, French Auth. III.; E. Coughlin: Anc. Hist. C, Geom. I., Chem. C, Fr. Comp. C; N. Coughlin: Eng. Comp. C, Lit. III., Brit. Hist. I., Alg. III., Phys. C; A. Cowan: Anc. Hist. II., Alg. C, Geom. III., Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. III., Fr. Auth. I., Fr. Comp. II.; E. Grover: Eng. Comp. C, Lit. C, Brit. Hist. C, Alg. II., Physics C; M. DeRoche: Eng. Comp. III., Anc. Hist. I., Latin Comp. III., Chem. III., French Auth. II., French Comp. II., Geom. I; C. Doran: Lit. C, Brit. Hist. II., Alg. C; T. Duck: Alg. C, Geom. III.; M. Erwin: Eng. Comp. C, Brit. Hist. III., 2Alg. III., Phys. C; C. Farrell: Brit. Hist. I.; B. Fischer: Geom. I., Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. C, French Auth. II., French Comp. II., Anc. Hist. II., Chem. II.; A. Foley: Latin Auth. C, Latin

Comp. C; B. Foy: Eng. Comp. III., Lit. II., Brit. Hist. II.; E. Godfrey: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. II., Brit. Hist. I., Alg. I., Phys. I.; C. Griffin: Anc. Hist. C; R. Halligan: Phys. III., French Auth. III., French Comp. C; G. Hayden: Geom. C, Chem. C; C. Horan: Phys. III.; M. Hurley: Geom. C; A. Keelor: Brit. Hist. C; B. Kennedy: Phys. C, Chem. I.; M. Kernahan: Anc. Hist. C, Geom. C, Chem. C, French Auth. C; H. Knowlton: Anc. Hist. III., Geom. I., Chem. I., Latin Auth. II., Latin Comp. III., French Auth. II., Fr. Comp. I.; H. Locke: Lit. C, Brit. Hist. C; M. Lyon: Eng. Comp. C, Lit. C, Brit. Hist. I., Phys. III., Alg. C; T. MacDonald: Anc. Hist. III., Alg. C, Geom. C, Fr. Auth. C, Chem. C; M. Mallon: Brit. Hist. III., Phys. C; E. Maloney: Lit. C, Alg. II.; N. McCann: Anc. Hist. I., Geom. I., Chem. I., Latin Auth. II., Latin Comp. II., French Auth. III., French Comp. II.; S. MacDonald: Lit. C, Brit. Hist. C; H. McGrath: Brit. Hist. C, Alg. C; A. McGraw: Alg. C; J. McKenna: Lit. C, Brit. Hist. C, Chem. II., Anc. Hist. C, Geom. II.; E. Mohan: Anc. Hist. C, Geom. C, Chem. C, Phys. C, Lat. Comp. C, Latin Auth. C, French Auth. II., French Comp. III.; M. Morrison: Chem. C, Fr. Auth. C; B. O'Brien: Eng. Comp. C, Lit. II., Brit. Hist. II., Alg. C, Phys. C; A. O'Connor: Lit. III., Brit. Hist. III.; H. O'Donnell: Lit. C, Brit. Hist. I., Alg. C, Phys. III.; E. O'Sullivan: Eng. Comp. C, Lit. I., Brit. Hist. I., Alg. C, Phys. C; M. Palmer: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. C, Brit. Hist. III., Alg. II.; A. Preu: Eng. Comp. III., Lit. II., Brit. Hist. II., Alg. C, Phys. C; M. Roche: Anc. Hist. C, Alg. C; D. Rosar: Anc. Hist. C, Alg. C, Geom. C, Chem. C; E. Sullivan: Eng. Comp. II., Lit. III., Brit. Hist. III.; A. Tremble: Geom. C, Chem. C, French Auth. C, French Comp. C; D. Wright: Eng. Comp. III., Lit. C, Brit. Hist. II.; F. Wright: Eng. Comp. III., Lit. III., Brit. Hist. III.

Lower School.

Merva Arthurs: Gram., Geog.; Grace Atkins: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Christina Bassy: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Elvine Belcourt: Gram., Geog.; Elzire Belcourt: Gram., Geog.; Lillian Boyce: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Rae Boyce: Arith.,

Gabrielle Breen: Physiog., Art, Zool.; Loretto Brown: Gram., Geog., Botany; Rose Brown: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog.; Betty Bruton: Arith., Art, Zool.; Margaret Burlingham: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Christine Burns: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Mary Byrne: Arith., Zool.; Mary Calvert: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Alice Campbell: Gram., Geog., Bot.; Beryl Campbell: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Pauline Carton: Phys., Arith., Art, Zool.; Madelene Blark: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Arith.; Marie Cole: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Mary Cole: Gram., Geog., Bot.; Irene Connelly: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Margaret Cope: Physiog., Zool.; Mary Cosentino: Arith., Art, Zool.; Ella Coughlin: Latin Gram.; Mary Coughlin: Physiog., Arith., Zool.; Helen Cozens: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Dympna Crowley: Can. Hist.; Lucy Crudden: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Agnes Cowan: Latin, Gram.; Mildred Cushing: Gram., Geog., Bot.; Mary Davis: Gram.; Mildred DeRocher: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Patricia Dover: Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Emelda Dickson: Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Ermine Donati: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Rose Dougheny: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Theresa Duck: Geog.; Dorothy Duke: Arith., Bot., Zool.; Helen Duke: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Vesta Dumouchelle: Gram., Geog., Bot.; Marie DesRoches: Art; Kathleen Egan: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog.; Marie Fairley: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Helen Fayle: Gram., Can. Hist.; Cecilia Farrell: Physiog., Bot., Zool.; Margaret Finucan: Physiog.; Mary Frawley: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Auora Gallo: Physiog., Art, Zool.; Marjorie Gendron: Physiog., Arith., Zool.; Mary Gifford: Can. Hist., Geog.; Bessie Gilmurray: Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Ray Godfrey: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Muriel Greene: Geog., Botany; Betty Grobba: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Constance Harrison: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Eleanor Hayes: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Louise Hayes: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Mary Hayes: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Arith., Bot.; Rose Hayes: Physiog., Art, Zool.; Teresa Hayes: Gram., Physiog., Arith., Bot.; Antoinette Hayes: Can. Hist., Geog.; Rosanna Hill: Gram., Geog., Bot.; Margaret Johnson:

Physiog.; Alice Keelor: Can. Hist.; Bernardine Kennedy: Can. Hist., Art, Bot., Zool.; Frances Kurtinis: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Celine Lafayette: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Mary Levoy: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Helen Leonard: Physiog., Art, Zool.; Loretto Madden: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Eleanor Malone: Physiog., Art, Zoo.; Loretto Markle: Physiog., Art, Zool.; Rose Martin: Gram., Geog., Arith.; Marjorie Masters: Physiog., Art, Zool.; Catherine McBride: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Jean McCabe: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Rita McCartney: Gram., Geog., Bot.; Margaret McKenna: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Ursula Montag: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Jane Morin: Physiog., Art, Zool.; Vera Morris: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Isabel Mulrooney: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Mary Munnelly: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Kathleen O'Brien: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Claire O'Hagan: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Maureen O'Kelly: Can. Hist.; Alma Parent: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Mary Parsons: Gram., Physiog., Bot.; Naomi Pinkney: Physiog., Art; Agnes Ryan: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Margaret Ryan: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Catherine Sheedy: Zool.; Audrey Sinclair: Gram., Bot.; Rose Staring: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Le Vilo Stewart: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Eileen Sweeney: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Jane Swift: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Marcei Sylvas: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Mary Tarrant: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog.; Anastasia Thomas: Physiog., Arith., Zool.; Elsie Thompson: Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Lauretta Trendle: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.; Doris Webster: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Nora Welsh: Physiog., Arith., Art, Zool.; Helen Wickett: Gram., Can. Hist., Geog., Bot.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Commercial Diplomas awarded to the Misses Teresa McMahon, Jean Carmichael, Marguerite MacKenzie, Beatrice Palmer, honours; Pass: Jean Proctor, Lillian Galvin, Elva Lamon-

tagne, Kathleen Tallon, Anna Dreak, Gertrude Coliton and Violet McGee.

Bookkeeping Diplomas were awarded to the Misses Olive Finlay and Helen Risch.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Examination Results, June, 1927.

Associateship (A.T.C.M.)—"Special Artist Diploma."

1st Class Honours—Hermine Keller.

Examination for Associateship (A.T.C.M.).

Honours—Frances Dickson, Claire Chinn and Anderena Cornell.

Pass—Gladys Moffatt and Dorothy O'Connor.

INTERMEDIATE GRADE.

1st Class Honours—Betty Grobba.

Honours—Mary Palmer.

Pass—Jane Morin and Wilhelmina Keller.

JUNIOR GRADE.

Honours—Nora Welsh, Dorothy Duke and Lillian Boyce.

Pass—Esther Yavner, Ellen Orlando, Muriel Sylvas, Audrey Sinclair, Mary Dunn, Catherine Sheedy, Helen Wallis and Mary Jerou.

PRIMARY GRADE.

Pass—Ursula Montag, Mary Frawley, Rita McCartney and Vivian Tuttis.

ELEMENTARY GRADE.

1st Class Honours—Madeleine Wright.

Honours—Ruth Henning, Lenore Spitzig, Eleanor Hughes and Eleanor Hayes.

Pass—Betty Riddell, Margaret Dunn, Gerrarda Ryan and Mary Chambers.

INTRODUCTORY GRADE.

1st Class Honours—Rita Dever, Jane Hargrave and Irene White.

Honours—Lenore Spitzig and Madeleine Wright.

JUNIOR VIOLIN.

Pass—Betty Grobba and Louise Hayes.

THEORY.**Senior Grade.**

COUNTERPOINT.

Honours—Gladys Moffatt.

FORM.

Honours—Anderena Cornell and Rita Savard.

Intermediate Grade.

HARMONY.

Pass—Teresa McDonald, Viola Lyon, May Redmond, Frances Dickson, Anna Donley and Teresa McMahon.

COUNTERPOINT.

1st Class Honours—Anderena Cornell and Mary McGuire.

Honours—Mary Dunn and Gladys Moffatt.

Pass—Anna Donley, Teresa McMahon, Viola Lyon, Mary Walsh and May Redmond.

HISTORY.

1st Class Honours—Augustina Cosentina and Mary Fitzgerald.

Junior Grade.

HARMONY.

Honours—Helen Locke, Catherine Kennedy, Dolores Hart, Geraldine Delaney and Irene Berhalter.

Pass—Audrey Sinclair, Jane Morin, Mary Jerou and Nora Walsh.

HISTORY.

1st Class Honours—Betty Grobba.

Pass—Audrey Sinclair.

COUNTERPOINT.

1st Class Honours—Augustine Cosentina.

Honours—Arla Beer and Catherine Kennedy.

Pass—Betty Grobba.

Primary Grade.

1st Class Honours—Marie Fournier, Dolores Hart, Jane Morin,
Nora Welsh, Ursula Montag, Dorothy Duke and Rita Shaw.

Honours—Catherine Kennedy, Mary Jerou, Audrey Sinclair,
Geraldine Delaney, Agnes Ryan, Irene Berhalter, Mary
Palmer, Rose Starring, Margaret Dunn and Catherine
Sheedy.

Pass—Helen Wallis, Vivian Tuttis and Ellen Orlando.

Elementary Grade.

Honours—Ursula Montag.

Pass—Margaret Dunn, Ellen Orlanda and Vivian Tuttis.

St. Joseph's High School**Upper School English Literature.**

Audrey Bustin C; Josephine Harrison III.; Annie O'Brien
C; Patricia Smith C; Winnifred Tadman III.; Dorothea Green-
ing C; Mary Kane C; Veronica Roach C; Rosamond
Smith C.

Middle School.

Jennie Adamo: Ancient Hist. II., Algebra C, Geom. C,
Chemistry III.; Dorothy Barnett: Eng. Comp. II., Literature
C, Brit. Hist. III., Algebra C; Rose Boyle: Eng. Comp. C,
Literature C, Brit. Hist. C, Algebra C, Chemistry C, Audrey
Bustin: Anet. History I., Algebra II., Chemistry III.; Gelsomina
Capotosto: Anet. History II., Geom. C, Chem. C; Made-

leine Clancy: Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Brit. Hist. C, Algebra III., Chem. C; Annie Cullicon: Literature C, Brit. Hist. III., Algebra C, Chemf C; Yvonne Desaulniers: Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Brit. Hist. II., Algebra II., Chem. II.; Cecile Doyle: Anct. History II., Algebra C, Geometry C, Chemistry C, Latin Comp. C, French Authors III., French Comp. C; Helen Ellard: Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Brit. Hist. C, Algebra C, Chemistry III.; Helen Farnen: Anct. History C, Algebra III., Literature C, Chemistry C; Margaret Francisco: English Composition C, Literature C, British History III., Algebra III., Chemistry I.; Helen Giroux: English Comp. C, British History C, Algebra III., Chemistry C; Dorothea Greening: Eng. Composition III., Anc. History I., Algebra I., Chemistry I., Latin Auth III., Latin Comp. I., French Authors I., French Comp. I.; Josephine Harrison: Anct. Hist. II., Algebra C, Chemistry C, French Authors C; Edna Holding: Eng. Composition C, Literature C, Brit. Hist. I., Algebra III., Chemistry II.; Gertrude Ivey: Eng. Comp. C, Brit. Hist. III., Algebra I., Chem. III.; Mary Kane: Anct. Hist. III., Algebra C, Geometry C, Chemistry C, Latin Comp. C, French Authors II., French Comp. C; Frances Keelor: Anct. Hist. C, Eng. Grammar C, Arithmetic III.; Olga Laplante: Eng. Comp. C, Literature II., Brit. Hist. III., Algebra I., Chemistry I.; Mary Lee: Eng. Composition C, Literature C, Brit. Hist. C, Chemistry C; Mary Lynch: Anc. History II., Algebra C, Literature C, Physics C., Chemistry III., French Authors C; Catherine McInnes: English Comp. C, Literature C, British History I., Algebra I., Chemistry III., Margarita McKenty: Literature C; Margaret McLean: British History C, Chemistry C; Ruth Mitchell: Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Brit. Hist. II., Chem. C; Eulalia Murphy: Eng. Comp. C, Literature III., Brit. Hist. I., Chemistry C; Annie O'Brien: Eng. Comp. C, Anc. History C, Algebra III., Chemistry C; Mary O'Brien: Eng. Comp. C, Chemistry C; Olive Pauline: Eng. Comp. C, British History C, Algebra I., Chemistry III.; Elizabeth Poole: Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Algebra C, Chemistry III.; Estelle Rapson: Eng Comp.

C, Literature C; Veronica Roach: Anc. History II., Algebra I., Chemistry I., Latin Authors III., Latin Comp. I., French Authors I., French Comp. II.; Margaret Scollard: Literature C, Brit. Hist. I., Algebra II., Chemistry I.; Rita Shaw: Algebra III., Chemistry III.; Betty Smith: Literature C, Brit. Hist. II., Chemistry C; Patricia Smith: Anc. History II., Algebra C, Chem. C, Latin Comp. C, French Authors II., French Comp. C; Rosamond Smith: Anc. History III., Algebra C, Chem. III., Latin Auth. C, Latin Comp. II., French Authors II., French Comp. C.; Alberta Spreen: Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Brit. Hist. II., Algebra II., Chemistry II.; Marion Stubensey: Anc. History C, Chemistry C, Latin Comp C, French Authors C, French Comp. C; Ethel Sweeney: Anc. Hist. II., Geometry C; Monica Tadman: Eng. Comp. III., Literature C, Brit. Hist. II., Algebra C, Chemistry C; Winnifred Tadman: Anc. Hist. I., Algebra II., Chemistry C, Latin Comp. C, French Authors II., French Composition II.; Frances Taugher: Eng. Comp. C, Literature C, Brit. Hist. II., Algebra C, Chemistry II.

The following pupils have obtained the Lower School Entrance to Normal School with conditions noted:

Marie Allen (Arithmetic), Catherine Arthurs, Dorothy Barnett, Evelyn Barry, Josephine Burney (Arithmetic); Antoinette Belanger, Germaine Bouillot, Marguerite Boulding, Mildred Boulogne (Arithmetic), Marie Bracken (Arithmetic), (Latin Grammar); Helen Brochu, Doris Brown, Judith Burrows, Kathleen Byrne, Florence Clancy (Latin Grammar), (Phys.), (Arithmetic), Alma Cleary (Latin Grammar), (Phys.), (Arith.), Louise Commander, Marie Cooney, Marie Coughlan, Annie Culliton, Alice Dalton (Latin Gram.), (Arith.); Yvonne Desaulniers, Dorothy Devane (Latin Gram.), (Arith.), Verna Dunne, Dorothy Easton (Latin Gram.), (Arith.), Helen Egan, Helen Ellard, Annie Finnegan (Latin Gram.), Dorothy Finn (Latin Gram.), Isabel Flack (Grammar), (Arith.), (Phys.), Nellie Flynn, Marguerite Forrest, Ursula Gain, Jean Gallagher (Arith.), Helen Gibson (Latin Gram.), (Arith.), Elvira Grosse, Jennie Gulinski (Arith.),

Eleanor Holland, Mary Horahan (Arith.), Margaret Hunt, Gladys Hurley (Latin Gram.), (Phy.), Mary Jackson (Latin Gram.), (Arith.), Margaret Johnston, Bertha Kane (Latin Gram.), (Phys.), (Arithmetic), Isabel Kearns, Dorothy King, Mary Lee, Mary Maher, Annie Maskell (Latin Gram.), (Zool.), (Arith.), Marguerite McDonald, Dorothy Mellwain (Latin Gram.), (Phys.), (Arith.), Annie McKenna (Arith.), (Latin Gram.); Gertrude McLaughlin (Arith.), Juliette Mele, Eulalia Murphy, Mary O'Brien, Mary E. O'Brien, Nora O'Connell, Gratia Oraindi (Latin Gram.), (Arith.), Rita O'Rourke, Blanche Payment, Mary Pearson (Arith.), Josephine Reilly, Marie Rixon (Latin Gram.), (Arith.), Helen Rose (Phys.), (Arith.), Emma Sauve, Rita Shaw, Helen Stedman, Hilda Wallace, Grace Westlick, Monica Whitaker.

The following have partially completed their Lower School:

Veronica Ayres, Mary Bedford, Rose Belier, Leone Boucher, Adele Breen, Dorothy Breen, Genevieve Burns, Leone Burke, Ruth Capobianca, Ruth Cardinal, Eileen Cassidy, Patricia Cole, Vera Cooper, Mary Coveart, Phyllis Coward, Helen Crane, Marie Curry, Kathleen Cussion, Gertrude Dault, Yvette Desjardins, Margaret Dillon, Margaret Doherty, Irene Edmonds, Eileen Ennis, Verna Fernandez, Hilda Flood, Evelyn Flood, Evelyn Foote, Dorothy Freeman, Olive Gallagher, Margaret Gillooley, Irene Goodwin, Margaret Grant, Geraldine Gray, Elizabeth Green, Mary Haley, Stella Haley, Alice Hamra, Esther Harper, Agnes Helm, Loretto Heslin, Gertrude Horan, Doris Hunt, June Hickey, Margaret Hickey, Catherine Hyland, Frances Johnston, Sadie Keller, Margaret Kennedy, Gertrude Kirk, Bernice Knoll, Mary Krane, Adele Larsen, Cecilia Latchford, Eleanor Leahy, Helen Lee, Catherine Legrandeur, Margaret LaRocque, Daisy Lynch, Martha Lunt, Margaret McMillan, Dorothy Marlatt, Lilian McDonald, Margaret McDougall, Lenore McIsaac, Annie McKeown, Helen McLean, Alice McNamara, Beatrice Merrick, Rita Meunier, Lois Mills, Helen Mulheron, Eileen Murray, Audrey Nash, Margaret Nightingale, Rhea O'Hanlan, Cather-

ine O'Reilly, Helen Partridge, Norma Pearce, Victoria Petraitis, Vivian Pilon, Margaret Plumtree, Mary Quilty, Eileen Richardson, Tassy Ritchie, Willo Sagel, Elizabeth Sheridan, Eileen Smyth, Kathleen Smyth, Marjorie Sonoski, Gladys Sowerby, Evelyn Stearman, Helen Stevenson, Teresa Sterling, Mary Stone, Eva Stott, Victoria Tansola, Dorothy Tenute, Helen Thompson, Kathleen Tompkins, Mary Tracey, Wilhelmina Turner, Phyllis Winnett, Violet Voisin.

Commercial Class.

Eileen O'Neill, Margaret McCartney, Germaine Renaud, Audrey Cartan, Winifred Carroll, Isabel Doyle, Stella Oraindi, Rosalind Pellettier, Anna Tiffany, Helena LaVoie, Marion Lecour, Helen Kennedy, Eileen Kelly, Marie Heffernan, Theresa Currie, Ethel Dalton, Agnes Huntley, Mary McQuillan, Kathleen Boyle, Aileen Dowling, Audrey Koebel, Mary Kelz, Aileen O'Halloran, Lillian O'Reilly.

ORILLIA SEPARATE SCHOOL PUPIL MAKES RECORD.

Obtains 685 Marks Out of Possible 750 at Recent Entrance Examination—Taught by Sisters of St. Joseph.

From the "Orillia Packet and Times" of July 14th we quote the following:

"The results of the Entrance Examinations in the Orillia District of East Simcoe were issued by Inspector Day on Tuesday. One pupil of the Orillia Separate School, Christine Kennedy, the 13-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Kennedy, made a record that will probably not be equalled in the Province. She obtained 685 out of a possible 750 marks, and took full marks in grammar, arithmetic and history.

"This was not the only remarkable success achieved in schools taught by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Toronto. In Penetanguishene, where the Sisters teach the Public School,

Edna Dumas was awarded a gold medal by the Public School Inspector, Mr. J. Garvin, for the highest standing in North Simcoe.

“Francis Firth of the Barrie Separate School obtained the highest standing in his town.”

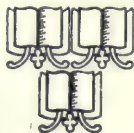
SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED.

“Winnipeg Council of the Knights of Columbus has announced the award of the scholarships recently established by the local Knights which are tenable at St. Paul’s College, Winnipeg.

The winners are: John C. Altmayer (787), Francis F. Bestick (785), Bernard Liddiard (777), Constantine J. Schmidt (767), Peter S. Ullman (780). Four of the boys are pupils of St. Joseph’s School, College Ave., while the fifth boy is from St. Alphonsus’ School, Kildonan.

The scholarships are awarded on the basis of the grade eight examination conducted by the provincial department of education. Some 60 boys from six of the Parochial Schools of Winnipeg competed for these scholarships and the Sisters and pupils are to be congratulated on the wonderful results obtained.

—North-West Review, Winnipeg.



THE PROBLEM OF KNOWLEDGE

PHILOSOPHY does not confine itself to one department of learning; it is concerned with the ultimate principles and laws of all things. On account of the vastness of its field, and its close connection with the racial, social and religious influences of the different ages, many solutions have been offered to the questions which have presented themselves to the mind of the philosopher, in all the branches of this study. One of the subjects which has ever been the cause of much thought is that of the problem of knowledge.

This problem presents itself to our mind in three parts—the epistemological problem which is a study of what a person knows directly; the critical one which is trying to find out the value of our logical constructions; and the ontological one which concerns itself with the mechanism of knowledge.

The philosopher's question is, "How do I know anything? How do I know the shape, the colour, size or any other properties of an object?" Well, this knowledge of the external world is all obtained by the senses. However, all my knowledge is not acquired in this way. I may have seen beautiful landscapes, listened to beautiful harmonies, but on the contrary I have never seen nor heard beauty. Yet somehow I understand its meaning. So it is with every abstract term, such as justice, goodness, truth and a host of others. These I know by the intellect, but the senses have first given me pictures of the outer world and from these I have drawn ideas and knowledge which the senses themselves could never have given me. This is the fundamental basis of the problem of knowledge.

But to one person an object may appear a certain colour, while to colour-blind person the colour of that same object would appear entirely different. Which is the true colour? Again, when we consider that railroad tracks appear to converge and really do not, how do we know when our knowledge is deceiving us and when it isn't? The answer is that we are to

think of objects as they exist in their normal condition and when we would get a true picture of them.

Descartes, a philosopher, who was quite interested in this problem, adopted an attitude of universal doubt; indeed, he came to such a degree that he doubted everything but "*Cogito ergo sum.*" This he accepted as his fundamental principle.

For Descartes there are only two substances, a thinking one, self, and an extended one, matter. As he claims the mind to be the very essence of thought he says it must be conscious of all its acts. When formed, I am conscious of having formed it, but when an idea comes to me from outside, I am conscious of the non-interference of my will and I know that the idea represents so much and no more. Ideas of the latter class are caused by something outside the mind and so the something out-of-the-mind exists. Descartes is then a realist.

Although Descartes is the very opposite of being an idealist, he has paved the way for the modern idealists. This he accomplished by saying that the secondary qualities of a substance, that is taste, colour, etc., are modes of consciousness rather than qualities of real substances. In other words, they are only modes of the subjective organism and are states of self rather than non-self. In this, his doctrine of subjectivism, he made it easy for other future philosophers to reason the primary qualities of matter by reducing them to states of self and to conclude that the very substance of Matter has no existence except in thought.

Kant, a later philosopher than Descartes claims there is no knowledge beyond the limits of our experience. To Kant the thing is to judge and that is to unite two representations, namely, subject and predicate, into one. He says that space and time are "*a priori*" conditions of the internal and external sensation,—conditions or forms which make sensations possible. Knowledge which is based on the nature of these is necessary and universal. An example of this kind of knowledge is that a person has of mathematics and this cannot come from experience. The use of space and time is to reduce the multiplicity of

the object to that unity which is an essential condition of being perceived by the subject which is one. They are the condition of sensitive intuition and have no objective reality, except in so far as they are applied to real things in the act of perception. In fact Kant thinks that moral consciousness alone brings us beyond experience to where all higher truth rests.

Kant's philosophy has greatly affected the lines of thought taken up by the philosophers since his time. It is, as it were, the course from which modern idealism, agnosticism and materialism have sprung and he has also made a break in philosophy between mind and reality which has not yet reached a synthesis.

Leibnitz has quite a different view. He claims that all our ideas are innate; all our knowledge is developed from germs of thought which are innate. The ideas exist in the mind so that the acquisition of knowledge is the evolving of the virtually existent into the actually existent.

Leibnitz is an idealist, but in the philosophy of Berkeley we find greater idealism. He thinks like Locke, a former English philosopher, that our knowledge extends only to ideas. Yet Berkeley observes that Locke did not live up to his principle when he maintained that we know the qualities and powers of things and have a sensitive knowledge of their existence. Berkeley arrives at the thought that "all things are ideas."

It is he who says that all qualities of matter resolve themselves to states of self. What then is color, size, and all the other properties of an element? Matter is a mere abstraction, a word that serves as a medium between mind and a knowledge of truth. For him mind and mind-dependant phenomena alone exist; to be is to be perceived.

Matter does not exist; spirit exists; the "external world" is spirit and the phenomena which spirit produces in the created mind, the only nominal realities, to his manner of thinking, are God and the human soul.

One of the very modern philosophers, Brownson, has seen what the philosophy of Descartes lacked—he claims "Cogito ergo sum" to be true, but he says that Descartes did not go far

enough. He should have added *Cogito ergo est* to make his statement complete.

Although many other philosophers have claimed to have taken some part in solving this problem, we will only take a side-long glance at St. Thomas to see how he treats it. He takes this question from an entirely different point of view. After having formed his concepts from the world and gained its principles, he rises to the study of God and the soul. In the field of cognition we pass from the lowest beings to the supreme one, which is God. He thinks that the function of the senses is to put me in the presence of a something the colour, size and shape of which I can discern; the function of the intellect is to place me in the presence of a being.

St. Thomas claims that since intellectual knowledge is derived from sense knowledge, and intellectual knowledge is a source of truth, so also is sense knowledge because the mind adds nothing to the sense image; it merely brings to light the intellectual element therein contained.

He says that in the act of knowledge the object and subject become one. He claims that there are no innate ideas just the opposite from what Leibniz thought.

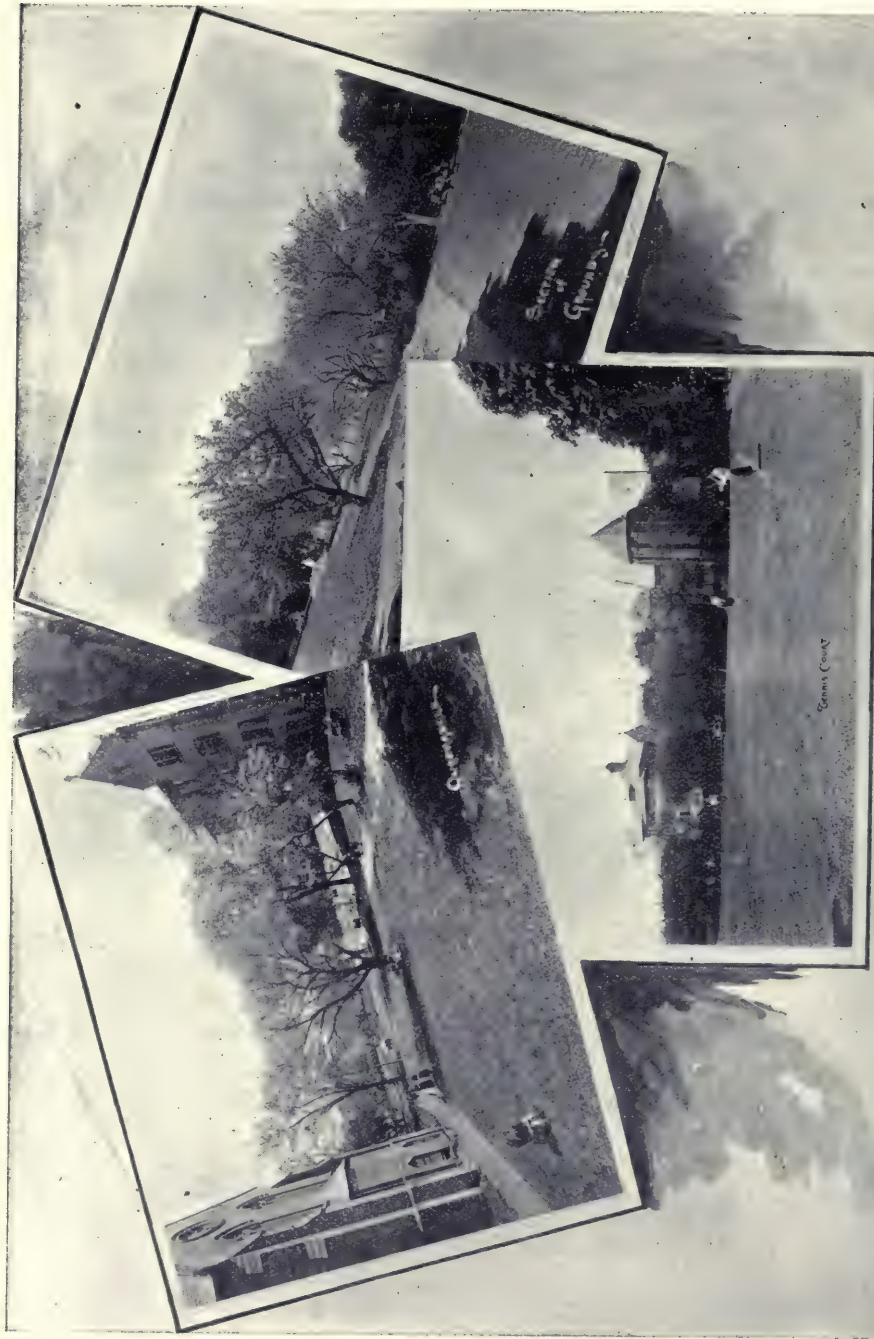
St. Thomas declares that we can attain an imperfect knowledge of God and does not agree with agnostics who declare Him unknown and unknowable. But the whole of the philosophy of St. Thomas centers around the main idea of being from which he works out a study harmonizing in every detail.

The Key to the Philosophy of St. Thomas.

Epistemology.—Coffey.

History of Philosophy.—Turner.

Mary R. Fitzgerald, '28.



TENNIS COURT ~
SOME VIEWS OF THE COLLEGE-SCHOOL

THE TEMPEST

UNIVERSALLY believed to be the last of all Shakespeare's plays, the ripe work of an experienced man, which shows much more perfection of verse and style than the earlier plays and may thus be judged to be his last—"The Tempest" is a romance rather than a comedy, for it has a grave beauty, a sweet serenity, and airy lightness. We may smile tenderly but never laugh loudly as we read it.

The keynote of the play is not inexorable retribution for sin which characterizes many of Shakespeare's earlier plays, but rather charity, forgiveness and reconciliation.

The action is not absolutely single, but it has unity. The wrong done to Prospero, the punishment of the wrong-doers, the reconciliation,—this is the main course of action. There are three minor actions—the love of Miranda and Ferdinand, the plot of Antonio and Sebastian against Alonzo and the ridiculous attack of Stephano, Trinculo and Caliban upon Prospero. But these minor actions are made a part of the main theme by the guiding management of Prospero. So the action is really one. The place is also always the same, and the time but a single afternoon. Thus the play agrees with the three unities of action, place and time. This was not Shakespeare's usual way, as he often changes from city to city and long periods of time elapse between scenes and acts. This is, therefore, the most classical of all Shakespeare's dramas.

There has been much discussion as to the situation of the enchanted island. There is no definite way of finding out the exact situation, but we may be sure it is not in the Bermudas, for why should Prospero, if he lived in a cell on one of the Bermudas, call the swift Ariel from a deep nook, also in one of the Bermudas, to fetch dew from the Bermudas? We might further ask how ships bound from Tunis to Naples should be cast away on the Bermudas. From this last we may reasonably assume the island was in the Mediterranean.

But the remoteness of the scene from all known localities lends an air of mystery and strangeness and allows a range to the imagination and fancy such as no other of Shakespeare's plays afford.

Of the purest poetry, *The Tempest* has much. The pure poetry of richest fancy, the very spirit of fairy revelling is throughout it. Not merely poetic phrase such as the exquisite lines of *Iris* to *Ceres*, but also character, is felt. The greater part of *The Tempest* is in blank verse, the unrhymed iambic pentameter. The use of couplets is in the *Masque* and the songs of *Juno* and *Ceres* are four-stress trochaic verse. The greater part of *The Tempest* is in verse, but *Stephano* and *Trinculo* speak in prose.

Between *Caliban* the lowest and *Ariel* the most ethereal, what a range of character we have in this play! *Stephano* and *Trinculo* are the lowest of human creatures, drunken, ribald, foolish, worse than *Caliban*, who was not honoured with the human shape. Then *Antonio* and *Sebastian*, who, save for the polish of court manners, are not much better. They are rough with inferiors, indifferent with equals, treacherous to friends, cunning, cruel, selfish worldlings. *Alonso* is at least better in that he has the power of repentance. Here, interposed skilfully, is the kindly gentlemen *Gonzalo*, kind-hearted and humorous; and those charming types of youth and love—the chivalrous devotion of *Ferdinand* and the yielding simplicity and sweetness of *Miranda*. And *Prospero*, the intellect in person guiding and ruling all—the middle link between the two extremes to whose ruling power all are subject.

The supernatural pervades the whole play—magic and witchery are everywhere. First *Prospero*, the princely magician who, expelled from his dukedom, is left to reign as lord of Nature and all her mysteries—the foul witch *Sycorax*, “who with age and envy was grown into a hoop,” dying on the island before *Prospero*'s arrival, left *Caliban* “disproportioned in manner as in shape,” and also *Ariel*, the most refined and the daintiest of sylphs, whose knowledge and power is greater

in some respects than Prospero's; for he lashes up the Tempest, saves the King and his companions from shipwreck, defeats the clumsy plot of Caliban. He has power over the elements and is a wild, subtle, keen, beautiful, powerful creature.

From the moment the boat is wrecked its passengers are guided mostly by supernatural power. Prospero causes them to sleep—to follow the singing of Ariel. He stays their movements and their words. There is soft music, sprightly shapes of elves and faeries, a magic banquet which vanishes in a clap of thunder, and last, a faery pageant which Prospero calls forth as a sign of his power and as a nuptial blessing for the young lovers.

The different stages of the shipwreck are indicated realistically, then from the real world the action passes into the realm of enchantment, and throughout the real and unreal are blended skilfully. The climax comes when Antonio and Sebastian and Alonso, whom they are still plotting to kill, are bidden to a magic banquet prepared for them by Prospero. The banquet vanishes in thunder and lightning and Ariel wars the "three men of sin" to their doom. The denouement comes when Ferdinand and Miranda are "discovered" playing chess and Alonso realizes that his son is alive and betrothed to Prospero's daughter. The drama closes in universal forgiveness and "the restitution of all things."

In "the Tempest" Shakespeare has produced the triumph of his imaginative genius. Its rare play of fancy, its intellectual qualities and the comparative simplicity of the plot make it practically perfect. The play furnishes also the highest example we have of the employment of magic as the machinery of the action. It is perfect as a poem cast in the form of a drama rather than as a drama.

K. Kernahan, '29.

ELLEN'S ISLE

Our trip to Scotland gave me the desired opportunity of visiting the scenes made illustrious by the pen of Sir Walter Scott. Of these beautiful descriptions the one that most attracted me was that of Ellen's Isle, so on a delightful Spring morning we found ourselves alighting from the ferry boat at Loch Katrine to explore its promised wonders. By means of an old punt which I found tied to the dilapidated wharf, I made for the alluring island.

The island, set like an uncut emerald in the placid blue of the lake, its shores smoothly green, its rolling surface wooded with gnarled oaks, pines, hemlocks—all the hardy woods of the Scottish Highlands, was a scene worthy of description by the immortal Scott. Flowers ran riot over the entire place, columbines, hawthorn, hazel, primroses, fox-glove and briar-roses grew at random.

One small inlet, invisible from afar, seemed the only means of gaining access to this outwardly rough and inwardly beautiful little haven. This one inlet widened into a long, deep lagoon, sea-green and turquoise-blue by turns, overshadowed by giant trees, immense crags in some places and innumerable bushes. Glorious masses of colour, crimson, flaming blue, sunny yellow and gorgeous purple, were all along the edge of the bank in the groups of wild flowers.

When I alighted from the little skiff, I proceeded to force my way through the bushes, until at last, a clearer space came into sight. There are beautiful scenes in Ireland, in England; we hear of Devonshire gardens and the Cornwall coast. But oh! has the eye of man ever seen anything so majestically beautiful as the towering crags, the sturdy pines and the massive oaks of Ellen's Isle. One could almost see Roderick Dhu, with his great two-handed sword, his plaids and tartans and his plumed bonnet, standing in the leading

boat of a flotilla of four coming up the stream, perhaps waving to Dame Margaret. But those days were gone and there remained only vague memories of the "Knight of Snowdown," Roderick Dhu, and Ellen.

A thorough search revealed an almost hidden path, that wound up and up, around, across and over the side of a ragged hill. Under the intertwining branches of two birch trees, over a tangled mass of wild flowers, in the shadow of an overhanging crag, across a tiny stream which had changed its course since the days of the Douglasses, and on until a more or less cleared space of evergreen grass, weeds, and wild flowers came into view. And in the centre stood—but alas, it was no longer a shelter. Age had crumbled the once firm walls of unpolished oak and brick, the broad portico was no longer a natural bower for cool relaxation on a summer day; it was nothing more than a collapsed wreck of old logs, the interior, or what had once been the interior, showed that there had been many large rooms. Then there rose before me the hall as it once had been. The deer-skins on the floor, the roaring fire on the hearth, and "James Fitz-James" telling the story of the hunt to Dame Margaret and Ellen.

The decidedly unromantic sound of the ferryboat's steam-whistle brought me back to earth with its unpleasant reality. As I turned, though, to take one last look at the rambling ruins, the shadows of the silent trees in the fast-disappearing rays of the setting sun seemed to take the form of dim shadowy figures, and Ellen, Malcolm Graeme, and James V. of Scotland—the wandering Knight of Snowdown—all appeared to be standing on the rotting doorstep with a great light shining from their eyes.

Then the sun went down, the shadows disappeared and there was nothing but an old, old house, and a grim circle of pine trees frowning down on one who had invaded their lonely solitude.

Ray Godfrey, Form 1A.

PICKING BERRIES

One summer morning, being awakened very early by the cheery call of a bird outside my window, I jumped out of bed with the feeling that something exciting was going to happen. Rushing to the open window, I leaned far out and gazed at the glittering drops of dew on the grass below and drew in great, long, deep breaths of sweet, clover-scented air. I recalled the plans made on the previous evening for a berry-picking expedition, and after a hurried toilet descended to the dining-room, where I ate my breakfast with surprising rapidity. My sisters and I were soon ready; and with two of our friends who joined us, off we started. The patch to which we were going was about a mile up the road from our home, but we made good time and reached it flushed and heated. After resting some minutes we began picking the luscious red berries, which we found growing in abundance under the leafy covering of the thorny bushes, and so continued until lunch time, when we devoured the contents of our baskets. Meanwhile a large snake came unpleasantly near us, intending doubtless to sample our picnic fare. Fearing the strange intruder, we immediately fled the place and sought safety in a nearby field wooded at one end. As we were here gathering daisies a terrific noise made us start in great fright. In a moment we were running toward a fence with a roaring bull at our heels. We dropped safely on the other side and tried to recover from our shock, while the bull snorted and stamped angrily at us from behind the bars.

When we were entirely composed we picked up our containers and started for home, with full pails and bouquets of beautiful daisies. That evening after enjoying a delicious supper and having related our experiences to an interested audience, we went to bed, tired but happy, to dream of bulls, daisies, berries and cream.

Mary Keller, Junior School.

"I Have Loved You With Everlasting Love"

This is the beautiful love message we get direct from heaven. God loves us. A return of love is due from us, His creatures, whom God so favors.

St. John of the Cross says: "When God is really loved, He hears most readily the cry of the soul who loves Him; at the close of life we shall be judged by love."

What a consoling thought! We shall be judged by love. Surely salvation is made easy by God Who so desires to save us!

A soul says: "I am not worthy of heaven; I am not fit to die." No one is worthy of heaven; the greatest saint in heaven is not worthy excepting the Blessed Virgin. It is by the gratuitous mercy of God that heaven is open to us. God's mercy outweighs His justice. He so loves us that He sent His only begotten Son to suffer and die for our salvation. Jesus Christ so loves us that He left His heavenly home, assumed His sacred humanity in order to suffer and die for our salvation. After living for thirty-three years among His creatures He gave up His life with untold sufferings.

When God shows us so unmistakably that He loves us and desires to have us with Him for all eternity in heaven, we surely cannot doubt Him so far as to fear that He will not give us all the necessary graces to attain that blessed end. On our part we must love Him, if not as He loves us, at least with all the love poor finite beings are capable of. We must serve Him out of love, and do for Him what we find at our hands to do. We have sinned, we must repent from the bottom of our hearts and apply to our poor souls the Blood of Christ as provided by holy Church, and after falling rise again courageously, clinging to the hand of the Good Shepherd, Who will seek us when we stray from the Fold. Above all we must have confidence and trust in the God Who has said:

"I have loved you with an everlasting love."

M. Hoskin.

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VOL. XVI. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1927

No. 3

The Shepherds

'Twas near the middle watch of night,
The winds were hushed and still,
The cold Judean stars hung bright
Above the shadowy hill,
When on the startled shepherds' eyes
A blinding splendor fell,
And hosts of angels filled the skies
With song and canticle.

“Be glory unto God!” they sang,

“And peace to men on earth!”

While listening rock and valley rang
With tidings of His birth.

They left their huddled lambs and sheep;
O'er hill and dale they trod;
They crossed the brook and climbed the steep,
To find the Lamb of God.
Within a stable cold and bleak
That happy Christmas morn
They found the Christ they came to seek,
The Babe of Mary born.

And low they sang on bended knee
Where Christ the Lord had birth:
“To God on high all glory be,
And peace to men on earth!”

—P. J. Coleman.

THE HISTORIANS OF THE LUTHERAN REVOLUTION

(By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.)

SUCH is the philosophy of Christianity. It was old and worn (in Germany) when Luther found it. Our posterity will care less to respect Luther for tearing it in pieces, when they have learnt to despise the miserable fabric which he stitched together out of its tatters."—Froude.

"The Reformation was in fact a blow struck at reforming Catholicism more than at the supine advocacy of things as they were."—Acton.

Christianity being Divine truth cannot, properly speaking, grow old; but the attachment of a man or a nation to it may grow weak with age and from the human love of change, unless it is sustained by a special Providence and grace, as it has been in Ireland.

I am impelled to write this essay by my displeasure at the weak and timid misrepresentation of the Popes by Catholic historians, or at our own simplicity in taking their apologetic literally as if it were absolute and not *ad hominem* truth. I do not complain of Protestant historians. Some of them indeed do try to be fair. Bishop Creighton in his *History of the Popes* writes with admirable good-temper and good-nature; but his account of the Lutheran revolution (as many Protestants now call it) remains on the surface of events and characters, and it shows the simplicity of an English man of letters, e.g., when he takes the Elector Frederick for "a devout Catholic." The most unfair of our historians is Lord Acton. The sentence from him which I have quoted at the head was written in one of his more lucid moments. He is generally worse than Froude, who whitewashed the English and Scottish "Reformations" but was not low enough to whitewash the German. Whatever may be thought of Acton

personally, his writings after 1867 cannot be called Catholic but Doellingerite. He escaped excommunication in 1875, I fear it must be said, by a fraudulent reserve in order that he might not be unable to influence Catholics*. His private correspondence so far as published has lowered his character among many non-Catholics, so that the publication of his correspondence with Doellinger, which was announced, has been abandoned. His later essays and lectures are full of an anti-Catholic bias, and abound in heretical sentiments and principles. It is a piece of gross unfairness for any Protestant or infidel to quote the misrepresentations and calumnious assertions of a traitor as the "confessions" of a Catholic. His judgment was naturally narrow, fanatical, and jaundiced; and indeed he became as much infected with anti-Papal and anti-clerical bias in favor of the Lutheran and the Cromwellian revolutions as he was with the "bias of anti-patriotism" in favor of the American and French revolutions. The history of American revolutionary secession is taught with less partiality against the mother-country—his country—in the great American universities, such as the Catholic University and Columbia, than it is in Acton's Lectures. "The trouble with our education," said Artemus Ward, "is that we know so many things that aren't so." Acton showed a most bitter anger against the Anglican Bishop for not being more severe upon the Papacy. German Catholic historians such as Pastor,† though orthodox in principle, have a partiality for Germany, and lay an exaggerated and disproportionate emphasis on the mistakes and faults of the Popes. In general our Catholic historians seem to forget that there is such a thing as Original Sin in the world; that some sins are sins of malice; that there is a permanent opposition between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ; that worldly men are always stealing their way into the clergy, secular and regular, that the State is always prone to aggression; that national antipathies are always tending to disrupt a universal church; that

*So he seems to say in a letter to Gladstone, December 19, 1874

†Not a German subject but a German by race and sympathy.

laical prejudice or a spirit of false freedom and equality always tempts the layman to be against the clergy, (*Clericis laicos infensos oppido tradit antiquitas*, says a pope who was overwhelmed by an outburst of *anti-clericalism, nationalism, and Statism-Etatisme) and if all popes and cardinals and bishops and priests and religious were saints worthy of canonization, the world might not like the Church any better than it does, but be even more hostile. The heroic sanctity of Popes Pius VI. and VII. and of Gregory XIV. and Pius IX. did not avert the hostility of the world. The liberal politics of Pius VII. and of Pius IX. did not win for them popular support. "When a man," says Burke, "is from system furious against monarchy or episcopacy (or Papacy) the good conduct of the monarch or bishop (or pope) has no other effect than to irritate further the adversary. He is provoked at it as furnishing a plea for preserving the thing which he wishes to destroy. His mind will be heated as much by the sight of a sceptre, a mace or a verge (a crozier or a tiara) as if he had been daily bruised and wounded by these symbols of authority. The good conduct of a government is of no moment when a faction on speculative grounds is thoroughly heated against its form."

Our historians seem not to remember that many men are prone to take a new road even when it leads to nowhere; many are willing to believe anything at all rather than what they are under an obligation to believe; many people like to be humbugged, and prefer a quack to the regular physician, an old bluffer to a genuine man; many will think whatever is asserted oracularly and with assurance must be so certain that it is their own fault if they do not see it; and many will believe what is too obscure for them to understand must be very sublime or very profound; and that "men of letters" are too often highly accomplished simpletons capable of believing anything except the Gospel which God has revealed.

*This term has been so often used as a camouflage for anti-Catholicism that many think this to be the meaning of the word. But the proper meaning signifies something that may be found in Catholic laymen, especially in politicians, perhaps even in some priest who despises his own state and has no liking for his own brethren.

It seems to be a prejudice with some that the Church, especially the Pope, is always wrong; if he was not unjust, he was imprudent; and that "the people"—King Demos—can do no wrong. This is practical Pelagianism. It is great presumption, I think, for a lay historian to be censuring popes and cardinals and bishops publicly in the hearing of their enemies; and it is great meanness to be trying to curry favor with the enemy. The world worships success and calls it "progress"; and the unfortunate are always in the wrong; and though the Church's ultimate triumph is predestined and predicted, and she has the Almighty at her back, yet in particular places and times she suffers defeat, and the wicked triumph for a time; and therefore those who judge by success or failure may easily blame her in any particular history for tyranny and injustice or for folly and incompetence.

When it is said that the German revolution in the sixteenth century would not have occurred but for grievances and Papal or Curial provocation, I ask, what provocation had the popes given to Michael Kerularius, the patriarch of Constantinople in the eleventh century, when he made the schism? What grievances had the Greeks except that we and they differed in some rites, and customs, and theological opinions? And in most of these differences they had departed from the Church of the Fathers—their own Fathers as well as ours. That schism was a sin unprovoked, a sin of pride, ambition, and envy for the patriarch,—a sin of malice analogous to that of Satan and the rebel angels, or like that of Eve and Adam. and did the heroic virtue of the French clergy at the time of the French revolution save them from being calumniated, robbed, and murdered or driven into exile? at the same time that an attempt was made to revolutionise the constitution of the Church with a view to its utter destruction. Therefore, though I do not deny or justify abuses, I am in no doubt where the weight of the blame must be laid for the German revolution, namely, on Luther and the princes who abetted him. There were many abuses in the Church then; but the apostates hated her not for her faults but for her virtues.

Misrepresentation may be effected without the assertion of any particular falsehood merely by the selection of the facts given, the omission of others equally or more important, (for the suppression of truth is the suggestion of falsehood) the arrangement of facts, the relations of cause and effect affirmed or implied, the motives ascribed to agents and patients, and the coloring of the characters, the "atmosphere," the distribution of light and shade, and the weight of emphasis in praise and blame.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc* has managed to account for the success of Luther without mentioning the war between the Emperor Charles V. and King Francis I. and the intrigues of the latter with the Lutherans and the Turks.

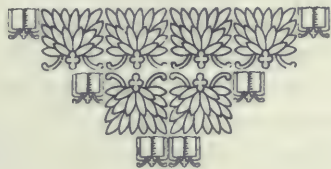
This is the kind of misrepresentation against the Pope or the Church by Catholics affecting impartiality, that offends me. Fairness to the enemy is good but fairness to the Church is better. Fairplay should begin at home, and we should distinguish between the occasions or pretexts and the real causes of events.

What I shall say here refers to Germany alone, and only to the apostates from the Catholic religion in the sixteenth century. I say nothing against the Lutherans of the present day, especially not against those of Canada, for I have no reason to doubt that they are in good faith and that they now hold the necessity of good works. The "Evangelicals" in Britain professed the doctrine of justification by faith alone: yet Newman in his (Anglican) Lectures on Justification says that the feelings which they described were manifestations of love not of faith; that is they did not know the meaning of their own words, and really held a doctrine of justification by faith, hope, and charity. Bunyan preached justification by faith alone, so far as words go; but his Pilgrim when he arrived at the end of his progress, saw over the gate of heaven: "Blessed is he that keepeth the commandments of God." Thus

*This is the Belloc who described Burke as a party-hack, and O'Connell as a physical coward (of course because they denounced the French revolution) and himself a continuator of Lingard.

men who use the words of Luther have abandoned his meaning. The Lutherans of the second or third generation may have been taught some positive religion. But the first generation, the apostates, had nothing positive; they had only the negation and hatred of the religion and morality which they had abandoned. There is a great difference between a Catholic turning Protestant and a Protestant turning Catholic, as Dr. Johnson recognized: "A man who is converted from Protestantism to Popery can be sincere; he parts with nothing; he is only adding to what he already had. But a convert from Popery to Protestantism gives up so much of what he has held no less sacred than what he retains;—there is so much laceration of mind in such a conversion that it can hardly be sincere and lasting." "The truth of this reflection," Boswell adds, "may be confirmed by many and eminent instances, some of which will occur to most of my readers."

It is certain that many apostates in the sixteenth century went very far away from the religion which they deserted and became secret deists and practical atheists—some even dogmatic atheists.



A YULE-TIDE IDYLL

(By Enid Dennis.)

The children loved it when old David, the herdsman, told them a story. Sometimes it would be one about the Mysteries of the faith of those who followed the crucified Messiah; other times it would be just something about the dumb animals, with whom old David was on terms of intimacy—the oxen followed David about with their eyes, and the asses would skip across the pasture at the sight of him and thrust their noses into his hand.—The following is one of the stories that old David used to tell children—one that comes under both categories, and therefore a favorite.

It was a cold night in mid-winter—to be exact the night before the winter solstice when, as the astronomers will tell you, or those who teach the mysteries of Holy Church,—“the sun begins to gain his ascendancy over the reign of gloomy night”—when a certain shepherd lad, whose name happened to be David, climbed the hill-side near Bethlehem to take his watch over the flocks whilst the weary shepherds snatched some sleep. Should the wolf or the thief, as the case might be, be seen approaching it would be David's place to give the alarm. He earned a little money in this way, taking his sleep early in the evening, and starting out for the hill-side when the time came. It was an arduous task, but congenial to the soul of the lad whose solitude was companioned by dreams.

Sitting there under the stars, night after night, made David think of Him of Whom the heavens were telling; like his royal name-sake, he was given to long thoughts, which however didn't shape themselves into psalms, except for the ingenious ears of the angels. He would think how the Holy One of Israel watched over men, just as the shepherds watched over the sheep. As he ate his supper on that particular night, out under the stars, with an appetite sharpened by the frost, a sudden longing came over him to make some return to the Great Giver Who was at that moment filling his hungry mouth

with acceptable things,—the One upon Whom the eyes of all waited. Many a time before now he had played a tune on his pipe to the listening Jehovah, but to do so now would awaken the shepherds, and trouble would ensue. Besides, the desire to give something of substance—not indeed a burnt offering—the great Creator Who fathered all living things “delighted not in burnt offerings”—(He seemed to have drawn near to David and whispered this secret in his ear that night, the night which was the eve of the solstice)—but something that would be a solid token of his love. But what was there of which the Lord God of Hosts stood in need?

David thought the matter out through the long hours of his watch, and the thought was still haunting his mind as he made his way homeward. The snow was beginning to fall, an unusual thing in Palestine. As the lad climbed down the hillside he passed by one of the shelters which are erected there for the stray cattle to take refuge in on cold or stormy nights. It was a shed with a shallow excavation beyond. By the mercy of man a manger had been placed there to hold fodder for the refugees, an act of bounty that brought joy to David's heart, which went out to the brute creation. He went in and looked inside the rough trough. It was bare and empty.

Then it was that a strange, new notion came into the mind of the lad whose thoughts journeyed through untravelled ways. “God,” thought he, “has set man to watch over the beasts, even as He Himself watches over man. Man can give nothing to God, but by giving in his turn to the lower creation, might he not in some way make return for the Divine bounty?” He, David, could bring a little hay and place it in the manger for the hungry ox or ass who strayed hither. Jehovah did not sup, but the dumb creatures who sought their meat from Him had hearty appetites, even as had David himself. And God, Who hated nothing that He had made, loved the dumb creatures which He had placed under the foot of man.

On the following night David's brother Joseph, who shared his bed made fretful comment. “Why are you going out be-

fore the time, Brother? Lie still and keep warm till the hour comes." David thrust his nose out into the cold. The sheepskins were warm, the night was even colder than last night. Temptation assailed him. "I have something to do," he said, "before I go to take my watch." "Lie still and don't do it," his brother counselled him, for the bed was warmer with David in it. But David was not to be moved from his purpose. He crept out into the cold, in spite of his bed-fellow's remonstrance to keep faith with the Great Creator Who had need of nothing!

First of all there was the hay to procure. David possessed himself of some few handfuls from the store in his father's shed—the latter was a gentle-hearted man who would not scold him for acting as an intervening providence. He tied the hay into a truss and went his way, around by the cave on the hill-side. The refuge was still empty, no stray animal had as yet availed itself of the largess of its human masters. Swiftly David unfastened his bundle and pressed the hay into the rough wooden trough. Then he went on his way, well content that he had kept his promise, and also at the thought that the dear dumb creatures would have a meal as well as shelter.

It was a wild, stormy night. There were angry clouds hiding his beloved stars. David cowered under a boulder with the lambs, and dreary thoughts took the place of his usual communings with the heavenly bodies. The darkness was so forbidding, for all that it was the night when darkness decreases and light increases. He wondered if the unhoused creatures had found their hostel and supper. His thoughts seemed unable to rise above that level. Then, suddenly, there was a break in the clouds and a light brighter than that of the moon shone out. In his ear was the sound of sweet music. David sat motionless, watching and listening. Should he wake the sleeping shepherd at his side? It might be a dream he had seen things before that others had reproached him for speaking of, for the angels exchange courtesies with those whose thoughts are love-songs, unheard by human ears. For a moment he hesitated, then he took the sleeping man by the

shoulder and shook him. The other woke up with a start. He sat up and looked round for the approaching thief, but it was no thief who claimed his attention, but a man clad in shining raiment for the brightness of which the beholder fell on his face in sudden dread.

David, kneeling at a little distance—he was not afraid, but modesty told him that he was but an onlooker—heard the words: “Fear not, for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy; for this day is born, in the city of David, a Saviour Who is Christ the Lord. And you shall find the Infant lying in a manger.”

Then the heavens were filled with heavenly music, such as David had never heard before, not even on the loneliest nights. The other shepherds had woken up and were astir. When the music ceased, they consulted with one another in a little excited group. Then David heard them say, “Let us go to Bethlehem.” He watched them hasten off up the hill, beyond the brow of which the city lay. What was this wonderful thing that was happening? He left the lambs and followed at a distance. Ahead of him he saw their figures hastening along. They were passing the shelter which he had visited that evening—the shelter which contained a manger. Suddenly they paused, turned, and entered the refuge. The watcher went forward. He reached the cave and peeped in.

On the side where the manger stood he saw the shepherds kneeling. At the far end he glimpsed an ox and an ass lying contentedly, with gentle, unfrightened eyes fixed on the group. Close up against the manger there knelt a Lady, beautiful beyond description. She was smiling and looking downward, but as David crept in she lifted her eyes. Then, with a gesture, gentle yet compelling, she motioned the shepherds to make a space before the manger. Her gaze—sweet, searching, with its accompanying smile of encouragement—drew him forward. He approached the side of the manger. In it, cradled in the soft hay that was to have been Brother Ox’s supper, lay a tiny, sleeping Infant.

David knelt down and gazed his fill.

A few minutes later he stole a glance up into the Mother’s

face. "I am glad I brought the hay," he whispered. He was assured, somehow, that she knew that it was he who had done so, although he had no idea who could have told her. "Only," he added, with a sigh and a wistful look back at the crib, "I didn't bring it for Him; I only brought it for the stray creatures."

The searching eyes of the Mother were delving into his heart's secrets.

David found himself continuing: "I wanted to give something to the Lord God, but there was nothing that He needed . . ." Words failed him. How was he going to explain the situation—the process by which he had arrived at the conclusion that the King of Heaven had need of a handful of hay?

He knelt there, speechless, and at that moment the sleeping Babe in the manger opened Its eyes and looked at him. In one of the little clenched hands there was a wisp of hay. A breath of cold air swept through the shed. The Babe gave a little shiver and the tiny hand clasped the wisp of hay tighter.

David remained speechless. His ears were filled with heavenly sounds, more subtle than those heard by the shepherds. "A Saviour Who is Christ the Lord." What did that mean? Then a voice whispered to his obedient and expectant soul: "His name shall be called Emmanuel—God with us." God with us, to receive our gifts, to have need of them—even such paltry gifts as a handful of hay! "Behold I bring unto you glad tidings of great joy." Yes, they were indeed "tidings of great joy."

When the shepherds returned to their flocks David was the last to leave the shelter. He returned thither next day at the compelling Lady's behest, bearing a truss of hay thrice the size of the former one, wherewith to repay three-fold, as is God's way, the debt to good Brother Ox and Brother Ass who had shared with David in the giving.

And that was the story that old David the herdsman told the children at the season that came afterwards to be known as Christmas, in the days when burnt offerings were things of the past, and when men followed the meek Lamb of God by deeds of love and mercy, performed even to the least.

The Angels' Christmas Song

Waken again the songs of Christmas,
Those dear old songs of heartfelt strain
That broke from lips of saints and sages
And have resounded down the ages.
Freely and far their echoes float and ring—
Peace upon earth, Hosanna to our King,
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Swell forth once more the gladsome tidings
That angels to the shepherds told
How Christ came down to earth from glory.
Time cannot tell a sweeter story.
How bravely through the sweeping, swirling snow
The glad notes leaping, swinging, ringing flow—
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

Till every race is bowed in reverence
Before the great Omnipotent,
Love's flaming banner floating o'er us,
Come let us speed the Christmas Chorus;
Bear to earth's confines, carry to each nation
The trumpet message of a world's salvation—
Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

—Frederick B. Fenton.

THE QUEEN OF HOUNDSLEY FLATS

Pete McNeil, the veteran policeman of an unsavory square in Lower New York, was deep in like unsavory tussle with a new-comer. A new man on the Force always had to have a preliminary struggle with Pete.

"What is the trouble?" I asked in a friendly way. And got my answer. Pete liked me, for I had often come to his aid when he was being interviewed at headquarters.

"This loon! He's just come here. He ain't know the Flats and I do!"

The new member of the Force made no remarks, but stood scowling at us both.

"He wants to arrest old Jim—but it won't work!" pursued Pete. "Jim is part of the show, down here. The little Queen would be all upset." I began to understand. Pete was getting excited as he went on. "I know!" he shouted. "The man that meddles with Jim would be so dern unpopular 'twould raise the devil in this ward!—Yess," he continued more quietly. "Old Satan is on hand here all the time!"

"No doubt of it!" I asserted.

"Yes, he's only waitin' for a fool like this to come along to stir him up."

Just then a very pretty girl appeared around the corner—so pretty, in fact, that the insulted man stopped scowling at Pete and smiled in spite of himself.

She took in the situation at a glance. "Oh, come on, Pete!" she said. "It's dinner-time. Just saw Charley Cross going to get his."

Old Peter did not explain, but obeyed the voice of feminine authority. Then she condescended to take a peep at the new-comer. He was a rather handsome youth, certainly well thought of by his superiors. As she turned to go away, he touched his hat with the utmost deference and I did the same.

The voice that had disarmed Peter was so sweet, so silvery, that I saw the secret of her power. I knew that she was a force for good in that rough locality.

"Yes," I said to myself, "It is a wonderful, a beautiful influence! In its small way, like that of the Mother of God."

The little Queen went home that day well pleased with her success in peace-making; a quarrel had been warded off.

"Pete is irritable, in these days. He's overworked and growing older!" she murmured. "Oh dear! Life hasn't much of an outlook!"

She was all alone in the world, this Rose of the slums. But the vice and dirt and poverty around her seemed only to enrich the soil for her more perfect blooming.—The good priest whose mission lay here often said this to himself, for his own comforting.

To be sure she had a few distant cousins—very distant, in every sense—this Rose Delemege—cousins whose letters were always appeals for cash out of the few dollars she earned. Those letters were not the least of her troubles; yet she kept a smiling face; her shining eyes told a tale of rare soul-peace.

They enchanted the rough throng, though none could have told why. Father John Peter could have done so easily, though, had it been desirable. He knew of the perpetual joy in her Lord that brightened her face and lit up her pathway.

She lived with old Jim Stacy; it was the only way to keep him decent. And it enabled her, when needful, to explain his transgressions to the authorities and get them classed as minor offences.—He was her father's uncle and her only living relative—save the cousins aforesaid—as far as she knew.

The young man who had roused Peter's wrath that day was really a very good fellow. His name was Francis—John Allen Francis, to give it in full. It was his father's name and had represented a force for good in political affairs. The elder Francis, now gone to his eternal reward, had brought up his only son in very strict notions as to right and wrong. But he had died almost penniless, so the young Francis had been forced to give up his cherished idea of a college course.—He had

taken his present job to raise money for pressing needs and as an A.B.C. stepping-stone to a better knowledge of politics.

The job had now brought him into the lowly and to him unknown region of Houndsley Flats. He had, in the last few hours, learned several things.

"It's not politic, at all events," he owned to himself, "to go for old Jim—What's his name?" he asked, consulting a big list of voters for Ward Y. "His real name, I mean. James P. Stacy?—Indeed! Why, my mother had some Stacy relatives, distant ones."

He got on very well in his new position, made friends with Peter, who graciously permitted this when he saw that the new-comer was popular with the cave-dwellers of the Flats. Moreover, the young policeman was learning to admire the little Queen and respect her salutary authority. Whatever might occur, she found no fault, he saw that!—but should there come a spark of improvement anywhere, she found it out and met it with her shining word of praise.

Once or twice he sent her roses from an uptown florist's without card or name to betray the sender. She questioned the red-haired messenger boy in vain. He could not tell what he did not know.

That the blossoms were welcome the young man saw, for one day he glimpsed some white ones gleaming at her belt as she crossed his path. But his humble salutation of the lifted hat was all he ventured upon in way of direct homage. None the less, in due time, the situation changed.

One fine day a somewhat showy man from the extreme West came seeking him out. "My name is Stacy," the stranger announced, rather pompously. "And I think we are connected. "You have some relatives by that name, have you not? On your mother's side?"

John Francis quietly asserted. He did not like this bold and too important stranger. "There is a cousin of my father's living here, I am told—or, in this neighborhood. I must look him up."

"It must be old Jim," thought the young policeman. But he did not enlighten the inquirer. If the latter should locate old Jim, he would naturally fall in also with Rose Delmege. And that would bring no good to the little Queen.

"I am sorry!" he thought quickly, as the other went on talking. "Old Jim makes her trouble enough, as it is!"—He resolved to volunteer no information of the sort this man was seeking, and his senior on the Force, Peter, was so crusty that little was likely to be had from him. In fact, the whole locality would stand for its Queen, should need arise.

And before long it did.

One morning old Pete, the irritable, had caught him by the elbow, wheeled him round and burst into evil tidings.

"I say, mate, we've lost our little Queen!—You don't know? Well, we have.—She can't stay there a day longer! It won't do." John Francis assented. He had anticipated this, or something like it.

Peter went on angrily, "That scamp is there every day, bringing liquor with him—plenty of it—playing cards with Jim and slinging money round!—Now, he says he's going to board there, to live there all the time!—He's after the girl.—She'll have to get out, I say. Right away, too.—Now, you go and tell Father John. He an' the Convent Mother must drag her out of it!"

"To be sure I will," cried Francis promptly. "Only too happy.—Right you are, Peter.—But the little Queen may send me to Coventry for meddling."

"No, she won't either.—She's saying prayers now, I dare say! and you'll be the answer."

John Francis lost no time. That night, returning from her work, Rose Delmege found a fine automobile waiting for her and the stately Mother Superior in it. Help had come.

Her stay at the Convent was delightful. Compared with life in the Flats it seemed like a visit to Heaven. Everything was so quiet and clean. And how sweetly the Sisters could sing!—Poor Rose was simply enchanted.

The Reverend Mother saw at once what a gleaming pearl she had rescued from the Flats. Her warm thanks went out to the young policeman who had led her steps thitherwards—and to the older one who had sent him. “The men on the Force do a world of good!” she said one day, thinking of it all. “This girl has had a good influence down there—has wielded a power past all but the Divine measure. It is just as they say—I may not have done a good deed in taking her away.—O, Lord, give us wisdom to know what things we ought to do!”

“And power and might faithfully to fulfill the same!” another voice. She had spoken aloud and Sister Bernard had answered. “Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.”

Rose, herself, little dreamed whose intervention had brought Mother St. John to her succor in that hour of bitter need. She credited the whole to Father John Peter.—The foe still lurked in ambush, striving to waylay her as she went to and fro to her place of employment. Only police vigilance assured her protection.

Despite this, even, a day of disaster came. An auto with a drunken driver struck her down at a crossing. They picked her up insensible and bore her to a local drug-shop. There John Francis found her and his distress was great.

“No, she is not dead,” said a kindly surgeon, hastily summoned. “But take her home; my man! My car is right here—take that.” And so John Francis made a second appearance at the convent.

When at last Rose came to and found herself among the Sisters, in special care of Sister Bernard, the intense pain from her injuries drove out all connecting thought. But when she began to improve—gradual enough was that improvement,—her mental haze slowly cleared up. Some one had lifted her very tenderly—no, it was not the doctor,—a soft voice had sounded like music through her pain. Someone had brought her in and told Mother St. John what had happened. Who was it, she wondered.

Then, one day, as she lay with closed eyes and the Sisters thought her asleep, she heard one of them say, "That was a nice young man—the one who brought her here, both times. Handsome, too!"

"Yes," responded Sister Agnes. "So tender and quiet—But the tears were in his eyes. Reverend Mother saw that. He must be very fond of her."

"Oh, all the people are, down there! A miserable crowd, though. She has been to them like a guardian angel—Father John said that."

"Well, it may be.—All the same, this young officer does credit to his uniform. His name is John Francis, Reverend Mother says. She seems to know him."

It was an illuminating bit of chatter to the dazed invalid. Yes, she knew, now. They did call him John Francis.—She began putting things together. She knew the priest often used this young officer as a sort of right-hand man, a trusted agent in secular affairs.—And the delicious flowers? The hot-house roses? Was it that they were no longer a mystery? —That sweet suspicion seemed to soothe her pain. And soon, very softly, she had fallen asleep.

It was the beginning of her recovery. From that time on she improved rapidly and was soon able to be moved to a new home where a kind widow, a Mrs. Lamark, made every effort to complete her cure.

She was also soon able to walk a short distance to morning Mass at the Dominican Church where Father John ministered. The roses re-appeared and now found place on the altar of God. The little Queen made them her thanksgiving.

Then, one bright morning, as she left the church, she fell in with her quiet friend of the lifted hat. It was for her to break the silence and she did it in queenly wise.

"I have to thank you; Mr. Francis, for much kindness!" she spoke earnestly.

The young man could not conceal his delight.

"Do not overestimate the little I was privileged to do," he said, speaking gravely, as was his wont. "But"—and here

he hesitated—"May we not become friends? In some slight way, I mean, commensurate with my small deserts?"

Her smile of assent thrilled him with delight, it was so plainly sincere. It was worlds more than he had hoped for! Thenceforth, they would not be as strangers. Barriers swept away, they were now friends.—Nay, possibly he might again have the joy of aiding her, who could tell?

Then he went on his way and happiness went with him. The Queen had held out the golden sceptre.

When they next met he was the reluctant bearer of evil tidings. Money it seemed, had been getting scarce at old Jim Stacy's. His new partner, having undertaken to raise the wind, had picked acquaintance with a green, young countryman, a stranger in the city, and inveigled him into the house for a game of cards. Liquor had flowed, until the elderly gambler had brought his victim to ruin financially.

The youth, whose name was Daniel Ross, had sent at last for his uncle, "The latter seems to be quite a man," said John Francis in conclusion. "He entered a complaint against both transgressors, and, for lack of bail, both are jailed for swindling."

The distress of poor Rose over all this touched John Francis, yet little or nothing could be done. It was too late for the Queen to interfere for the rescue of old Jim.

However, the young policeman did the only thing he could think of as possible to do. He wrote to the only relative in the West whose address Rose knew, a piteous account of the plight of old Jim. It proved a successful move. A fine [Westerner answered the call, pitied the old reprobate, paid his fine—yet had no idea of handing him over again to Rose Delmege. "No, young lady! He must be in stronger custody!" declared the new-comer. "Stronger custody than yours!—Unless, indeed, you would supervise both of us."

Then John Francis woke up to the idea that he had a rival. The good Westerner, whose name was Adolph Redmond, had promptly fallen in love with the beautiful Rose of New York.

And she seemed to like him. He had compassed the education which young Francis had missed and also caught the ways of good society.

Mrs. Lemark pronounced him a gentleman and Rose agreed with her. Moreover, that good woman got a friend at one of the banks to look up his financial rating, which proved excellent. Yes, John Francis certainly had a rival. One, too, that moved on with promptitude. The first refusal in no wise daunted him. He only said, "She will change her mind."—But his second pleading fared no better.

As for poor John, he was unhappy enough. His means were so slender—just a small savings bank sum left by his father, whose death had filled his soul with lasting grief. He could not offer Rose a home, save of the humblest.

Mrs. Lemark, good woman that she was, felt sorely aggrieved by her lodger's obstinacy as to this eligible suitor. "I can't see," she cried, "why in the world Rose doesn't take to him."

She had spoken aloud, forgetting the presence of old Pete, who was doing a bit of carpentry for her that day. "She's fond of young Francis!" he said. "And he's dead in love with her. That's what it is."

The match-making widow grew thoughtful. "Rose knows her own heart," she murmured. "I dare say the young man is in no position to marry.—Well, life is hard anyway!"

As the days went on, Adolph, the man of money, began to suspect the truth. "I am sorry," he said, "but there's nothing I can do. I wonder if the lad of her preference is a good boy! That is the first thing to find out. She is a lovely girl." Finally he consulted a friend, an old-time crony, a successful lawyer, who had just retired and was resting on his laurels—though somewhat uneasily, as a retired man is apt to do. It seems this man had known the elder Francis.

"His son?" he cried, "His son! A fine young man he must be, if he take after his sire! 'Blood's thicker than water,' the Scotch say.—I should like to see him! Send him in here,

Adolph!—I say, why not set him to reading law? What he has learned about practical things will be a help to him.”

And so it all was. Meeting Adolph one day, the other voiced his complete satisfaction. “He’ll soon be fitted for a paying place, Clerk of Courts, or something—even that would be a rise! He’s going to get there, Adolph!”

So, at the hands of this distinguished man, John Francis got the surprise of his life—little dreaming that it came from the good-will of a generous rival.

Rose Delmege was more than delighted and the sight of that joy was Adolph’s reward. Her cordiality made life so sweet to John Francis that he began to wish the sun would always shine—and one day he told her so. Then, once for all, the little Queen held out the golden sceptre of graciousness.

Dazed as he was, John yet found voice to tell her of the brilliant home he would give her, out in the light of the world. But the little Queen would not listen. She had no mind to lose her kingdom.

“I shall not be happy in such a palace, John dear! I should lose my own dignity, my peace of mind.—Nor would you be king. We should be set at naught, both of us! Even as our Saviour was, the King of Heaven!—No, let us stay here, where He has put us.”

Her eyes were shining, her smile dazzled him. He answered not a word. “Let us live here, my love, and try to comfort these poor people.”

Years have flown since the marriage of these two, but the little Queen still reigns. She and John Francis are wondrously happy. They live near the Flats to the great joy of the dwellers therein,—their modest home her imperial palace, the Lord’s grace, her crown.

—Caroline D. Swan.

KNIGHTS OF PIONEER DAYS

SCARCELY half a century before the following incident took place, Canada was an almost impenetrable forest, primaeval and unexplored.

Suggesting a vast cathedral of almost limitless proportions, supported by columnar shafts of noble oaks, stately beeches and beautiful maples, the forest reared its soaring spires. A carpet of brownish-green covered the ground, from which, as the seasons advanced, sprang shad-bush, honey-suckle, arbutus, harebell, guelder rose, and hosts of other exquisite shrubs and flowers of varied hues. There too, violet, dogwood, anemone and lily-of-the-valley wafted the incense of their fragrance on this altar of loveliness, as they swayed their censers in rhythmic unison with the whispering wind. Nor were the choristers lacking to complete the analogy. The bass notes of frog or bee blended with the more melodic chants of whip-poor-will, bluebird or robin.

In these romantic surroundings, man's craving for beauty must surely have been abundantly satisfied. With such a superfluity of matchless timber what an opportunity the early pioneers must have had for beautifying their homes with floors and furniture of priceless walnut or oak. But, undoubtedly before considering the more decorative aspect of house and garden, it became vitally necessary to prepare the roadways. This was begun by blazing trees to serve as directing sign posts through the forest for the weary foot-traveller. Then later, the trees were felled and cleared off to make way for vehicular traffic. The swamps had to be choked up by immense bolders laid side by side and rivers to be bridged by logs previously hewn flat. All this was imperative for the facilitating of trade.

Barter, being the form of currency prevalent under these primitive conditions, vegetables and fruit, such as potatoes, peas, grain, pumpkins, apples, pears, and all sorts of berries

were given in exchange for labour, stock or other products. Transportation of these articles was made by means of ox or horse.

The pioneer used to allow his cattle to roam at will in the surrounding woods. Cows, of course, had to be rounded up each evening, but often the oxen, if not needed at the time for work, would be permitted to browse about for days in the bush, so that no great anxiety was felt at once if the count did not tally. Nevertheless these animals were so highly valued that the man who dared to steal one was, by law, guilty of a capital offence.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the rural districts of Canada were under a legislation far from lenient, and no circumstance was considered sufficiently extenuating to prevent the execution of the capital penalty in the case of such a theft.

It was not merely for their hides or meat that cattle were valued. They were labourers of the strongest kind, pressed into service for the hauling of logs used in building, for the uprooting of stumps of trees, as well as for the ploughing of the land.

Geese, ducks and turkeys were chiefly of food value. Fowl was indulged in occasionally as a change from pork which was the ordinary meat diet. But beef was a rarer item on the bill of fare, as the killing of oxen took place only at the Christmas season.

No wonder, then, in the light of this animal's usefulness, that the stealing of so essential a beast of burden was considered a serious offence.

Nature had yielded plenteously to the assaults of the valiant race of men who for those fifty years had toiled incessantly to wrest a living from the soil.

These heroes had braved loneliness, fatigue and cold, had fought against nature even in her more rampant moods when her very breath, like that of the fabled dragon, dealt havoc, carrying off houses, fences, and even emptying ponds. With splendid courage, when the work of their hands had been

thus demolished the invincible spirits of our ancestors, far from being vanquished, swiftly rose to renew the struggle. Such conquests do not make a race of weaklings. And if, perhaps, such a precarious existence made man "so careless of the human life" in the effort to preserve the type, one must realize that those were pioneer times and that when any penal measures were considered necessary at all, very strong ones indeed seemed justified to these sturdy tillers of the soil.

One hot summer day in the village of Vittoria, the whole countryside was astir by the report that an ox had been stolen. Immediate and thorough search throughout the likeliest quarters revealed a clue. The hide of a slaughtered animal was discovered on the premises of an indigent farmer, and as it was generally known that this man's family were in strained circumstances, suspicion pointed to him and was further strengthened by the fact that tell-tale odor of cooked meat still pervaded his dwelling.

Usually it was at the open fireplace that the cooking took place. Joints of meat were roasted by being suspended before the fire from a contrivance attached to the chimney. There were no aroma-absorbers in use at that time—at least not in log cabins. Indeed, it would have been considered fastidious to have been sensitive to such trifles in the face of greater hardships. So the fumes from the pots and skillets had full play in the rough shacks of the poorer pioneers. No pretense then could be sustained in the face of a decidedly bovine aroma. It needed not the acknowledgment on the part of the accused to convince the searchers that they had found the culprit.

The village sheriff, skilful in the art of catechising, finally succeeded in extracting the unwilling confession that the suspected man and an accomplice had stolen and slaughtered the beast in question. No tender feelings actuated the executors of justice in those days. Examples of prompt and inexorable retribution were considered necessary in order to safeguard personal possessions.

And so the verdict of capital punishment was immediately

passed by judge and jury and but short grace was given the unfortunate offenders, and this only in order that sight-seers from the surrounding districts might have the opportunity of attending the public execution.

Among the more humane of the townspeople were the resident clergyman and the country doctor, who heard with distress and consternation the ruthless decree. The shock of so severe a sentence moved those worthy gentlemen to swift action.

Immediately after the judgment had been passed, secret conference was held at which it was decided that an effort should be made to have the sentence commuted. Dr. Rolph offered to ride, post haste, to Toronto to petition the governor to this effect. No sooner was this decision reached than that generous gentleman secured the swiftest steed available and made a dash for the seat of government.

In those days railroads were a convenience—perhaps in prospect—certainly not in actuality in Upper Canada until some twenty years later. Roads were rough and fraught with danger, especially for reckless riders; yet this ardent young doctor disregarded all thought of self as he tore madly forward in his frantic career against time.

Galloping along the narrow belt of road that skirted the wood, Dr. Rolph scarcely saw those things that at any other time would have attracted his attention. The jar of the night-hawk, the flight of bat or beetle, could not engage his interest now. Scarcely did he comprehend the doings of those fishermen at the creek illumining the water with their flaming pine-knots as they endeavored to spear the elusive fish.

On he went, indifferent to the tormenting flies and mosquitos, careless of possible proximity to bear or rattle-snake, reckless of sulking wolf or lynx, resolutely denying the urgent demands of nature for sleep and rest.

During the early hours of the following morning though he was nearing his goal he still sped wildly along, hardly realizing the fulfilled beauty of all nature; yet, his subcons-

cious mind was registering the vision of flowers in bloom, trees laden with luscious fruit, a red-winged blackbird skimming over the Grand River and the pungent odor of spruce and pine.

In the meantime, his co-worker in this cause of mercy had planned the course of conduct he should follow. His main objective was to delay the execution until Rolph's return.

Twenty-four hours had rapidly slipped away since Rolph had set off for Toronto, and crowds of excited villagers, as well as visitors from neighboring regions were gradually assembling to behold the gruesome spectacle soon to be enacted.

Almost alone with his secret, the Rev. Mr. Ryerson fearfully awaited the request for his final ministrations to the condemned men.

Only too soon all was ready. The preliminary arrangements having been completed, the two cattle stealers were brought to the foot of the gallows and the minister was finally asked to perform the spiritual service for the doomed men. This the law provided for and custom never curtailed.

Kneeling down, Mr. Ryerson in a low voice fervently prayed the good God to have mercy on the souls of the two men about to be executed to bring their minds to the proper dispositions for repentance, to subjugate their wills to a sufficient degree of resignation, and to soften their hearts that they might forgive their executioners.

On, on he prayed—earnestly, fervently—with no sign of hesitation or pause.

For the first half-hour the congregation reverently bowed their uncovered heads as the much-loved clergyman invoked Divine assistance. But when an hour passed a current of unrest was discernible in the crowd. When an hour and a half dragged along, with the unrest was distinctly heard a murmur, which increased in volume until it partook of the nature of a seething rebellion. But when, after two hours, still the preacher prolonged his prayer, the mutterings of the weary audience had reached the proportions of an open revolt.

By this time, the parson's pleadings had lost all poignancy and only a confused jumble of phrases issued from his parched lips.

The red hot sun, pouring down its beams on pastor and people alike, had driven far from their minds all thought save that of the need of creature comfort.

With swollen tongue the speaker still made some inarticulate sound, as of impetration, but with no knowledge whatsoever of what he was saying. Though his spoken prayer was meaningless to himself, and to those about him, his mental prayer pierced the heavens with its ardour and insistency, as he besought his Heavenly Father to hasten the footsteps of his colleague. Yet, still he mumbled almost incoherent sentences and still he knelt ready to drop with exhaustion but faithful to his compact to withhold the execution as long as possible.

Suddenly, amid the still rising rumble of irate sheriff, hangman, and onlookers, a joyous shout arose above the tumult: "Here comes Rolph!"

In the distance a cloud of dust had been seen rising and hope had stirred within the minds of those who knew the significance of the interminable prayer. "See! he's waving something" exclaimed one of the crowd. "It's a paper"—"Perhaps it's a pardon."

These and other excited comments flashed from one onlooker to another. Friends of the prisoners proceeded to testify to the hitherto unimpeachable character of the men and many were the proofs given that only desperation had driven them to so unlawful an act. The recklessness of it was a proof of this, they asserted.

Soon hope reached a certainty when a few moments later the rider dashed up, his face blanched, his clothes briar-torn. Too exhausted himself to speak, one of the spectators who had been in the secret sprang forward, grasping the document from Rolph's hand and rushed forward with it to the sheriff. Then mounting the horse he shouted its import to the surrounding spectators.

Deaf to the words that had been circulating the almost insensible preacher prayed on; and not until the doctor staggered over to him did he realize the return of his colleague. With a mighty effort Rolph managed to whisper to him, "A reprieve," then he sank, spent from his exertions. At the doctor's words one look of inexpressible joy illumined the clergyman's face. The next moment he fell fainting at his friend's feet.

It may interest the reader to know that these two selfless men lived to make history for Canada. The doctor not only founded the first school of medicine in Toronto, but also became a legislative leader, always supporting the side of justice. His wife, daughter and granddaughter all later became converts to the Catholic Faith.

The clergyman continued to espouse the cause of charity, and by his influence supplemented the work of his more eminent brother—the great Egerton Ryerson.

Patricia O'Connor.

The "White Girl" of James McNeill Whistler

She heard the whisper of the stars,
She heard the falling of the dew,
And all the untrod virgin ways
Of Beauty's self she knew.

And when the moon lay silver-white
Along the meadows and the streams,
She walked across the night to him
Upon a bridge of dreams.

And as upon his eyelids there,
She shone, so wonder-bright to see,
What could he give her more or less
Than immortality.

—Eleanor Roger Cox.

A SOUL'S EXPERIENCE

I HAD passed the first hours of a supreme grief: The rebel in me was quelled. I had put on sadness to be my garment in life and my shroud at death, and was becoming accustomed to a world in which there was no more reality. My heart seemed emptied of everything but a craving to know how it fared with the one whose departure had made further happiness impossible. The tragedy of submission to God's will remained to me, to be worked out here. How was it there with the one who had left me?

I got away from the towns and cities, where the streets were now as streets painted in a picture, the people in them like men and women in a foolish dream, flitting about with no object or meaning. I had a longing for the everlasting hills and the deep, still valleys in a lonely country I had known when I was very young, where the sad knowledge reserved away on those heights and in those depths had once weighed on the delight of youth. I said to myself that what had oppressed me then would soothe and instruct me now—the voice of the wind screaming in a narrow pass of the mountain, the weird gleam of a cloud, the white face of the tarn looking up at a sky where the snow-storm was gathering. Here I could find a world of my own, and live with “the melancholy a man knows when he is face to face with nature, and thinks he hears her communing with him about his origin and his destiny.”

I had my will and got away among the “holy hills of Ireland.”

It was November, the month of souls. The first week showed me visions of splendor in color, the blues of distant crags, the glen shrouded in deep Tyrian purple, the scarlet twice-dyed of the sunset cloud, gold like the gold of a child's curls, twisted about rushes on the margin of a lake, the delicate rose of a girl's lips on the ripple of the sea.

I stood amazed and sick at the pageant prepared for me,

who had come to look for sympathy in sorrow and gloom. In the second week, nature took pity on me. Suddenly I heard a cry of agony come down from the mountains; the sweet fairy land of color vanished like a light put out, the storm-clouds gathering like mournful spirits, began a wild, long lamentation, while the rain rained down, weeping into the lakes, and washing the stony broad sides of the mountains.

Then I wept in the rain and lamented in the cries of the wind, and, after the week of storm was over, I walked out among the quiet hills again, dry-eyed and with a kind of peace.

Autumn still lingered about the world of the hills, where the flag-leaves rustling in the shallow pools are drooped and sere, and the green ferns are turning brown and tipped with fire. In the poor little cots, scattered here and there, they were burning the turf, and there was fragrance in the air, floating with the white mists. In my evening wanderings I could see red stars shining between the mists showing me the whereabouts of poor home fires that gave me the perfume of their incense as it arose into the darkened heavens.

I wandered nearer to these humble homes. It was the eve of All Souls. I heard the prayers of the people coming through the open doors. The wind brought them across my ears. "Let perpetual light shine upon them!" I mused on that light as I watched the sun's lingering glamour—the light of Time—fail in the west. My heart rose in me with a great cry for a revelation. I did not feel it impious. God alone had knowledge of the thing I wanted.

Gradually the world grew dark. Even the red glamour in the cabins vanished, and the waves of prayer ceased to break on my ears. Not all at once, but little by little, a ray, as the moon (and there was no moon) showed me a ruined gable in the uphill distance. The light grew and grew round it, and became of a warmer color, a mellow light like the glow from a radiant lamp.

I hastened towards the place, saying to myself that this was a holy spot, where the early Christians, St. Patrick's first

flock, lie under the sod, among the broken rocks and mountain boulders.

I thought "I will go and kneel by the graves of the saints," but as I approached the ruin a great fear fell on me. The light had become clearer and more resplendent, unearthly music came stealing towards me, and, venturing nearer, I saw radiant figures moving among the broken walls. Remembering having heard it said that where good deeds have been done, angels get possession from henceforth, I crept to the opening.

Then I was assured that angels were indeed passing to and fro within those walls, shining in their own light, and as I gazed in amazement one of them left his fellows and came to my side. His voice, like the notes of a bird, sounded in my ears, but I could not see him, for my face was on the sod.

"I know your sorrow and your desire," said the voice. "Come with me, and have no fear!"

He threw a wrapping of silver light over me, and, disguised as an angel, I passed through the gap in the wall into the sacred ruin, moving beside my guide among majestic figures that kept passing in and out on either side, as if on business intent, though without hurry or disturbance.

"Now," said my leader, in his voice like a blackbird's note, "one step and you are in the other world. You crave to know the fate of the soul that is most dear to you. Keep close to me and you shall know it."

My heart shook with joy and dread. My prayer was granted. Had it been granted as a boon, or in anger?

"O soul of little faith!" said the angel, answering my thought, as we passed into a region like the world of the snows and glaciers one sees from the summits of the Alps on a starlit night in midsummer. "Did you not ask subject to the Great Will? And do you doubt the promises made to those who obey and trust?"

I could not speak more, but felt myself borne along as if by the light in which the angel had wrapped me, until we saw before us an opening in the white, naked hills, showing a great gulf separating two regions, on one side a deep abyss,

on the other soft slopes leaning towards the abyss. A rosy glow, as of sunrise, illuminated the slopes, and drawing nearer, I saw that they were covered with flowers, that crept to the verge of the ravine and hung their garlands down to meet its shadows.

"This is All Souls' Night," said the angel at my side," and here, at this hour, the souls that have fulfilled their probation of exile while longing for God, or who have endured their penal term for sin, rise from the lower shadows, and are met by the blessed, who hasten down the slopes on the outskirts of Heaven to welcome and lead them to the Kingdom of God."

While he spoke I saw the light, in the distance beyond the flowery slopes, brighten and become intensified, and a movement within it as of sun-clouds flying before a breeze. As these moving shapes drew nearer I perceived that they were glorified figures appearing as we might expect the blessed spirits of men and women to appear. They came swiftly, bringing the light with them, and I saw them in bands and groups approaching the verge of the slopes and standing on the brink of the abyss.

Presently out of the hollow below faces began to rise, then whole forms, also of men and women, pale, shadowy, like some who had come through sore travel and tribulation, looking upward with eyes full of awe and expectancy. As one by one they rose in single file, the glorified spirits leaned to meet and receive them, stretching shining hands to raise them up to their own level, and into the light.

These, I knew, were the souls set free and about to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. I bent forward eagerly over the abyss, and while the angel held my hand, I scanned each ascending face to see if my beloved, for whom I had prayed so long, and so earnestly, might be now among those released ones, whose pain was forever ended, and who, in this hallowed hour of All Souls' Night, were to cross the mystic boundary, to-morrow to live in the smile of God as saints in the bliss of Eternity.

One after another came up—a pale creature caught into the light and joining the glorious assembly waiting to receive him. But all were new and strange to me. The face I craved to see was not among the liberated. As the last one was absorbed into the glory, I turned to the angel with a bitter cry of disappointment.

“Have you not found him you seek?” asked the angel.

“Alas, no!” I wailed, “I have not found him.”

“Come further with me,” said the angel.

Then we were borne again by the light, and swept across the boundary that separated us from the radiant slopes. We passed into the throng, and I began to discern the features of those blessed ones who were soothing and encouraging the timid and weary newcomers.

Suddenly, I uttered a wild, glad cry. There, there among the radiant Blest, the familiars of Heaven, the welcomers of the released, was he standing, shining with the reflection of God’s smile, the object of my prayers, and the cause of my tears and heartaches, whom I had mourned as a possible sufferer of purgatorial pain, a dweller in a dark place in penal aloofness from his God!

“Have you found him?” asked the angel voice that was like the notes of the blackbird before dawn.

“O angel, I have found him!” I cried. “Yonder is he, tall and majestic, with the unimaginable sweetness and joy in his eyes, and the great power on his brows. See how he is receiving those poor exiles coming into their Home! And I looked for him in the depths! While I wept for his pain and prayed for his possible punishment to be remitted, he was living in God’s smile, among the chosen of God’s friends.”

“So it is often,” said the angel; “man is more faithful. God is more loving and merciful than poor trembling human love can dare to imagine. For such as your beloved the passage of purgatory is a short one. While your first tears were flowing he had already left the shades and received the loving greeting of his Saviour. Yet prayers like yours are never lost. They are as flowers in the hands of the beloved to be

laid at the feet of God, as offerings in the name of some other for whom no prayers ascend, and who is forgotten on earth. Such flowers are of the sweetest perfume of Heaven. So wills the Sovereign Master who desires not that the precious emanation from any loving spirit should be lost.

"O angel!" I said, "does he know whence these prayers have arisen? Is he aware in God of my unfailing love and my persistent faith?"

"Assuredly," said the angel.

"Oh, might I only speak one word with him?" I cried; "then I should go back with a cheerful heart to finish my pilgrimage on earth."

"Come," said the angel; and again we floated forward on the light.

The next moment I was side by side and face to face with my beloved, his eyes were on mine, and, as our spirits rushed together, the joy in those eyes that have looked on God pierced mine so that they could scarcely bear it, and my human tears fell.

"No tears," he said, "no tears!" and I felt the rain swept from my face.

"Now that I am here," I whispered, "cannot I stay with you?"

"No," he said, "that would not be according to God's will. Each of us has his appointed part to play in the first life, each is a thread in the web of God's plans, which He is always weaving. To snap that thread before its course is run is not allowed. My thread was finished, and God broke it off with His own hand. Yours is still running. Let it brighten into a golden thread before it is ended. God's ways are infinite and amazing, even to us who live now in light, and play another part which I am not permitted to reveal. His extrinsic joy and His extrinsic glory are ever renewed and renewable, increasing and increasable, and we are sharers in it, **belonging** to it as rays belonging to the sun. You must return now to live out your appointed term and to finish the tasks that may yet be put into your hands."

He drew me nearer for a moment, then withdrew slowly into the great light as a cloud is absorbed in the sun.

While my eyes strained to follow, the angel took me by the hand and led me away, whither I knew not, till I stood alone in the morning mists, the wind lamenting in the mountain caves and crags around me, and the rain raining on me.

But there was unutterable joy in my heart. There was peace in my soul.

Oh death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

—Lady Gilbert.





CHRIST THE KING

The Divine King

Long ere the starry worlds their being had,
Before the burning angels Thee did sing,
Before man lived, to sin and sore to weep,
Wert Thou, O God, not King?

Lord of the timeless, shrouded, mystic spans,
Ere ever creature was,
Didst Thou not yearn to pour Thy goodness forth,
O Thou benignant Cause!

So didst Thou come, a Babe, to Bethlehem,
Born of a mother sweet;
Thy rule should no man fret, Thy state drives not
The lowliest from Thy feet.

Yet, when at hand Thy consummation crowned
And throned upon Thy cross,
What title Thine, save only "Juda's King,"
Thy state but shame and loss.

Not of this world Thy kingdom, 'tis Thy word,
O royal Word of God,
Yet see, wide earth acclaims Thee King today,
Her Saviour, mercy-shod.

Thou art our King, O Christ, then do Thou reign,
Ruling our earthly days;
And guide us to the kingdom of Thy love,
Thy mercies there to praise.

LUTHER

(By Rev. M. J. Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.)

MARTIN Luther, 1483-1546, was born at Eisleben a little town in the County of Mansfield in Thuringia, which was united to Electoral Saxony by inheritance a couple of years after his birth. The name was then spelled Ludder or Luder, but this form was dropped by the "Reformer," as Erasmus tells us, because jocose people made puns on it, since it was the same with another German word signifying a rascal or vagabond.

One of the incidents which belongs to the ridiculous part of this history is that a Lutheran minister of Nuremberg, spelling the name Lauter (as it was pronounced in Upper Saxon) endeavored to prove that Luther was the angel whom St. John in the Apocalypse (XIV. 6) saw flying through the heavens with an everlasting Gospel. Weislinger, a Catholic champion of the next century, using the same form of the name, shows in reply that it equals the number six hundred and sixty-six, which signifies the name of Beast. The minister's imagination appears all the more absurd when we remember that Luther rejected the Apocalypse in the preface to his Bible and charged his successors not to print his translation of that book without annexing his declaration—a charge which they disobeyed so that most Protestants are ignorant of it. But with such methods of interpretation anyone might have proved that the German Empire (or Confederacy) with its Seven Electors was the Seven-headed Beast.

Luther in his twenty-second year entered the order of Augustinian Hermits or Friars. His youth seems to have been passed without blame. Nothing was ever said against his morals. His temperament was sociable and jovial, and he loved a glass of beer or wine but never to excess. He was the son

of a poor but industrious and aspiring man, who wished to see his son become a lawyer and marry a rich wife. Martin was a good-looking young fellow, with beautiful hands, and with graceful movements. He had a rich, sweet, contralto voice, and when he was a poor scholar, sang in the streets before the windows of the rich. Flowers and gardens gave him great pleasure, and the song of the birds, and all the beauties of nature. There was a strong strain of religious sentiment in him, but there was also a proud, self-willed, stubborn and pugnacious disposition, and like his father he had a hot and violent temper. Such a one, if he does not become very good, will become very wicked. According to his own account, his mother was harsh to him in his childhood, and his father in his youth. He says that the unkindness of his home inclined him to leave it for a monastery; but the determining cause was a great fright which he received in a thunder-storm, when he impulsively made a vow to enter religion.

Saul Among the Prophets.

His father, knowing his proud, disobedient and quarrelsome temper, regarded this course with great misgivings, and would give it no approval; and though Martin seemed very much in earnest, it would be strange if the thought did not occur to some one that this was another case of Saul among the prophets. He soon got some friends in the Order to have him exempted from the menial services by which the Master of Novices tested whether he had humility and obedience or not. In 1507 at the age of twenty-four he made his profession in the monastery at Erfurt, where he had entered, and was ordained priest. He soon showed himself subject to scruples and nervous alarms, a disposition which naturally ended in laxity, or in alternate fits of laxity and penance. Contrary to what has been so often asserted, the monastery did not attach an extravagant importance to mere works of the rule. They held the Catholic doctrine of justification, as it had been handed down from the time of St. Paul and St. James to St.

Bernard and Aquinas and à Kempis. The Provincial, Staupitz's writings are quite orthodox. An old friar finding Luther one day in a state of nervous apprehension, almost despair, told him that he must not trust to his own works and merits for salvation, but to the merits of our Saviour. This was the old Catholic teaching; when we have done our best, each one must still say, I am an unprofitable servant, and must rely on the mercy of God. In 1510 Luther was sent to Rome partly because there was some dispute among his brethren which needed to be settled there, and partly because he had wished to visit Rome and make a general confession of his whole life there. The statement that he became scandalized there was a fiction of his own imagination in later life. In truth he was not so easily scandalized. But he seems to have been corrupting his belief about justification into his theory of "Faith alone," for he told his son Paul—but never before to any one else, so far as is known—that when he was ascending the Scala Sancta (then attached to the Lateran Basilica*) the thought came across him, "The just man shall live by his faith" (Habacuc 2:4), and that he at once rose from his knees and walked away. The latter part of this story is probably an imagination—not a memory—of the son or of the father. It was written by the son twenty years after he heard it. It was told by the father twenty years after his visit to the Scala Sancta. What is the accuracy of such reminiscences? especially when we know how careless of accuracy and truth Luther's egotism was.

It is remarked by the wisest of German philosophers that when men err, the error usually is in their negations rather than in what they affirm; probably in making this observation Leibniz had in mind his own countryman, the author of his religion, who erred not in asserting the importance of faith but in denying the necessity of works and of charity.

*Some readers may be warned that the proper title of this church is Sanctissimi Salvatoris, the church of the Most Holy Saviour, as in the Breviary, Nov. 9. It is the Cathedral of Rome. Pope Sixtus V., when rebuilding the palace (1589), removed the Holy Stairs to the present position—a small distance away to the northeast.

Wittenberg.

In 1513 Luther was recommended by Staupitz (always a patron and a friend) to the Elector for a chair in the new university of Wittenberg, the capital of Saxony, now infamous for its prison-camp during the war. It may be conjectured with reason that his brethren wished to be rid of him on account of his domineering disposition, his hot and violent temper, his abnormal mind, and his boorish unmannerliness and insolence. For Luther always was a Prussian. I use the name not in the strict racial sense, although it is true that the substratum in Saxony was Prussian, but as a description of his character, in the sense in which Napoleon said at St. Helena that his keeper was a Prussian. The London Times' Literary Supplement in reviewing Sedgwick's Life of St. Ignatius, says that Ignatius was always a gentleman and Luther always a clown. The appointment of Luther as Lecturer on the Scripture was a mournful mistake. For Luther, though an orator, was no great scholar or theologian or philosopher or thinker. When Kolde, the German historian, wrote to Bishop Creighton: "Luther war viel weniger Theologe als man gewöhnlich annimmt." (He is much less of a theologian than is usually thought), the Bishop commented, "I never thought to get so much out of a German." He was a great orator with a swell of soul and a boisterous momentum like Danton; and if he had been sent to preach a crusade against the Turks, or a controversy against the Hussites, his spirit of contradiction and pugnacity might have kept him true to the Church and the Faith. His head was turned by this elevation to a theological chair.

He was an enthusiastic and eloquent lecturer, well qualified to captivate and cast a glamour over the young and simple, and his popularity with the students soon was analogous to that of another sophist, Abelard at Paris in the twelfth century. For the Germans, and especially the young men were now in that immature and imperfect state of knowledge and intelligence which makes men susceptible of difficulties

and doubts but incapable of their solution. A little learning is a dangerous thing.

The Mystery of Iniquity Already Working.

In these years his theory of justification, partly because it was novel and still more because it was his own novelty, grew into a monomania with Luther. Archbishop Whateley used to say of the English Evangelicals, who were at least as pious as Luther ever was, or as Melancthon or any of the best of Luther's earlier disciples, that their dogma was suited to create a groundless self-confidence and spiritual pride. The man inwardly sure of his own salvation and of his Christian sufficiency; and equally sure of the damnation of those around him, especially of those he did not like, was compared by Whateley to the self-sufficient Stoic of the Roman satirist. Such a man was naturally indifferent to further self-knowledge and improvement, being indeed as good as he need be, and only in danger of being so good as to rely on his own merits. Luther now was not only developing his fundamental error to its consequences but slyly propagating it among the younger members of his Order as well as in the University. He tried to persuade himself and others that justification by faith alone had been preached by St. Bernard—a plea that some German Catholic might be capable of using to argue that it was the French who misled Luther and were responsible for Lutherism. At a later time he had the audacity to claim Savonarola as a fore-runner in his doctrine of justification. He preferred Scotus to Aquinas, and discouraged the study of the latter. He took to the controversial writings of St. Augustine against the Pelagians, works which contain some controversial *ad hominem* exaggerations which do not accurately express the Saint's dogmatic theology—and he distorted these expressions as Jansenius afterwards. In truth Luther's doctrine is quite opposed to that of the great doctor of grace. Melancthon, who drew up the Augsburg Confession, acknowledged to Bhenz that he had lied in that where he cited St. Augustine as an authority; and when for shame sake he omitted the falsehood

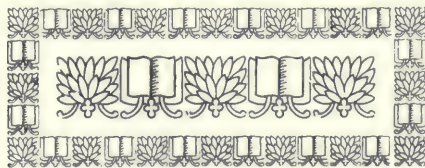
from the published edition, it was restored after his death. The contradiction between the Lutheran doctrine, and that of the first centuries was well known to the "Reformers," though concealed from the laity; Luther admitted that his doctrine was new; Calvin declared that the system was unknown to tradition. How far Luther in those early days distinctly avowed to himself the consequences of his essential error it is not easy to say; but the consequences are clear enough now. He denied the necessity of Love (*justificatio ante et sine charitate*) as well as of the moral virtues, so that he might be called an Anticharitarian. Baptismal regeneration was denied, and the baptism of infants became a mere ceremony. Thus his justification became a purely forensic one; righteousness became not inherent but merely imputed; there was no such thing as sanctifying grace. From this followed the denial of free-will, a capricious divine election, and an arbitrary, absolute, unconditional predestination and positive reprobation. For the sake of this theory a breach was made not only with the *Schola Theologica* but with all tradition. He claimed to have learned from Scotus the principle that the whole of Christian Doctrine is contained in the Bible. Luther never knew the deeper things of the religion which he abandoned and misrepresented and calumniated. We see none of the beauty of holiness in him, as we see it in A-Kempis, and in St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Bernard, or in Fenelon and Newman. Even an atheist, Morly, can see that a hundred vital things of religion were wanting in Luther as in Voltaire. Luther published the little book called *Theologia Germanica*, of a devout and mystical temper, which hitherto had remained in manuscript, but he garbed it, omitting passages essential to its meaning and altering others. Worst of all he was forced by an overmastering logic or passion to misinterpret and distort St. Paul's teaching. Therefore, if he were an angel from heaven, let him be anathema! And since St. James' teaching about faith and works could not even by pretence be explained away, it was rejected as an "epistle of straw" for the sake of his frantic delusion. Frantic it may well be

called, since it is now recognized by many Protestant students of Luther's life that his mind was abnormal, and that he was at times in a state of incipient insanity; and this is perhaps the most charitable view that can be taken of him.

By what degrees these various errors were broached it is not important to try to determine. It is certain that Luther when not angry could use art in masking and insinuating his opinions with learned men, and that his eloquent lectures humbugged the young and simple, and benumbed their intelligence so that they could not see the crudeness and rawness of his theology.

They forgot, as we sometimes forget, the warning of St. Paul: "Of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things to draw disciples after them."

But Luther had a personal motive also for hostility to the state of virginity. A Lutheran minister, Wolfgang Agricola, in a discourse delivered years after the "Reformer's death, reveals that Luther, when he was a young monk, conceived an ardent admiration for a maiden whom he met while visiting a widow with whom she lived, and he confided his youthful enthusiasm to Spalatin: "You cannot think how much that girl has touched my heart. I will make it possible before I die, for me also to woo such a beautiful maiden." "Brother," replied Spalatin, "no girl would have a monk."



Legend of St. Erkenwald

St. Paul's Cathedral had once, a heathen temple been,
And in the time of Erkenwald, a saint and bishop keen,
The minster was rebuilt. 'T chanced that, excavating there,
The builders came upon a monument most rare.
A vaulted canopy hung o'er all, and on this marble cold
Was carved a cryptic legend none could understand.
And when the news was noised about the land,
The whole rushed in haste to see what might unfold.
Now Bishop Erkenwald from Essex hied
And during one long night in vigil did abide,
That he might be inspired to know the reason why
This tomb of which no record could be found
Should during all these years unnoticed lie,
Though in the midst of teeming life around.
When morning came, a Mass was sung
Then all repaired to where the crypt was open flung.
An uncorrupted body met their view, in royal robes arrayed,
And glittering gems of every hue in pristine freshness stayed,
A noble sceptre in the hand, and on the head a crown,
A golden girdle, jewel-clapsed, in confine held the gown,
Invoking that most potent Name of all, the bishop asked the
figure as it lay:
Of what far-distant time he lived, to say,
To tell him of what country he was king,
What honors the insignia meant to sing,
And what had been his creed and what his fate.
The unknown, at these questions, thus proceeded to relate:
"You ask me of the sceptre, and what signifies the crown.
My people called me King of Justices of State,
In honour of my fair fame in this town.
No monarch I. No lands were mine;
But once in this fair city, they called Troy—
The New ("The Old," the Greeians did destroy),

I served as judge for forty years. What time
I suffered much to keep the people good,
Whate'er the cost, I ever stood
For that which was the right.
And never knew, alas! the Christian's creed
And yet I may not see that heavenly Light
Whose faintest gleam illumines life indeed."
And having thus the cryptic legend read,
He groaned, then sadly shook his noble head.
Amid the weeping of the waiting throng around,
Whose reverential silence made the stillness most profound,
The bishop, turning to the body, answered: "Nay,
Methinks that God hath wished His love to show,
For justice practiced here below,
And so hath spared thee till for thee I say:
'I baptise thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son,
And of the Holy Ghost,'—the Almighty Three in One."
And as the bishop spoke these words, he poured upon the head
of that most ancient judge, who now, in exaltation, said:
"Give praise to our Blessed Saviour." Loud the joyous song
Ran through the precincts of the crypt and echoed far and long.
"Give praise unto His mother dear, and praise be unto thee,
Whose prayers have christening water brought as saving grace
to me.
I now may enter swiftly that blest, celestial land,
For even now I'm following my angel's beckoning hand."
And with these farewell canticles his eager spirit fled,
Then, quickly to ashes turning, collapsed the hallowed dead.

—Patricia O'Connor.

CAROLINE D. SWAN

An American journalist visits Caroline Davenport Swan at her home, South Portland, Maine, U.S.A., and writes of her in the *Pittsburgh Catholic* as follows:

"We were genuinely surprised to find a beautiful, silver-haired old lady of almost 90 years. It was no surprise to find her a beautiful, silver-haired lady, understand, but the age—well, we had expected to find a younger woman, a woman of perhaps 60, for the delightful verses and pretty personal letters that had come to us over her signature had been so alive, so eager, so full of the beauty of life. But she taught us, during our all too brief visit, that even at 90, when the weight of years and the ravages of ills have bent and crippled one, life is still sweet and worth living, full of hope and eager for service. This gracious, kindly, crippled little woman whose eyes always smile, whose sense of humor and keenness of mind is not one whit dulled, entertains no thought of letting down. She is planning new poems, new stories, as she sits in her second-story apartment and gazes out over the Atlantic where it touches South Portland, Maine. The ocean and the wave-beaten shores, the flitting gulls and the winds that sweep the watery wastes, have furnished many themes for her facile pen. In everything, even the tearing, crushing storms that lash the vast sea spaces into angry, devilish, demon-waves, and the treacherous fogs that connive to lead the mariner to his doom, she is able to see the hand of God at work. In everything she sees beauty, and tells about it in her sweetly ringing, smoothly rhyming verses. In this respect she reminds us greatly of the late Joyce Kilmer.

"There is so much that we should like to tell you about Caroline D. Swan. We know her writings have endeared her to thousands of readers of Catholic papers and magazines throughout the world. Few know, perhaps, that this dear and saintly old soul has never made an effort to capitalize her

work. Practically everything she has written, and there are volumes of it, has been given free to the Catholic Press. Even though she is of modest means, barely able to supply herself with the necessities of life, she attaches no monetary value to her work. She writes for the sole purpose of inspiring, enlightening, encouraging, strengthening her readers, and for the pleasure her work gives to her. Always her verses and her stories, are brimful of Catholic doctrine, the love of God, veneration of Our Blessed Mother, technically correct in every detail. Caroline D. Swan is a true artist.

“Many of our readers, who have followed Miss Swan’s verses, do not know that she is a convert to Catholic Faith. Many, many years ago, she came into the Church. Some members of her family bitterly opposed her desire and determination to embrace the Catholic Faith. But she was not to be deterred. Bravely and devoutly she received the mantle of Almighty God’s grace, offering to Him every pain incurred by separation, isolation and ostracism inflicted upon her by erstwhile companions, friends and relatives. She devoted her life to work in God’s Vineyard. She has been blessed with a long, useful and happy life. To-day, she says, she is happier than ever that to her came the God-given privilege to become a Catholic.

“Miss Swan and Francis Patrick Smith, the veteran editor of The Pittsburgh Catholic, though they have never seen each other, have long been friends. Regularly they correspond, each secretly and some times openly, admiring the other and the other’s work. Two splendid characters they are, each having given the best of themselves to God and to the Church. They have grown old and gray and bent in the service of the Lord. They have sacrificed for Him. They have asked for nothing in return. They have not profited in a material way. But what human creature can estimate the profits that they have accrued for themselves in the great Ledger of Life? Many a man now wallowing in wealth and selfishly intent upon securing more money, more lands, more treasures, would willingly, eagerly, trade with either of these poor and humble

souls on the great Day of Judgment all of his material possessions for a tenth of their credit with Almighty God.

“We must not forget to mention that Miss Swan, in her younger days, in addition to being a writer of prominence, was an able artist. We thoroughly enjoyed viewing and studying a group of etchings and paintings that she executed many years ago. Two of her etchings, we thought, were particularly good. We should like very much to have them. Perhaps some day the gentle little lady will sell them to us.”

My Rose of Morn

The burning sunrise swings its gates of gold;
The purple shades evanish; hollows dark
Throb in white light, each dewdrop but a spark
Of skyey splendor. Primrose buds unfold,
All tenderness of color. Mosses cold
In the dense woodland—nay, and those that mark
Unwearied marbles in the churchyard stark,—
With joy anticipant in the blaze behold.

Rose of my heart! Dear one, who long hast slept
The blessed sleep that ends our sorrows here,
Thine is the heavenly morn beyond the sea!
Thine, the eternal gold! Thou hast o'erleapt
The barriers of Time and Space. No tear
Bedews the starry path thou beckonest me.

—Caroline D. Swan.

COMMUNITY NOTES

JUBILEE CELEBRATION AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

Eloquent and Scholarly Sermon by Rev. M. Cline.

Few jubilee occasions in modern life have been so unique as the celebration which marked the sixtieth anniversary of Sisters Gertrude and Appolonia, and the fiftieth of Sisters De Sales and Columba. In commemoration of this event a solemn High Mass was sung by Right Rev. Msgr. Hand, assisted by Reverend Fathers Coyle and McGrath, in St. Joseph's Convent Chapel, Nov. 21st. Rev. M. O'Neil, Port Dalhousie, Ont., was the Master of ceremonies.

Speaking from the text: "They that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall take wings as eagles; they shall run and not weary; they shall walk and not faint." (Is. 40-31), Father Cline, the preacher of the occasion, said: "In a world where man's life is more or less bounded by a time-limit of three-score and ten, we but too seldom celebrate an event so uncommon as the one which brings us here this morning, the diamond and golden jubilee of four sisters. Owing to the many hazards of young life, not a few die in the stir and glow of first promise. The saying has passed into a proverb: 'Those whom the gods love, die young.' Christ died long before middle age and the majority of His apostles met death while comparatively young. In this connection two facts assert themselves in a strange and unexpected way, namely, that of the two disciples closest to Jesus one predeceased all the apostles, while the other was the last and sole survivor.

Courage of the Christian Martyrs.

"Because of a conflict between Christian and Jewish rites and an unwillingness on the part of certain converts to abandon the religious traditions of their race and country, Christians in Jerusalem were sorely pressed and needed new inspiration and a fresh transfusion of blood, if they were to domin-

ate the adherents of the old dispensation. At that crisis it was fitting that he who sought place and prestige in Christ's Kingdom and vowed his determination to share with his Lord the chalice of the passion should lead the shock troops of the nascent church with the death-defying courage of the Christian martyrs.

Christian Charity.

"But while St. James was the first to enter the lists of those who sealed their faith in Christ with their blood, his brother, St. John, was destined to be the last standard-bearer of Christ from the apostolic college. He was spared to the infant Church as the one best fitted to disclose the inner life of Christ, and to train the world in the school of Christian charity. By word and example he made the practice of this virtue among all his followers such a compelling influence that its brilliance shone beyond the confines of the Christian Church, and in a great part affected the realm of national conduct.

The Supreme Sacrifice.

"Something not unlike this divine arrangement is in evidence to-day, when a Sisterhood rejoices in the festivity of four of its members who have attained to a veteranship of service in the religious life. In answer to the call of the sick and the poor, the old and the orphaned, the Sisterhood of St. Joseph has generously contributed of its young life. Women in their twenties and early thirties gave unsparingly of the first fruits of their pledged apostolate. And therefore it was yet noon, in many instances, they made the supreme sacrifice, tender in its offering, beautiful in its quality, great in its purity of intention, as their lives were unspoiled, unselfish and radiant with the love of Christ. In the afterglow of their passing less favored souls find light and leading. This has been the morning offering of the Institute of St. Joseph.

Great Self-Abandonment to Duty.

"But by a kind and generous Providence there have been left to you, as to the early Church, representatives of the old

school of missionary sisters who cleared the ground and laid the foundations for those institutions which minister so magnificently to soul, mind and body. They have been loaned to you that amid the shifting conditions of a changeful world they may preserve to the Order the noble traditions of a great beginning. Their sensitive faith, moral earnestness, unconquerable optimism, wise caution, and unselfish example, are by no means the least of the privileges which the Order at present enjoys. There are few stories which tell of higher courage, in the annals of pioneer enterprise or greater self-abandonment to duty, than the album in which the names of the jubilarians are recorded.

Sturdy Faith.

“Your founders came here not in ‘wisdom of speech,’ but with the simplicities and humilities of Him Who uses the weak to confound the strong. They had no academic distinctions and no outstanding brilliancy of intellect—perhaps they were great because they were not brilliant. But they had what was much better—sturdy faith, unblinking hope and intense charity. In lieu of what the world regards as higher accomplishment they had the compensating gifts of administrative ability, sound common sense, and hearts as big as their friendship was true. With these qualities they attracted others and impressed the goodness of their lives upon a city out of sympathy with their calling and often hostile to their faith. That they succeeded is as honorable to those amongst whom they came as it was gratifying to the labourers themselves.

Mastered Great Burdens.

“Despite the fact that in those days as in ours, nuns lived apart from the busy throng, their womanly ways, unfailing cheerfulness, and tolerance of mind, not only hallowed the inner course of convent life, but found answering echoes beyond its walls. Their silences and vigils like the retirement and restrictions of the forty days of risen life strengthened and fortified them and their colleagues to meet and master the greater burdens ahead of them. Like the strong circle of firs and

larches that protect the inland trees from the blasts that sweep over the face of the sea, these pioneer sisters and their worthy pupils whose festivities we share to-day have sheltered this fair garden of young religious during the tender and precarious growing time of the order from the hardships of begging expeditions, from the discomforts of sombre school-rooms with little light, little heat, poor ventilation, and hardly any conveniences, and from the meagre appointments of ramshackle convents and other exacting conditions which beset the workers of those days.

Ambassadors of Kindness.

“Ambassadors of good-will and of kindness to all, the lamp of charity they have borne during the long years of their conventual life still burns with the bright and steadfast glow, and if to-day they have official warning that autumn is near that season happily comes in the vesture of summer. The flowers of autumn you are aware are often more highly flushed than the blossoms of spring; if not so rare in form and tint their general beauty has a greater contrast amid the fading foliage of other contemporaries. Much usefulness is yet in front of the Jubilarians, for Religious seldom grow old. The substance of their lives is too abundant to evaporate with the years. “They that hope in the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall run and not weary; they shall walk and not faint.”

Present in the sanctuary were: Rev. Father Manley, Chancellor of Toronto Diocese; Drs. Dollard and Barcello; Rev. Fathers Burke, C.S.P., McCann, E. Kelly, McBrady, Dumoulin, Caulfield, McDonagh, McCandlish, C.S.S.R., McCarthy and Woods.

Sister Appolonia.

Sister Appolonia is the only one at present living in the Mother House, Sister Gertrude being at the House of Providence, Sister de Sales at St. Michael's Hospital, and Sister Columba at St. Joseph's Hospital.

The first of these early members to enter the Community of St. Joseph was Sister M. Appolonia, who was born in Toron-

to in 1849, and spent many very laborious years at St. Nicholas Institute, always giving cheerfully and unsparingly of her best energies to whatever work was entrusted to her hands. Her unfailing kindness and solicitude for the welfare of others knew no bounds.

Sister Gertrude.

Encouraged by one of her many zealous and saintly kinsmen, the late Rev. Bro. Arnold, Sr. Gertrude left home and happy family circle in Ireland sixty years ago to join the Canadian foundation of the Community of St. Joseph, in Toronto, where she has since served as teacher for over twenty years in Toronto, St. Catharines, Port Arthur and Oshawa, and later as local Superior in Orillia, and the House of Providence.

Sister De Sales.

Sister de Sales, together with her sister, Sr. M. Adelaide, C.S.J., and her aunt, Sister Immaculate Conception, C.S.J. both deceased, also came from the Emerald Isle, whence had previously come her uncle, Rev. Father Ryan, C.S.B., and later her niece, Sister M. Margaret, C.J.S. Fully thirty-five years of this good Sister's religious life have been spent in most arduous, self-sacrificing and unceasing labour in St. Michael's Hospital, where she has ministered to the physical ills and conduced to the spiritual welfare of thousands of grateful patients, who have sounded her praises up and down the land so widely, repeatedly and unreservedly that upon the lips of many the Hospital has come to be identified with her name as "Sister de Sales' Hospital." Her heart is ever responsive to the call of human suffering, her ear is ever attentive to the voice of spiritual misery and her hand is ever ready to soothe the pangs of bodily pain.

Sister M. Columba.

Sister M. Columba came to St. Joseph's at an early age from the town of Barrie, Ont. As she gave evidence of satisfactory musical ability, after entering the Community she was placed for some years in charge of a music class in the Mother

House, and the missions. For a period of twenty-five years she was engaged as pharmacist at St. Michael's Hospital. Later she was appointed for a term of office as local Superior in Barrie, Comox, B.C., and as Mother Assistant at the Mother House. Always gently, humbly, simply performing the duty nearest to her hand, she has made many friends whose hearts she has inspired with faith and love. Her work has been carried on so quietly, so cheerfully and perseveringly that to the multitude it is perhaps unknown, but being done with love and zeal for Christ it will surely bear a rich and fruitful harvest in the days to come.

For a golden cycle of years and even for the three-score of life's allotted span these faithful, devoted Sisters have labored in the cause of religion and humanity within this diocese of Toronto and beyond. They have carried the message of knowledge, of culture, truth and love which has been their inheritance as daughters of St. Joseph, to the hearts of many people, who have silently blessed their presence, and who will bear testimony for them at the golden gate of Paradise through which may they happily enter when the diamond and the golden, and all the earthly days are accomplished and their appointed works have been found complete and pronounced well done.—Catholic Register.

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On Saturday afternoon, November 12th, His Excellency the Most Reverend Andrea Casulo, D.D., Archbishop of Leonopolis, Apostolic Delegate to Canada and Newfoundland, visited the Sisters of St. Joseph in their new home, "Mount St. Joseph," Twelfth Avenue, Vancouver, B.C. His Excellency blessed the new Convent and congratulated the Sisters on the good work being accomplished by them in Vancouver, B.C. Rt. Rev. J. J. Blair of Toronto, and several priests of the Archdiocese of Vancouver, accompanied the Papal Delegate to Mount St. Joseph.

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St. Patrick's School, Vancouver, B.C., conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph, scored success in the Departmental and Competitive Examinations held in July, 1927.

In the Entrance Examinations to High School 23 pupils were successful, with Beth Lalonde obtaining second standing in Vancouver. The Vancouver College Scholarships, awarded by the Knights of Columbus to the two boys obtaining highest standing in Departmental Examinations were won by Gordon Cahill and Hersell Kimmins, both of St. Patrick's.

In the National Canadian History Competition conducted by the National Committee in connection with Canada's Diamond Jubilee, ten medals were awarded to Vancouver centre. Three of these were awarded to pupils of St. Patrick's. The winners are Nancy Osbaldeston, Beth Lalonde and Mary McQuarrie.

The Silver Cup was won by St. Patrick's Juveniles in the Vancouver Sunday School Baseball series.

First prize in the Essay Contest on Canadian Confederation for High Schools, awarded by Knights of Columbus, was obtained by Grace Dohm of Grade X.

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Music Examinations.

All the pupils were successful in the recent music examinations held by the Toronto Conservatory of Music at Mt. St. Joseph.

Highest standing in Vancouver for elementary theory was obtained by Beth Lalonde with a total of 94 marks.

Second highest in Vancouver for primary theory, Ruth MacKiehan, with a total of 98 marks.

Elementary Theory—First class honors, Beth Lalonde; honors, Mary B. Sweeney.

Primary Piano—Honors, Mary B. Sweeney; pass, Mollie Gray.

Primary School Grade—Pass, Lilian Williamson.

Elementary Piano—Honors, Monica Mercer; pass, John Conway, Olga McDaniel and Elaine Jensen.

Introductory Piano—Honors, James Wogan.

SISTER M. VINCENT MULLEN, TORONTO.

On Thursday, Dec. 8th, there passed away at St. Michael's Hospital, after a fortnight's illness succeeding an operation, Sister M. Vincent Mullen of St. Joseph's Community, Toronto. The end came suddenly when bright hopes of approaching recovery were entertained. Like the Wise Virgin she was found ready with lamp trimmed and lighted and joyfully prepared to meet the Bridegroom.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was the day of all the year which she would have chosen to enter upon the new life of the spirit, as thirty-six years before she had entered on that day upon the new life of a devoted and faithful Sister of St. Joseph. It was her natal day on which she completed her fifty-eighth year, and as it dawned, remarking the date she said: "I wonder if our Blessed Lady will take me or cure me to-day, for I always celebrate her feasts in some unusual way." A spirit of lively faith and generous charity animated her daily acts and she preserved always a strong love for regular and exact observance of the Community Rule.

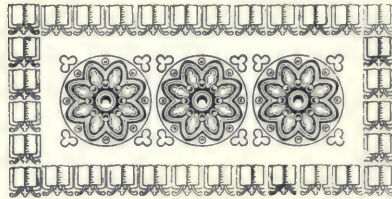
The first years of Sister Vincent's life in religion were spent at St. Michael's Hospital, but her success in instructing and training children claimed her for work in the class-room, where she labored for nearly thirty-five years, chiefly in Toronto and St. Catharines, Ont. In the latter place she fulfilled the office of sacristan in church and chapel very devoutly, finding in this a true labour of love in which she expended much of her failing energy, being for many years a victim of ill-health, yet never failing at the post of duty. Ever the innocence of the little ones charmed her, and with them she forgot fatigue. Her life may be summed up in brief by saying that in all things she was the "Servant of the Lord."

At St. Joseph's Convent, St. Albans St., on Saturday, a solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. J. Kennedy, C.S.B., with Rev. T. Hayden, C.S.B., as deacon, and Rev. D. Forrestell, C.S.B., as sub-deacon. There were present in the sanctuary Right Rev. Msgr. J. L. Hand, Rev. L. A.

Barcelo, D.D.; Rev. J. B. Dollard, Litt.D.; Rev. M. Cline, Rev. J. C. Carberry, Rev. H. Ellard, Rev. Dr. Davis, Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., and Rev. B. Webster.

Of immediate relatives there were present: Sister Vincent's two brothers, George and John, of New York, and her two sisters, Helen and May, also of New York. Two other sisters in California were unable to come. Besides these several faithful friends of the deceased assisted at the funeral Mass, and accompanied the solemn cortege to Mount Hope cemetery, where Rev. Father Forrestell offered the prayers of Holy Church and blessed the grave.

May the long and faithful service of this zealous Sister find glorious recompense and the more promptly through our earnest prayers to the end that she may enter into the joys of the Lord. R.I.P.



Officers of St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association

1927—1928

Honorary Patron—The Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B.

Honorary President—The Reverend Mother Superior of the
Community of St. Joseph.

President—Mrs. Paul Warde.

First Vice-President—Mrs. James E. Day.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. A. J. Thompson.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. M. Lellis.

Fourth Vice-President—Miss Mary McGrath.

Fifth Vice-President—Mrs. M. Healy.

Treasurer—Mrs. Bertram L. Monkhouse.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Theresa O'Connor.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. McGrath.

Out-of-Town Secretary—Miss Gertrude Ross.

Press Secretary—Miss Dorothy McMahon.

Historians—Mrs. A. J. Holmes and Miss Helen Monkhouse.

Councillors—Mrs. Brazil, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Riley,
and Miss Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

St. Joseph's College Alumnae Association held its first quarterly meeting on November 15th, at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, when Mrs. Paul Warde presided. Interesting and gratifying reports were read by the officers of the society, and the Alumnae Scholarship, won this year by Miss D. Greening, was presented. Mrs. Warde and her executive, together with the Sisters of St. Joseph, welcomed the members and their friends. Mrs. W. H. McGuire and Miss M. Morrow were the tea hostesses, and were ably assisted by a bevy of college girls in their caps and gowns, among whom were Miss Helen Grant, Miss Margaret Thompson, Miss Helen Monkhouse, Miss Alice Hayes, Miss Aileen Macdonell, Miss Eleanor Godfrey and Miss Margaret Hynes. A delightful musical programme was provided by Mrs. F. J. Schreiner, Miss Hermine Keller and Miss Gertrude Bergin.

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Mrs A. J. Thompson and Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse represented St. Joseph's Alumnae Association at the Third Biennial Convention of the Ontario Chapter of the I.F.C.A., held at "The Pines" Ursuline Convent, Chatham, on October 6th and 7th.

The Convention was formally opened on Thursday morning with High Mass sung by Rev. Father Dignan in the Convent Chapel. Immediately after Mass a Reception to Delegates and Visitors was held in the Convent Parlours, when the Sisters of the Community and the Ladies of their Alumnae Committee made everyone feel thoroughly welcome, and enthusiastic to make the Convention a success.

At 11.00 a.m. the business sessions were formally opened with Mrs. Mary Finan, International President of the I.F.C.A., in the chair. Monsignor, the Rt. Rev. D. O'Connor, Vicar-General of the Diocese, attended the meeting and delivered a scholarly address on "Education and Its Purpose," in the course of which the Right Reverend speaker stressed his approval of the Federation and expressed his best wishes for

the success of its commendable work. Very satisfactory reports were read by representatives of the nine associations constituting the Ontario Chapter.

At 3 p.m. a second meeting was held when Mrs. Mary Finan, International President, in her address outlined the aims of the Association, and suggested means which might be adopted for carrying them to success: The Federation undertakes to promote the cause of Catholic higher education by assisting the teaching staffs of our Catholic Colleges. This we may do by making it possible for the Sisters to pursue University courses on the Scholarship basis and by donating to their libraries and otherwise helping to equip the colleges. By our example too, we can aid and supplement the work—an Alumna who carries into the outside world the thoroughly high Catholic principle received during her student days co-operates with her own and all Catholic Colleges in teaching truth and promoting pure social culture.

Mrs. J. H. Sullivan, Chairman of the Educational Board, gave an inspiring talk which served to create enthusiasm.

Mrs. E. P. Kelly of Orillia reported to having communicated with seventeen colleges in the Dominion in regard to the formation of a National Federation as suggested by His Grace, Archbishop Neil McNeil, at a session held in Toronto some time ago. Six of the nine Provinces expressed willingness to affiliate in a National body. This membership, Mrs. Kelly said, would not in any way interfere with the membership in the original International body, rather would it strengthen it.

The President of the Pines Alumnae added to her report an encouraging announcement, namely, that the Ursuline Religious are offering annually two four-year-course scholarships to Brescia Hall, of Western University, open to any two Religious of any Order in Canada or the United States. This scholarship includes board, room, fees, etc.

The Alumnae of the Holy Name Convent, Windsor, Ont., reported having contributed sixteen hundred dollars toward the furnishing of their school auditorium.

The youngest member of the Ontario Chapter, Loretto, Niagara, had extended a formal invitation to the I.F.C.A., to

hold their next convention at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls. Mrs. Finan thought that a convention held in Canada would prove so attractive to the American Associations that a great many individual Alumnae would attend as well as the two delegated by the respective colleges, making an assemblage too vast to be accommodated and entertained by the Niagara Chapter alone, and asked if the other Ontario Chapters were willing to be a party to the extended invitation, and co-operate in making the International Convention of 1928, if held at Niagara, a success. Everyone willingly promised the co-operation of her Chapter.

Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse extended Rev. Mother Victoria's invitation to hold the next Biennial Meeting of the Ontario Chapter at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto. This invitation was accepted with thanks.

The election of officers for the new term resulted as follows: Governor, Mrs. M. E. MacDonell, Chatham; Vice-Governors, Mrs. Leo Walser, Detroit; Mrs. Harry T. Roesler, Toronto; Mrs. Teehan, Windsor; Recording Secretary, Mrs. A. J. Thompson, Toronto; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Phyllis Guittard, Windsor; Treasurer, Mrs. Austen, Hamilton; Trustees: Madame Belanger, Ottawa; Mrs. B. L. Monkhouse and Mrs. James Mallon, Toronto; Miss Florence Mullen, Niagara Falls; Mrs. E. P. Kelly, Orillia; Mrs. McHugh, Windsor; Miss Hurley, Stratford.

A hearty vote of thanks was extended to the Ursuline Religious for their generous hospitality and to the Alumnae of "The Pines" for the excellent entertainment provided to the Delegates.

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If each Delegate would explain to her Association the wonderful good the Federation is doing for Catholic Education, I am sure enthusiasm would be thoroughly felt and the good work more staunchly supported. The question would not be "What do we get" from the affiliation in the Association, but how much can we give of ourselves to further the admirable work.—Mrs. A. J. Thompson.

THE OPPORTUNITY TO THE COLLEGE GRADUATE IN CANADA.

Address by Mrs. E. P. Kelly, Past Governor Ontario Chapter,
I.F.C.A., at Third Biennial Meeting Held in Chatham,
Ontario, October 6th and 7th, 1927.

Legend has it that the name "Canada" is derived from the Indian word "Kanata" which means a "group of huts." In a short space of time the picture of a group of huts was transformed and became a chain of nine Provinces extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Canada passed from a French to a British possession and the monument at Quebec in honor of General Montcalm and Wolfe is a fitting symbol of the French and English nations combined to achieve and shape the destiny of our own great Canada.

History has given the name "Fathers of Confederation" to a group of thirty-four members who assembled at Quebec and adopted resolutions, which eventually were passed in England and formed the basis of the British North America Act, which established the Dominion of Canada, July 1st, 1867.

Since Confederation the people of Canada have been in the midst of a great venture. That venture is one of building a nation with a territory of nearly three and one-half million square miles. Within our historic records what wonderful achievements have been accomplished! And yet we are but in swaddling clothes and our inexhaustible stores of wealth can only be guessed.

What is Canada to-day? A land so vast, so rich in resources, so well ordered in its government, so intelligent in its provision of free education for all her children, but what is more particularly our concern, the education of her Catholic children. One of the needs of the hour in our nationhood is the cultivation of the faculty of foresight and avoidance of that common malady of a young nation—short-sightedness.

Statesmanship must be wise, not so much for the applause of the hour, but to command the approving judgment of posterity.

If it is true, as Cicero held, that no better gift can be made to a state than the training of its youth, then Canada may be counted the wealthiest of nations.

Little more than a century has elapsed since Canada's first university was founded in Dalhousie, Nova Scotia. To-day there are six state-controlled universities and seventeen similar institutions independent of the State. There were sixty thousand university students in the Dominion during the last academic year. Canada has approximately thirty-five hundred professors on the staff of her Universities or an average of one hundred and fifty for each institution.

As members of the Ontario Chapter, L.F.C.A., our concentrated interest is provincial. At Confederation (1867) Ontario had one hundred and sixty-one Roman Catholic Separate schools with an average daily attendance of eight thousand. In 1925 there were seven hundred and sixteen Separate schools, with an average daily attendance of ninety-five thousand. Many Sisters of the teaching communities with representatives here this evening are on the staffs of these schools.

Each year our Catholic Colleges are turning out a great number of graduates and these numbers are increasing rapidly. As one critic stated, we have reached a point in educational development, when we are doing almost everything possible to educate our Canadian youth along technical and scientific lines, but as yet, we have made no provision, for the prompt and practical utilization of that training and knowledge in Canada.

Most of the difficulties encountered by our graduates are the result of short-sightedness on the part of those in charge of public utilities. In other countries the long-sighted policy is the rule rather than the exception,—not that they are more philanthropic, but because they have learned by experience, that such apparent generosity is sound economy. In Canada

our graduates are forced to seek appointments, while in other countries the appointments seek the graduates.

As a graduate of the Maritimes suggests, "we in Nova Scotia know very little about the opportunities in Quebec, Ontario or the West, and no agency exists to present them to us."

If Provincial Alumnae organizations were completed in each of the nine Provinces and federated in one unit, a knowledge of the needs existing in each Province could readily be obtained. In this way, the great annual exodus of our University educated students to other lands could be checked.

This need has brought into existence an organization known as the "Technical Service Council," who aim to direct the graduates to appointments that will eventually benefit Canada and the up-building of the Dominion.

"The Women's University Club" in Toronto, after securing permanent headquarters, turned attention to their University Women's Clubs throughout Canada. After extensive correspondence which eventually led to the formation of a federal unit, the first meeting of this federation was held in Winnipeg in 1919. To-day this "Federation of Women's University Clubs" is one of the most flourishing existing in the Dominion.

These are but a few suggestions of opportunities stretching out hands to the members of Catholic College Alumnae in Canada, and through these opportunities devolves upon us the duty to help lay the foundation securely of what is destined to become the greatest nation the world has ever known.

In the words of Emerson, we should say:

"So nigh in grandeur to the dust,
So near is God to man—
When duty whispers low 'thou must,'
The youth replies 'I can.' "

Weddings.

St. Catharine's Church, St. Catharines, was the scene on September 14th of an interesting marriage ceremony when Miss Teresa Veronica Schenek became the bride of Mr. Felix F. Lapierre. The Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McQuillan.

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At St. Basil's Church on Thursday, September 29th, Miss Marion Margaret Gough was united in marriage with Mr. Francis J. Sullivan, barrister. The Rev. Father Sullivan, uncle of the groom, was celebrant of the Nuptial Mass.

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At Our Lady of Lourdes Church on Saturday, October 5th, Miss Helen Mary Kernahan was united in marriage with Mr. Arthur Joseph Holmes. Rev. Dr. J. B. Dollard was the officiant of the Nuptial Mass and the marriage ceremony.

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At ten o'clock Saturday, October 22nd, at St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, Miss Marjorie Krausman became the bride of Mr. Harry Donohue. Rev. Father McShane celebrated the Nuptial Mass and performed the marriage ceremony.

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A double wedding was solemnized at St. Vincent de Paul Church on Saturday morning, November 5th, when Miss Aileen Veronica O'Connor was united in marriage with Mr. Ernest J. Enright and her sister, Miss Kathleen Mary O'Connor, became the bride of Mr. Norman T. Enright, brother of Ernest Enright. The Rev. L. Minehan, parish priest, celebrated the Nuptial Mass.

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On Saturday morning, November 6th, at North Bay, Miss Corine Bourke became the bride of Mr. William Long of Brussels, Ont. The Rev. J. Kennedy, pastor of the Cathedral, conducted the Nuptial Ceremony.

We heartily felicitate these young couples and wish them long years of happiness and prosperity.

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The November meeting of the Catholic Women's League, Toronto Subdivision No. 1, held in Columbus Hall, was ex-

ceptionally enthusiastic. The President, Dr. Gertrude Lawler, presided, the chief feature being the address of the Most Rev. Neil McNeil, on the practical value of a University education. The remarks of His Grace followed congratulations to Miss Ronoma Laplante of St. Joseph's College-School, the 1927 winner of the Most Reverend Neil McNeil Scholarship of \$100, the gift of the Subdivision to St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto. Hearty congratulations, Ronoma!

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We are glad to know that Miss Lucy Coffee, our esteemed Alumna, has recovered from her late serious illness.

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Many members of our Alumnae Association took active part in bringing to a successful issue the Federation of Catholic Charities Campaign in October, 1927. Mrs. Lellis was busy during the entire Campaign assisting at Headquarters on King street; Mrs. James E. Day was Parish Captain at Our Lady of Lourdes; our President, Mrs. Paul Warde, with Mrs. Stephen McGrath, and Mrs. C. H. Weir, were in charge of a booth at the City Hall.

Among the busy workers on Poppy Day the following members were noticed: Mrs. J. D. Warde, Mrs. A. J. McDonagh, Mrs. Halford, Mrs. James E. Day and Mrs. Paul Warde.

Obituary.

The prayers of our readers are earnestly requested for the happy repose of the souls of these, our recently deceased friends: The Rev. Edward J. Devine, S.J., Rev. Brother Michael; Mrs. John Pickett; Mrs. Mary Ann Sosnosky; Mrs. T. W. Patterson; Mr. Albert Duck; Mr. J. F. Brown; Mr. Vincent J. Hughes; Mr. Michael J. Cartan; Mrs. Lawrence Cosgrave (Katie E. Forbes); Mrs. Julia Hallinan, Mrs. F. McDonagh; Mrs. Lapp, Mrs. Beck (Lou Teefy); Mrs. McGuire.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them!

COLLEGE NOTES

Among the important events of the Fall Term at St. Joseph's College is the Students' Mass at the opening of the session. On Friday, September 30th, Rev. E. J. McCorkell, President of St. Michael's College, celebrated Holy Mass for the students in the Convent Chapel and afterwards addressed those present, taking as his theme the student's loyalty to her college.

The speaker dwelt upon the spirit which should animate the Catholic educated young woman. "She should be true and loyal; as a student of St. Joseph's she should love this college and appreciate the privileges she enjoys in it and the benefits she receives from it. This is a part of her loyalty to the Church and to God.

"This loyalty to one's college supposes comparison with other colleges, but the student of a Catholic college should not compare her college with non-Catholic colleges, which are founded upon ideals and principles that are essentially different from those upon which the Catholic college is founded. Protestant education and its philosophy of life are based upon individualism, while the Catholic ideal is the subordination of the desires and demands of the individual to those of the social body of which she is a part. This subordination means discipline and imposes self-restraint, self-denial, self-control, which are tests of a true education. Fair judgement proves that young folks are no sufferers from the renunciation made of much that is attractive and delightful in these early years. Later on it is seen to give distinctness to the religious aspects of life and to certain freedom from the slavery of worldly conventions. The Catholic instinct understands and likes discipline, which preference assuredly contains something precious for the whole Catholic life.

"Catholics do not always perceive the fundamental difference and opposition between these two ideals. Thus we find Catholics attending non-Catholic colleges and adopting



ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, 49 QUEEN'S PARK

views and following principles entirely non-Catholic. It is your perception of the positive value of the principles adhered to by your college which should be the basis of your college loyalty."

The singing of the choir, composed of trained voices, was true, sweet and very devotional.

The registration of the college this year shows a decided increase over previous years, which is gratifying and encouraging to those in charge as well as interesting to the student life itself. The added numbers bring new life and zest into the college.

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Twelve o'clock—but all was not well for the Freshettes. Silently and mysteriously the Sophomores mounted the stairs to the rooms of the slumbering Freshettes, and presented to each trembling victim a list of "things forbidden." Sorrowfully they arose early in the morning and ventured out without even powder. Humbly they mounted the back stairs, and last but not least, refrained from entering tea rooms, clubs or theatres.

Brighter days came at last, however, when on the evening of October 3rd, the bans were lifted. The Freshettes presented an enjoyable entertainment, after which each in turn was judged by the Sophomore Court and underwent a searching examination. After this, in taking the Oath of Allegiance, they were formally received into the College.

Refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

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Our new and devotional little chapel was used for the first time on the feast of Saint Irene, when Rev. L. Rush, C.S.B., celebrated Holy Mass for the success of the work of the year.

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At St. Joseph's College on Friday, November 4th. St. Michael's Alumnae Association entertained the undergraduates. All participated in games and trials of skill with lively

interest. Very jubilant were those whom fortune favoured in the "Treasure Hunt." The very enjoyable evening closed with the serving of delicious refreshments.

Many thanks to the Graduates!



The Annual Retreat opened Thursday evening, November 10th, and closed Monday morning, November 14th. It was conducted by Reverend Thomas Lally, S.J., of Guelph, and the four beautiful conferences which were given each day were thoroughly appreciated by all. Father Lally has a way of gripping the attention of his hearers by his earnest manner and forceful language and we came out of Retreat strengthened in purpose and encouraged to give to each duty the best that was in us. We were greatly honoured in having Very Rev. Father Filion, S.J., Provincial, who gave our Retreat last year, offer Holy Mass for us on the closing morning, and we likewise appreciated greatly the words he addressed to us, before giving the Papal Blessing and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.



On the afternoon of November 22nd the initial meeting of St. Joseph's Literary Society was held in the College. After the election of the Secretary and the First Year Representative plans for the activities of the Society were discussed. It was decided that the society would devote its attention to Dramatics, and this decision was most enthusiastically received, Fourth Year volunteering to present the first program. Refreshments brought the meeting to a close.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

Being now a lofty sophomore, well versed in the rituals of University life, I consider it a duty to set forth before the eyes of all, the story of my introduction to college, and the self-abasement and humility which it entailed.

I arrived—an alert, eager-eyed freshie, feverishly anxious to enter on my University career, that care-free, pleasure-filled existence that I had heard so much about. When I reached the college residence I was welcomed by the higher authorities and conducted to the room which I was to share with a sister Freshie. I was highly pleased with everything and immediately with the help of my room-mate, began to unpack, dispose of my belongings, and further improve the appearance of the room with pennants, mottos and souvenirs of past glories.

I was on the point of complimenting myself on my successful entrance into the hallowed precincts of the University, when a girl with whom I was endeavouring to establish acquaintanceship asked, "Have you registered yet?" Registered! What did she mean? Seeing the puzzled look on my face, she realized that she had been conversing with the greenest of Freshies, and began an explanation. It appeared that I must go to the Registrar of the College and from him I should obtain a signed card which was more precious than gold and which I must guard carefully, for it would be continually demanded of me. It also appeared that this affair must be attended to at once. Very well, if the University was inconsiderate enough to demand this, I should obey.

I encountered a kind-hearted junior who agreed to conduct me, and together we set out to accomplish this task. In a short while I returned, bearing with me an important looking white card which made me officially a member of the University. With a sigh of relief I was preparing to devote my attention to other affairs when I heard one girl say to another, "Let's go and enroll now!" What did that mean? Did everyone enroll?

I boldly accosted a passerby and demanded an explanation. I was almost certain that an expression of derision mixed with pity appeared on her countenance, but almost immediately it disappeared. After listening to her conversation this is the conclusion I drew: Those in practically every year in each college are required to take one or two subjects at University College. The process of arranging about the time and place for these lectures was called enrollment. And must I enroll? At this point my instructress uttered a curt reply and passed on.

I was quite bewildered. By means of frantic questioning, I discovered that I must attend the lectures in Mathematics and Spanish at University College. My room-mate and I set out, and by supreme good-fortune located the main doorway of the University, and entered. Now that we were here, how did one set about enrolling? My companion and I stood there, friendless and alone, and as we watched the crowds of students pass by, all fully acquainted with their surroundings, calm and self-assured, greeting old friends and discussing their plans for the coming year, a feeling of utter despair and desolation swept over us. We managed, after wandering over the entire building, to locate the departments we were looking for, and completed our enrollment.

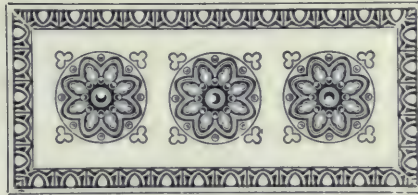
We then slowly returned, lacking all our former elation and assurance. As I weakly sank down in a chair, I thought, "Surely I have now overcome all the possible difficulties connected with entry to the University." This was not to be. From the conversation of a group nearby, these words came to me, "Exchange, Press Room, Baldwin House, Women's Union, Students' Council, Athletic Fees." What did they all mean? With a sigh I arose, approached a kindly looking soul, and abjectly but persistently began to present to her, in spite of her brief and somewhat derisive replies, a series of questions.

I shall not dwell on the harassing and strenuous weeks which followed, weeks of bewilderment, self-abasement and heartache—vain attempts to obtain books, frantic searches for missing lecture halls at nine minutes after the hour, and strenuous efforts to adapt one's self to new surroundings,

occupations and companions. Suffice it to say that we "Freshies" emerged after the first difficulties, after the fearful oppression of initiation, sadder and wiser students.

To sum up my first impressions, I consider the University a vast and well organized centre of learning, sometimes rather unsympathetic and harsh with its new members, but always wise and far-seeing. It demands loyalty, enthusiasm and co-operation, and after the first test, its students emerge strong, self-reliant, and filled with unfailing devotion to the University of their choice.

Eileen O'Brien, '31.



SCHOOL NOTES

The new school year of 1927 certainly began with all promise of a successful annal to be added with pride to the past glories of our Alma Mater. Sports as well as studies and literary work are so filling our time that it is impossible to remain idle for a moment. Financed by the profits of Field Day activities, St. Joseph's Athletic Club has been formed to enliven and increase an all-round interest in sports throughout the school. The election for the officers of this club were held towards the end of October and the following candidates were elected:

President—Miss B. O'Brien.

Vice-President—Miss Viola Lyon.

Secretary Treasurer—Miss Audrey McBride.

A popular sport this year is found in the new Badminton Court in the auditorium. At the hours permittable for use, it is always being enjoyed both by the younger girls and the older ones, and all are awaiting with interest the outcome of the tournaments to be held throughout the winter. The University girls are coaching the basket-ball team for a game against the Loretto girls, which will be an event of the season. Then best of all, the whispered rumour of a swimming pool has grown into a clamouring and glorious reality and the pupils are awaiting with expectant pleasure for that wonderful contribution to their athletic activities which will stimulate effort to its highest pitch.

Connie Bond, Form IV.

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The annual election of officers of the Holy Angel's Sodality was held on October 16th. The results of the election were as follows:

President—Ursula Montag.

Vice-President—Marguerat McKenna.

Secretary Treasurer—Mary Kellar.

Councillors—Misses Rita Dever, Emily Bogue.

At a special meeting of the Holy Angel Sodality, Sunday afternoon, October 31st, Rev. Father Kehoe, O.C.C., enrolled a number of pupils into the Sodality. On entering the chapel the pupils sang a hymn to the Guardian Angels. The old as well as the new sodalists renewed their pledges of fidelity to their holy patrons. The ceremony closed with the singing of the hymn, "Bless Me, Befriend Me."

Ursula Montag, II.B.

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On Sunday, October 17th, the members of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality assembled for the annual election of officers. The following students were elected:

President—Miss Bernice Fischer.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss Rae Boyce.

Sacristan—Miss Norma Coughlin.

Choristers—Misses Angela Prue, Marjorie Gendron.

Councillors—Misses Jane Morin, Frances Jeffery, Stella Desormeaux, Alice Baechler.

The St. Joseph's College School has a large number of new resident pupils who are not enrolled in Our Lady's Sodality. These aspirants are looking forward to the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, on which day, they hope to receive the coveted medal of the Sodality.

Rae Boyce, Form IV.

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Mission Crusade.

"The Kingdom of Christ for its King and Lord." In this motto of the St. Joseph's College Unit of the C.C.M.C. we are inspired to do as much as we can to further Christ's Kingdom on earth. We may help, not only by our material donations, but also by our prayers and good example.

So far our efforts to accomplish this end have been very successful. In the beginning of the term we sent \$25.00 to the Indian missions.

On October 21st the whole school made a spiritual offering to present to Our Lord on the Feast of His Kingship.

On November 25th we intend to hold a bazaar which we hope will be a success. The different booths have been assigned to the classes, these having been drawn by lot. A very original plan is to be followed in carrying out the bazaar. Each booth is decorated according to the custom of the land which it represents. The funds are to go to the land represented. Each form is to look after its own booth and therefore we hope everyone will work hard to make the whole a success.

With this bright beginning in our Crusade work, a brilliant year of mission activities is only too obvious and if the St. Joseph Mission Crusaders continue to work as they have begun they will certainly fulfil the part given to them as a unit in the great work of the Crusaders.

Frances Wright, Form IV.

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Once a year, when school life is still young, and every newcomer begins to feel at home, the pupils of St. Joseph's College School meet in friendly rivalry to match their skill as athletes.

Wednesday, the 28th of September, was an ideal day for sports. Exempt from study and all class work, every girl determined to make their Field Day a success. In the morning the tennis, badminton, and golf tournaments took place, while the convener's committee prepared their booths for the afternoon.

At two o'clock the races were run, and the different games: baseball, basket-ball and volley-ball were played, the various forms competing for the pennants, whose possession for the year depended on the victories won. The prizes which consisted of novelties for the races and cups for tennis, badminton, golf, pennants for baseball, basket-ball and volley-ball, were won by the following:

Basket-ball—Fourth Form.

Volley-ball—Form II.-A.

Soft-ball—Form I.-B.

Badminton Tournament—Singles, Betty O'Brien; Doubles, Betty O'Brien and Eileen O'Sullivan.

Tennis Tournament—Singles, Lillian Boyce; Doubles, Celine LaFayette and Marjorie Gendron.

Golf Tournament—Stella Desormeaux.

Croquet—Loretta Nelson.

Races—8 years and under, 50-yards dash, Betty Fleming; 12 years and under, 50-yards dash, Mary Carolan; 14 years and under, 50-yards dash, Helen Duke; 14 years and under, 100-yards dash, Helen Duke, Peggy Bailey, and Emily Bogue.

Balloon Race—Betty Burke, Margaret Jenones. Eleanor Hynes.

Three-legged Race—Joan Bennett and Muriel Platte; Jean Trumphour and Marjorie Miller.

Jockey Race—Madeline Turner, Marie Glass; Lois Healy, Clarine Hughes; Evelyn Rawlinson, Audrey Lang.

Coat Race—Anne Taylor, Geraldine O'Brien; Aurdey Lang, Evelyn Rawlinson.

Walking Race—Norah Phelan.

Sack Race—Evelyn Rawlinson.

Relay Race—Form I.-A.

Special Prize for winning the greatest number of races—Evelyn Rawlinson.

The favorable weather, the co-operation of the teachers and pupils, together with the splendid sportsmanship exhibited by all, helped to make this year's the most successful Field Day since the annual event was originated.

C. Bond, Form IV.

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"Hallow-e'en here again!" was the thought of each happy student as she entered the auditorium on the evening of October 31st, 1927. A surprise entertainment had been planned by the Intermediates consisting of an interesting little play of two acts, and later the Seniors introduced Mother

Hallow-e'en who gave the smiling girls a token of "beware." The remaining part of the evening was mostly given to dancing during which novelties and taffy-apples were distributed. Several odd prizes were given for the lucky spot dance and for pinning the eye in the pumpkin. When the evening's fun was over the sleepy girls took a last look at the prettily decorated auditorium and said their good-bye to Hallow-e'en for another year, carrying with them the memory of a delightful evening's recreation.

Margaret Ryan.

* * * * *

Canadian Literature was the subject of an address given by Miss Rorke to the Senior classes of the school on October 20th. The speaker outlined interestingly the poetic works of Duncan Campbell Scott, Douglass Drummond and Wilson MacDonald and the novels of Dillon Wallace, T. Salverson and L. M. Montgomery.

C. Bond, Form IV.

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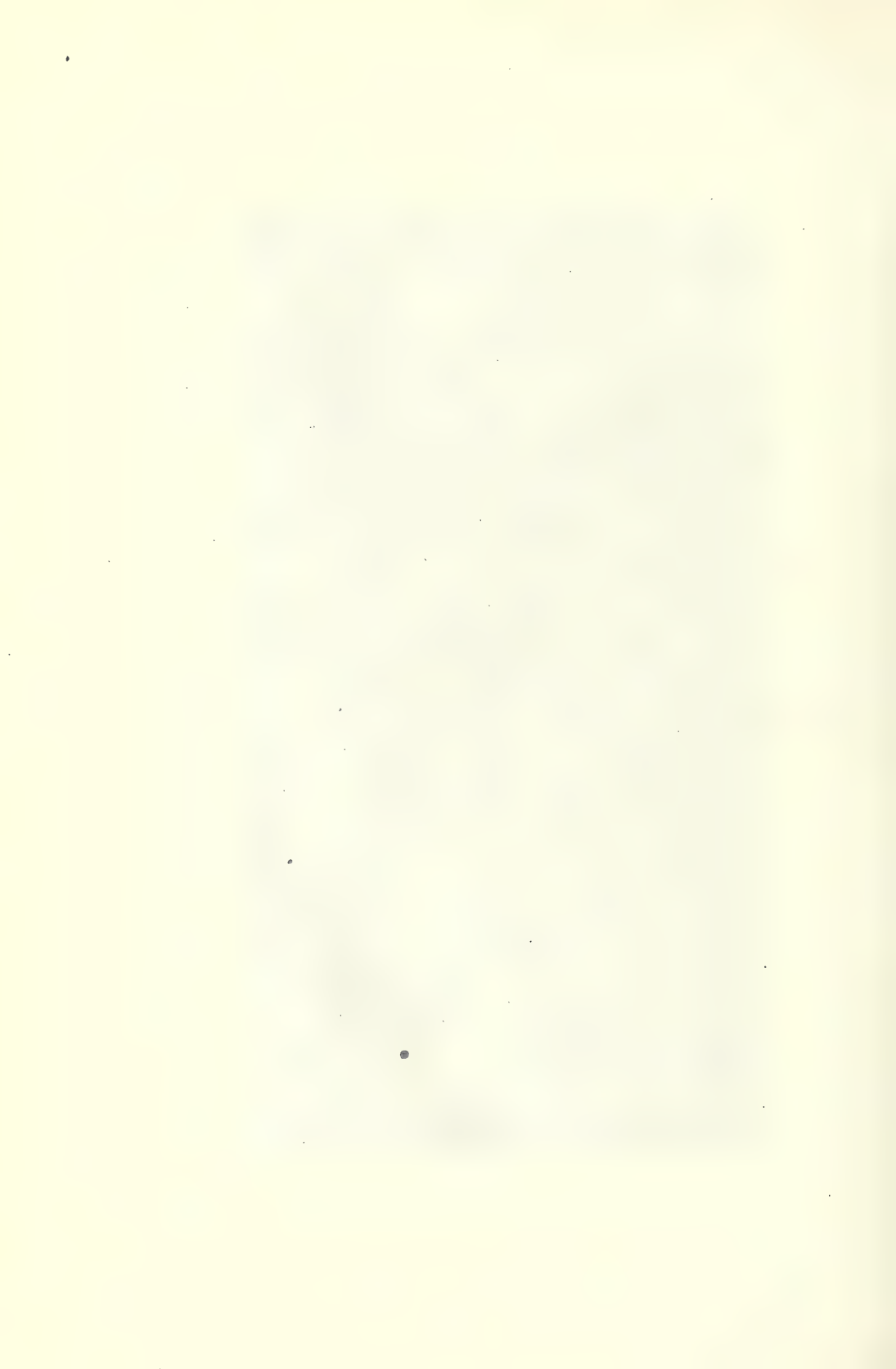
Our Senior Literary Association held its first meeting of the current year on Friday evening, October 28th. Miss Gertrude Lawler, B.A., M.A., LL.D., former pupil and graduate of St. Joseph's graciously presided and gave us of her wealth of knowledge and experience wise directions for attaining success. In the course of her interesting address Dr. Lawler said that our first and highest aim in the pursuit of knowledge should be that of becoming good and edifying Christians and well educated and refined citizens. Thus equipped each one of us in her respective sphere would be an influence for the religious and social uplift of the world. In our literary studies she advised independent work over and above the set curriculum of middle and upper school. By so doing we would encourage originality of thought and bring to light hidden and perhaps exceptional talent.

At the close of the address Miss Margaret Lyon, on behalf of the assembled students, thanked Dr. Lawler for her interesting and inspiring address. Every member of the associa-



ST. JOSEPH'S LITERARY SOCIETY

Top Row—Audrey McBride, Betty O'Brien, Mary Parsons, Constance Bond, Catherine Sheedy, Bernice Fisher. Centre—Margaret Lyon, Eleanor Godfrey, Mary Frawley.



tion, she felt assured, would try very hard, not only to follow out her wise instructions, but would as best she could, try to emulate her example by climbing the rugged heights of learning, aiming to, some day, reach the goal of near-perfection.

Officers of St. Joseph's Literary Society, 1827-1928

Honorary President—Miss Gertrude Lawler, B.A., M.A., LL.D.

President—Miss Eleanor Godfrey.

First Vice-President—Miss Mary Frawley.

Second Vice-President—Miss Margaret Lyon.

Treasurers—Form IV., Miss Betty O'Brien; Form III., Miss Catharine Sheedy.

Recording Secretary—Miss Bernice Fischer.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss Audrey McBride.

Executive Committee—Miss Mary Frawley, Miss Margaret Lyon, Miss Catharine Bond, Miss Mary Parsons.

* * * * *

Don Pasquale, by G. Donizetti, a comic opera in three acts, was presented by Signor Maestro Carboni in our auditorium, Monday evening, November 14th.

The Scene of the Opera—A room in Don Pasquale's house in Cornetto, Italy, in the 17th century.

The Plot—The story of a wealthy old bachelor who opposes the marriage of his nephew to a woman he considers beneath him.

Musical Accompaniment—Romanelli's Orchestra with Maestro Carboni at the Piano.

Cast of Characters.

NORMA (a young widow betrothed to Ernesto)—Miss Jeanne Hesson (Soprano).

DON PASQUALE (a rich old bachelor)—Mr. W. R. Curry (Bass).

ERNESTO (Don Pasquale's nephew)—Mr. Austin Deneau (Tenor).

DR. MALATESTA (Don Pasquale's friend)—Mr. Joseph McDonald (Baritone).

A NOTARY—Miss M. Parsons.

A FOOTMAN—Mr. C. F. Burgess.

We are grateful to our choral instructor, Maestro Carboni, and his assisting artists for the delightful entertainment.

Jane Swift, Form II-B.

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ST. JOSEPH'S LITERARY SOCIETY ACTIVITIES.

On Tuesday, the 15th of November, the St. Joseph's Literary Society held its third meeting. Dr. Gertrude Lawler, who inspired and helped the students to organize, was the guest of honor. Though the society consists of senior girls only, the pupils of the first and second forms were invited to the meeting, filling the spacious auditorium with an expectant and interested audience.

Miss M. Frawley, the first Vice-President, occupied the chair. The meeting was opened with prayers to the Holy Spirit. Miss Frawley then proceeded to the business of the meeting, speaking briefly on the organization of the society and the interest which it was fostering. Miss Lawler was thanked for her co-operation and presented with a bouquet of roses as a token of gratitude from the girls of the society.

A programme followed, in which Miss M. Hunt gave an interesting account of the life of St. Catherine, under whose patronage the society is being carried on. An illustrated lecture on "Architecture, Ancient and Modern," was capably given by Miss M. Lyon. A piano selection by Miss M. Palmer, and a play "Les Voyages de M. Perrichon," by the fourth form, followed by Miss D. Webster, concluded the entertainment part of the programme.

In conclusion the members of the society sang the school

hymn to St. Joseph. Tea was then served and after words of encouragement and praise from Dr. Lawler, the afternoon's proceedings were closed.

C. Bond, Form IV.

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The Little Flower Literary Society (pupils of the Senior Fourth Class), on Friday, November 25th, entertained the teaching staff and senior pupils of the school to "An Hour With Longfellow."

"Excelsior," "The Vision of the Monk Felix," "The Story of Evangeline," "Gems From Longfellow," etc., made up a choice programme of song and recitations cleverly rendered, and greatly enjoyed by everyone present.

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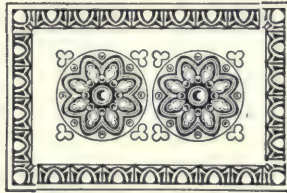
"The Kingdom of Christ for Its King and Lord." This, the motto of the St. Joseph's College school unit of the C.C.S.M.C., was nobly carried out by the energetic Crusaders of St. Joseph's at their novelty mission bazaar, which took place in the auditorium on November 29th. Both spiritually and financially the bazaar was a big success. The fine spirit of the Crusaders, and their eagerness to help, coupled with their good intentions, made of the work a wonderful spiritual offering, whereas the proceeds, \$113.00, far surpassed the expectations of all.

Each of the High School forms had its own booth—First, Second, Third and Fourth Forms representing Western Canada, China, Mexico and India respectively. The booths were decorated in ways suggestive of these countries, and the wares offered for sale there, were as correctly as possible products of the respective countries. The First Forms united to work (jointly) for Western Canada, and the Second Forms bent all their energy to aid between them, China and Japan. Western Canada. First Form's booth, realized the largest amount.

Amongst the novelties of the day was a large Lucky Pot, full of dainty surprises and also a miniature Bay of Bengal filled with swarms of interesting "fish" for the children.

But perhaps the most interesting feature of all was the Fortune Telling; Madame X. occupied an important corner of the Indian booth and attracted many curious customers. Though a poster claimed her to be a native of India, a professional reader of the future, rumor had it that the disguised fortune-teller was none other than Miss E. Godfrey, a Fourth Former, which indeed was a fact.

The proceeds of the bazaar are, of course, to be sent to the missions. Each form is sending its profits to a missionary centre in the country which it represented at the bazaar. Thus the novel idea is being carried out even to the distribution of the money, and it is to be sent off as quickly as possible, so as to help the missionaries in their zealous work and to enable them to prepare more souls for their offering to God on Christmas Day.



**DR. HENRY A. LAPPIN LECTURES AT ST. JOSEPH'S
CONVENT UPON ENGLISH AND IRISH
POETS OF TODAY.**

On the afternoon of November 24th an interesting and very comprehensive lecture was given by Mr. Henry Lappin, B.A., Litt.D., of Buffalo, N.Y., to the students, the staff and friends of St. Joseph's in the school auditorium. The speaker being first introduced by the President of St. Michael's College, Rev. E. J. McCorkell, announced at once that his talk would be one of compression and that he would try to include much in little, and went on to say that when we consider the progress of English poetry we find three epochs, which stand out distinctively, namely: (1) The Elizabethan period which is first and greatest because of Shakespeare. (2) The Romantic Revival or the renaissance of wonder which began to dawn after the aridities of the 18th century and which can boast such a galaxy of stars as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley and Keats. (3) The Victoria period claiming Tennyson, Arnold, Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne.

The post-Victorian years can show no such outstanding figures as those already named: we have no Tennyson nor Browning today. Since 1895 Sir Thomas Hardy, a marvel of facility in this art, has almost yearly published a volume of poems but he does not lend himself well to quotation and his chief excellence is as a novelist. One must go to *Paradise Lost* to parallel Hardy's "Dynasts."

Robert Bridges, our present laureate, is a man learned in the science of his art, which is evidenced by his "Prosody of Milton." He has brought the subtlety of his skill to capture a lyrical quality before unknown and has used the subtlety of his art to colour the English sky.

The satire element in Chesterton and Belloc was touched upon with illustration quoted from their work and then the speaker came to Walter de la Mare inimitable, indefinable, blending the wildness of E. Bronte and Edgar Allan Poe in the rare new quality of his verse. One can but fumble in an attempt to describe Walter de la Mare's work, which

was only an aside from his occupation as a clerk in the Anglo-American Oil Company's Office, London, England, where we well might say with Matthew Arnold, "Not here are founts meet for thee." His poetry is of the quality of "moonshine" all compact and his pages are saturated with the "Silver" of his little poem so entitled. It suggests the moonlight of the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." It requires the clear vision of the innocent child to see its beauty. The quoted poem "Winter" gave some idea of the effect of snow and ice as concomitants of the season and also the timelessness of his poetry which appeals to us as it might have done to Horace.

The next in order of the modern poets dealt with was W. H. Davis, the tramp poet, as he is unfortunately labelled. A brief sketch of his wandering, hap-hazard life and of the accident which deprived him of a limb near St. Thomas, Canada, was here inserted. The interest taken in this unhappy man by George Bernard Shaw enabled him to publish a cheap edition of his poems dealing with the things which have happened to him. An example of what Davies regards as important was cited in the little poem "Falling Rain, Rich Rain" which should be overheard rather than heard to be fully appreciated and another Wordsworthian sample was "A Great Time" and "A Butterfly."

Rather a full appreciation was given the Irish poets of modern times. The emergence from rhetoric and stereotyped form had resulted in livelier imagination and a truer beauty and more varied themes. W. B. Yeates has done much to establish a new order and others encouraged by his example have attempted to explore the only national consciousness, which is a spiritual consciousness. Among these may be numbered Katherine Tynan, W. Lettes, "A. E." (Russel) and Padriac Colum. Yeates by reason of his solitude for his art is the greatest poet of Ireland today. Anent true art as illustrated in the work of the moderns Professor Lappin quoted examples to show the vacuity of older poetry by Richard Dalton Williams and Gavin Duffy and others, whose efforts were more of the nature of fiery editorial articles upon politic-

al topics. A contrast was made between Eliza Cook's "The Old Arm Chair" and Cowper's "Lines on Receiving My Mother's Picture." Padriac Colum was taken to represent the new interest in the Irish farmlands. He saw the flotsam and jetsam of humanity passing by and his work resembles George Bellows' or Hogarth's etchings in colour.

The lecturer showed a true appreciation of the finest things in modern poetry and very gracefully and feelingly quoted most apt illustrations of the points he wished to make for the information of his young audience whose attention is not easily held at a late hour in the afternoon when they are usually free.

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ST. CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA.

This saint, whose feast is celebrated on the 25th of November, when only eighteen years old presented herself to the Emperor Maximinus who was violently persecuting the Christians, upbraided him for his cruelty and endeavoured to prove how iniquitous was the worship of false gods. Astounded at the girl's audacity, but incompetent to vie with her in point of learning, the tyrant detained her in his palace and summoned numerous scholars whom he commanded to use all their skill in specious reasoning that thereby Catherine might be led to apostatize. But she emerged from the debate victorious. Several of her adversaries, conquered by her eloquence, declared themselves Christians and were at once put to death. Furious at being baffled, Maximinus had Catherine scourged and then imprisoned. Meanwhile the empress, eager to see so extraordinary a young woman, went with Porphyry, the head of the troops, to visit her in her dungeon, when they in turn yielded to Catherine's exhortations, believed, were baptized, and immediately won the martyr's crown. Soon afterwards the saint, who far from forsaking her faith, effected so many conversions, was condemned to die at the wheel, but, at her touch, this instrument of torture was miraculously destroyed. The emperor, enraged beyond control, then had her beheaded and angels carried her body to Mount Sinai where later a church and monastery were built in her honor.

Ranked with St. Margaret and St. Barbara as one of the fourteen most helpful saints in heaven, she was unceasingly praised by preachers and sung by poets. It is a well known fact that Bossuet dedicated to her one of his most beautiful panegyrics and that Adam of Sainte-Victor wrote a magnificent poem in her honor: "*Vox sonora nostri chori*," etc. In many places her feast was celebrated with the utmost solemnity, servile work being suppressed and the devotions being attended by great numbers of people. In several dioceses of France it was observed as a Holy Day of obligation up to the beginning of the 17th century, the splendor of its ceremonial eclipsing that of the feasts of some of the Apostles. Numberless chapels were placed under her patronage and her statue was found in nearly all churches, representing her according to medieval iconography with a wheel, her instrument of torture. Whilst, owing to several circumstances in his life, St. Nicholas of Myra was considered the patron of young bachelors and students, St. Catherine became the patroness of young maidens and female students. Looked upon as the holiest and most illustrious of the virgins of Christ, it was but natural that she, of all others, should be worthy to watch over the virgins of the cloister and the young women of the world.

The spiked wheel having become emblematic of the saint, wheelwrights and mechanics placed themselves under her patronage. Finally, as according to tradition, she not only remained a virgin by governing her passions and conquered her executioners by wearying their patience, but triumphed in science by closing the mouths of sophists, her intercession was implored by theologians, apologists, pulpit orators, and philosophers. Before studying, writing, or preaching, they besought her to illumine their minds, guide their pens, and impart eloquence to their words. This devotion to St. Catherine which assumed such vast proportions in Europe after the Crusades, received additional éclat in France in the beginning of the 15th century, when it was rumoured that she had appeared to Joan of Arc and, together with St. Margaret, had been divinely appointed Joan's adviser.

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISSI

From the French of Fr. Ludger, O.F.M.

Translated by Angela Peru, Form IV.

St. Francis loved the Child Jesus dearly. Had he been one of the shepherds of Bethlehem that first Christmas night, he would have come and seen, and adored the Child in His bed of hay. Since that was not possible he resolved to reproduce, at least, the scene of the Nativity as well as Providence would permit. Instead of the grotto of Bethlehem he chooses one in the mountains of Greccio, with an ass and an ox of Umbria in place of those of Judea. And as Jesus could not be reborn of the Virgin Mary, he was born in the hands of the priest during midnight Mass. The project, approved by the Pope was executed December 25th, 1223, and the good God made it succeed beyond Francis' hopes.

Around Greccio the shepherds spend the night guarding their flocks. Suddenly an angel appeared to them and said: "I come to announce great news to you. Go to Greccio, you will find, on the western side of the mountain, the servant of God, Francis. He is expecting you, you and all the peasants of the country to celebrate in your company, the birth of the Infant Jesus. There is there a grotto as in Bethlehem formerly, and the holy Sacrifice will be celebrated there at midnight." Then a multitude of celestial spirits joined the messenger and sang this canticle: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." At the same time a great and harmonious Christmas melody was sung by the angels, and this mysterious music borrowing from the mountains of the country a penetrating resonance, awakened all Southern Umbria. At once the shepherds left their flocks and came to learn the meaning of this nocturnal concert and celestial message. Then all left their cottages and hastily

came to Francis, with torches and lights, listening along the road to the great Christmas carol which the angels played for them. The night, already well advanced was clear and joyful, and all the stars of the heaven joined in the rejoicing. Francis and the brothers of the neighboring convents arrived at the mountain in the early evening, and placed in sight of all the people a crib, filled with hay which the ass and the ox ate and beside this was an altar covered with white cloths.

At midnight the angel concert ceases, and High Mass begins in the presence of a great multitude, the most devotional Mass that has ever been witnessed. Francis had invited the holy Brother Antony of Lisbon to celebrate because of his tender devotion to the Child Jesus. He himself was deacon and confided the office of subdeacon to that good little servant of God, Brother Leo. Francis sang the account of the Nativity in the Gospel, then he began to preach; "My brothers," he said, "consider the great favor the good God has given you this Christmas night. Like the shepherds of Bethlehem you have been invited by the angels to come and celebrate the birth of our Lord Jesus. Like them you have come in all haste to see the poor dwelling in which He has chosen to be born. Well, look at this grotto with the crib and the ox and the ass—it is like that of Bethlehem. The poor little Jesus was cold, His bed was hard, the breath of the ass and the ox was disagreeable, and gave very little warmth. But He loved us so much that it was a pleasure for Him to suffer all that for us. Without doubt He is not in this grotto but presently He will be there under the Eucharistic veils in the hands of the priest. Like the shepherds of Bethlehem you will adore Him, you will tell Him that you love Him and you will thank Him with all your soul for the love that He has shown this Christmas night in Bethlehem in the poor, cold grotto." Francis could not continue. Emotion overcame him completely. The peasants themselves wept. The remembrance of the Infant Jesus invoked by the little sermon and all the circumstances of this solemn night had

touched their hearts. Therefore, they were more eager for the moment of consecration when the Infant Jesus of Bethlehem was to be really present in the grotto in the hands of the priest as Francis had said. But the good God had reserved for this solemn moment a sublime surprise. At the moment when Brother Antony pronounced the words of consecration a great star of the heavens became very brilliant and sent a bright beam of light into the grotto. Every one could see the Infant Jesus lying in the crib and near Him Mary the Virgin Mother, and His well-beloved foster father, St. Joseph. Then the concert of the angels began in the air sweet and harmonious.

An angel approached Francis. He had prostrated himself before the crib after having laid aside the vestments. "Francis," he said, "rise and take the violin. The Infant Jesus wishes you to play Him a carol." Francis rose and he accepted the violin. The bow glided over the vibrating cords and the soul of the artist-saint passed completely into an inspired melody. The carol lasted ten minutes and gave great joy to the Infant Jesus. Francis experienced a profound joy "My well beloved little Master," he said, "how grateful I am to You for listening to my carol. But since you have with You your Mother and St. Joseph will you not permit me to play to them also? The little Jesus smiled and Francis saw that he had permission. Turning toward Mary and next toward St. Joseph he played the carols, but always with the same passion, the same harmony, the same love. He then handed the violin to the angel. "Well beloved brother," the angel said to him, "The Infant Jesus wishes before going back to heaven that your brothers and the good peasants should play Him a last carol while you hold Him in your arms before them. At this news Francis could not speak but the Infant Jesus looked at him so tenderly and lovingly and held out His little arms so trustingly that Francis could not resist, and approached the crib. And the Virgin put the Infant Jesus in his arms. Meanwhile invisible hands had distributed among the brothers and the peasants of Umbria

lyres, harps, violins and all sorts of musical instruments according to the talent of each. They whispered rapidly to one another of the melody, and were ready when Francis ascended the mountain bearing the Infant God. Then they raised their instruments and their souls were animated still more in a grand, harmonious carol: the final prayer of the Umbrians to the little Jesus. The simple, joyous, enthusiastic melody rose to Him as an act of adoration, of love and gratitude so pleasing to His Divine Heart. To reward them, when the carol was finished the Infant Jesus raised His hand in benediction. Francis approached the Mother of the Infant as the angels received back the musical instruments. Meanwhile the star which had shone into the grotto became like the others. Jesus, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph had disappeared. Only the angels were left singing and the music became fainter as it ascended into heaven. The festival was over. However, in Francis' heart there rested a great peace, because that night Jesus had been glorified, sung to, and loved.

TASSO'S DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN

The great Italian poet, Tasso, was, like Dante, profoundly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and sang her praises in some of the most beautiful verses ever written. It happened that he was once journeying from Mantua to Rome, and although weary and without money, he having made a vow to our Lady of Loretto, turned out of his way to her shrine. He might have fared badly if it had not been for a friend—one of the princes of the Gonzaga—who happened to be visiting Loretto at the same time, and who ministered to the poet's simple wants, and enabled him to fulfil all the duties of his pilgrimage. That done, and body and soul refreshed, Tasso wrote an immortal canticle in honor of Our Lady, and then proceeded on his way to Rome.

When the poet was about to die, he called young Rubens, son of the great painter, to his bedside.

"I once gave your father a little silver statue of the Blessed Virgin," he said with much difficulty.

"And I have it with me now," exclaimed Rubens.

A look of happiness came into the face of the dying man and he held out his hand into which the young man reverently placed the precious little statue.

"Take it back when I am dead," whispered Tasso. And then, clasping the sacred image tightly in the hands which were fast growing cold, he prayed fervently until the end came. Young Rubens was profoundly affected by the scene, and while the body of his father's friend was being borne to its last resting place, he, instead of occupying an honorable position in the procession of mourners which followed it, was prostrate before an altar of the Blessed Virgin in a quiet corner of St. Peter's in Rome, holding the little silver statue and praying for the soul of Tasso.

ARCHITECTURE

Historians, of the earliest times tell us that the human race, in its infancy, realized the necessity of building for itself some form of protection from the elements, as well as, from their enemies. The cave dwellers learned that by hewing away the rock, they could enlarge their caves and fortify their entrances. Excavations of very ancient cities have revealed to us the wonderful progress made in architecture. The quarrying and transporting of huge stones, modern engineers look upon as a stupendous task, and they are often at a loss to explain how these great feats were accomplished in ancient times.

As the culture of the human race progressed the science of architecture was developed, and embellished according to the imaginations and tastes of the people. We have seen, in early forms of decoration, composites of human and animal figures such as, lions or bulls, with men's heads and wings of a bird, or a horse with a man's body in the place of its head. This is explained in the history of the early Egyptians, who lived in the Nile Valley, and had never seen a horse. They were suddenly raided by a desert tribe, accomplished horsemen, who fought on horseback. The Egyptians thought the man and the horse were but one animal, thus illustrations of this conception, years later, carved on stone or otherwise depicted, showed this composite figure. On the walls of the Ishta gateway, in Babylon, have been discovered, animal forms, modelled and richly colored on the baked bricks which form the wall. The carving, and rich coloring of these older styles of architecture, add to their charm; but the close grouping of their columns, their flat roof lines and the predominance of straight lines add a depressing solemnity.

The Greeks appear to have gone into more practical building and more realistic decoration. Their roof lines were symmetrical and their columns useful. The Doric column, sug-

gested by the trunks of trees, had no base, having started at the ground and finishing at the lintel with a small capital. The Doric column had a base of larger stone which prevented its sinking into the ground, and a large capital stone, ornamented with a scroll. The Corinthian was very like the Doric except that it was more elaborately decorated. The decorations following the natural lines of the human form and those of leaves and flowers. These three orders of Grecian architecture have been allegorically referred to as Wisdom, Strength and Beauty. Of the many debts architects, of the last two thousand years, owe to their fellows of ancient Hellas, none compare with their indebtedness for the sense of proportion, left to them by the Greeks. The Parthenon at Athens is a wonderful example of a building whose parts bear a pleasing relation one to the other and to the whole.

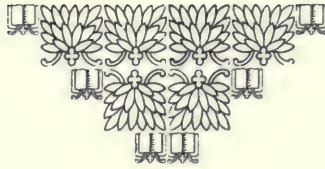
The development of Roman architecture followed very closely on the lines of the Greeks, but the Romans substituted the circular arch for the straighter lines of their predecessors. These people, as their wealth accumulated, gratified their taste for decoration and embellishment, so in the Romanesque we have a style of architecture which is very highly decorative.

The Gothic is generally considered the most artistic of all types of architecture, and there are many examples of this style, built from the tenth to the fourteenth century, standing today. The columns are of a quatrefoil type and also in greater numbers. Their bases vary in design and their capitals are richly carved. In the Gothic were introduced openings in the walls to permit the light to enter the building; these windows were divided by stone mullion and a circular pointed arch. Round or rose windows were beautifully designed, the stonework forming a pattern suggesting some emblem to illustrate the teachings of the Christian Faith. Stone mullions radiating from a circular centre, like the spokes of a wheel, suggested the emblem of the martyrdom of Saint Catherine of Alexandria and this window is referred to as, "St. Catherine's Wheel." With the Renaissance came

a revival of the classical styles and Gothic was to a great extent supplanted.

Modern architects are making serious efforts and with considerable success, to return to the high artistic standards, and to retain the beauty of some of the most celebrated. Although in large cities, to economize, it is necessary to build high in the air, the same general lines of the ancients are in some measure being retained.

—Margaret Lyon, Form IV.



Old Songs

Over and over again,
In every time and tongue,
In every style and strain,
Have the world's old songs been sung;
Since the sigh from the soul was stirred,
Since the heart of a man was broken,
Have the notes of despair been heard,
And the rhythm of pain been spoken.

The song that you sing today,
Sweet on the printed pages,
Was sung in the far away,
In the youth of the worn-out ages;
The charm of your love-born tune,
The gems that your lines uncover
Were set in some savage rune
By the heart of some pagan lover.

The fancies that fill your rhymes,
The visions that haunt your lays
Are the spectres of olden times
And the ghosts of forgotten days;
Ye players on notes of woe,
Ye dreamers of love and sorrow,
They sang in the years ago
The songs you will sing tomorrow.

But what if the rhymes are new,
And what if the thoughts are old,
If the touch of the chord be true
And the flight of the singer bold!
Let them come to us still again,
Tomorrow and yet hereafter,
Fresh as a morning's rain,
Old as the sob and the laughter.

—Selected.

HILDEBRAND OF THE CROSS

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH.

THE pedestrian, entering the Black Forest from Baden-Baden, will probably do so by the valley of the Murg, and Forbach will be the first village of the forest he will come to, and then will come Gernsbach, where, perhaps he will sleep. Between Forbach and Gernsbach he will be shown the road leading up to Lankenbach, or rather to the three places of that name, Hinter Langenbach, Vor Langenbach and Mittel Langenbach. None of the three seem of much consequence; all the same the Counts of Langenbach were potent lords long ago, and even in Maria Theresa's time they were turbulent enough to give the great Empress some trouble now and then.

On the other hand the great Abbots of Allerheiligen were trusty and alert vassals to be relied upon as watchful supporters of the feudal interests of the Empress who was their immediate overlord.

In the Middle Ages the family of Zahringen was very powerful, though now almost faded out of remembrance, their name chiefly noted by the traveller as giving title to the principal hotel, the Zahringen Hof, in the City of Freiburg in the Breisgan, once the centre of their sway.

About the time of Maria Theresa's marriage there were rumours of opposition to her from these Zahringens of the Breisgan and it was said that the Counts of Langenbach were disposed to abet them.

Now Count Frederick von Langenbach was a young monk in the Abbey of Allesheiligan.

On a certain Friday morning in the autumn of the year of the Empress' marriage, the Lord Abbot of Allerheiligan sat in his abbatial parlor, and in his presence stood Dom Hildebrand.

"My son," said the Abbot, not harshly, "I have seen for some time that things were not well with you."

"What things?" asked the young monk, sharply.

"You seemed less contented with your life here."

"I *am* less contented, my lord."

The Abbot sighed, but the kindness of his face did not harden. If he were grieved he displayed no anger, though the tone of speech adopted by his young subject was by no means over-respectful. Dom Hildebrand indeed spoke with irritable petulance.

"Shall I tell you, my dear son, why you are less contented?" asked the Abbot.

"Perhaps, as I must know better why I am no longer contented," the youth retorted, "*I* had better tell *you*."

The Abbot was not sure that he did not know better; nevertheless he let the fractious youth have his way.

"My lord," said Hildebrand, "I was a boy when I came here."

"Yes, a very generous-hearted boy whom I loved."

"But I am no longer a boy," the youth hurriedly continued, "and what satisfied a boy does not satisfy a man."

"Often it happens," the abbot suggested, "that a generous boy has more courage than the man retains."

"Courage!" cried Hildebrand, "none of my name lack courage at any age; but in manhood it develops and strengthens. It is because I have now a man's courage that I am ill-content to wear the cowl instead of the helmet."

"Yes," mused the Abbott, "the helmet is of hard steel and the cowl but of wool."

"But the wearer of the helmet has to face dangerous foes, while the monk—"

"Has to face more dangerous," pleaded the Abbot.

"My lord Abbot, you juggle with words," cried the lad. "You know well that I speak of foes who may deal wounds and death itself."

"I also, my son; and such a death as may know no resurrection."

Hildebrand made a gesture and a sound of impatience.

"I want," he called out, "to be a soldier; to wear a man's

arms and walk the road of honour like a man and a noble of my house. I came here a boy, forgetting that I should outgrow boyhood. I *have* outgrown it. I cannot drone psalms for another three score years. I choke in the trivial monotony of this unvarying round—”

“Our life is monotonous. It calls for a stouter courage to lead it faithfully than is required for the performance of one hard or dangerous act. And to that courage generosity must be added. You seemed to have the generosity and the courage. You would not listen to all we told you of the hardness of our life, nor doubt your steadfastness to carry its burden loyally. You chafed even against the delays imposed by the wise caution of the holy rule, and wanted to bind yourself without a novice’s delay, and sharply you chid me because I would not dispense those delays and trials. You talk of greater courage—meaning less— meaning that the courage you had is faded and worn out. You talk of a man’s arms, and of wishing to be a soldier; you are a soldier, self-enlisted in a King’s army, and you want to desert and fling your arms away. You say you want to walk a man’s road of honour, beginning by the dishonour of broken pledge and foresworn vow. How dare you guarantee your fidelity to one sovereign when you have so soon tired of the standards of a greater? You say you want to walk a man’s road like a noble. Was the Hildebrand whose name you took, as if pledging yourself to valour, not a man? He stood against all the might and power of the world’s sovereign—was he defeated or dismayed? Was ever man more manly, or more valiant than that Benedictine? Is any tale nobler than his? Hard he was and redoubtable, but was he ever called weak or womanish, or lacking in indomitable courage and force, and fighting strength? Do not misuse the names of things, or pretend that desertion is honour, and flight bravery.”

The petulant youth was silenced out of his own mouth, but obstinacy is never conquered by sense, and his anger made sorer by the irritation of conscious weakness, was only deepened to more mulish revolt.

Having put his hand to the plough he had resolved to look

back, and every backward glance became charged with more wistful hankerings. Having yielded to the weakness of flying from his deliberately accepted burden, he could find no relief except in calling his poltroonry and infidelity, strength and manliness.

That very night he resolved on absolute flight, and when his brethren laid themselves down to rest, he stole away *et nox erat*, as was written of that other, who fled from Christ's comradeship to be His betrayer.

Exiit Judas et nox erat. From his seat at the very side of the Light of Life the Iscariot, who had as truly as Peter, once given up all for Christ, "went out and it was night," went forth into a horror of darkness that should, forever, have no dawn.

Count Leopold von Langenbach, who had been the monk Hildebrand, stole away from the Abbey stealthily like a traitor from the leader he deserts; there was no sound but the noise of the waterfalls and the ghastly rustle of the pine branches, but the noises of the chill night were sufficient to cover the sounds of a closing door, of hurrying footsteps, and at last of horse-hoofs under a fleeing rider.

The recreant had a rendezvous; over in the Murg valley he was to meet certain troopers, conscripts of a rebel force, and the way was rough and long. First it led up from the deep, closed valley to whose side the Abbey clung, up onto the flattened open hill where the watery moonlight showed black heather and white slag. At noon there would be thence a wide view over many valleys, like billows in the ocean-forest. Now the enormous landscape was but hinted, each valley folded close, a mere item in the secret blackness of the deep wood-choked hill country, a dark gulf parting hill from hill.

Then down again sank the path, from the open upland down, ever lower, into the first valley, and so into the next, till the Murgthal itself was reached.

Here there was the noise of water again, the monotonous, ceaseless swish and clatter of an invisible, always present, river stumbling over a stony bed, and tripping into hidden paths,

black under the brooding pine arches. At last the lonely rider came to the place where the parish of Klosterdorff meets that of Liebfrauenlieb, where was his rendezvous.

He was glad to know that now he would hear real human voices, and feel warm human breath upon his cheeks, for the night voices of the last solitary hours had become a torment. Sometimes he had heard ghastly sighings among the pine corridors; and sometimes a spray had rudely slapped his cheek as he brushed past. Many moanings had he heard flung after him from the four winds in succession, and once he had been pursued by cruel laughter—a night bird's, though he could not name it.

At the boundary of the two parishes stood the enormous Calvary given twenty years before by the farmers and peasants of Klosterdorff in fulfilment of a vow in time of murrain and pestilence. The ground about it was partly cleared, and in the moonlight he could see the horses of the men whom he was to meet.

They had fallen, as they do who have long been waiting in a lonely night, into silence; this fretted him. He wished they had been chatting and laughing—even singing perhaps.

"You are as stealthy and noiseless," he complained, riding up, "as if you were an ambush. Haven't you so much as a '*Guten nacht*' to give a comrade?"

"It's nearer morning than night," one of the men grumbled. "I think there would be more sense in it if we *were* an ambush."

Presently there will pass here certain riders overladen with a rich burden; passing down from your kinsman of Langenbach to the Baron of Stolzfels; it seems to me that it were easy to lighten them of their load, which would make us none the less welcome when we take a recruit to the Lord of Zahringen."

"His recruit," said Count Leopold angrily, "does not enlist for service as a footpad or highwayman."

Leopold was not the first who, falling into one temptation, finds it leads him into degradation he had never dreamt of.

"A recruit," was the sharp retort, "enlists to obey orders and engages in such service as he may be put to. And look you,

brother, a raw monk is no such treasure of a recruit but that he needs gilding before presenting him to the noble captain. Hush, there come the riders with their treasure bags. You, brother, need hardly hide; if they spy your habit in the moonshine it will but reassure them, having a peaceful promise. But we men at arms must draw out of sight."

Leopold saw his new friends draw their horses back into the black shadows of the pines, while he himself was left in full view in the moonlight, hard by the great Calvary.

"Look you," whispered the leader of the men at arms, as he passed Leopold, "little is asked of you. You need do naught; but if you falter or show sign of treachery I myself will put a bullet through your head before you have said three words—and those three your last."

The bridal path kept close to the river's edge, and presently three or four men on horseback appeared upon it; they looked like serving men, and talked together in somewhat timid tones.

"Nay," Leopold heard one say, "it is but a monk. The troopers Hans thought he saw came into his head out of his timid fancy. Keep all together and have ready your pieces. Four stout armed fellows need scarce tremble at a monk."

But even as he spoke the leader of the troopers, with a low word to his comrades, pushed roughly forward out of the shadow, and all of them closed in around the serving man, whom they ordered to yield up the money they carried.

The serving man, however, who had spoken before, shortly called on the others to do their duty, and seemed by no means inclined to yield without a struggle. The leader of the troopers fired, and the honest serving man was wounded in one arm. His horse was more frightened than himself, and swerved away close to the water's edge. The trooper closed in on him and seized his bridle, trying to back the horse nearer the brink of the steep, stony bank. But the man attacked, in his turn, seized the trooper's bridle and was pushing him, in turn, so that both riders were struggling on the river bank.

Drawing his short cutlass, the trooper was about to slash at the hand that held his bridle, when he and all the group were

startled and astonished by a most unlooked for, though hardly warlike noise. The cock, which perched on one of the transverse beams of the great cross, represented there St. Peter's denial, began crowing violently and flapping his wings. Then, flying down, he perched on the trooper's shoulder and continued shrilly crowing in the man's ear. Utterly confused, the man no longer kept heedful watch on his opponent, and the serving man, equally astonished, but encouraged by such unlooked for aid, wrenched at the trooper's bridle, and the startled horse, not less taken aback than his master, at the crowing and flapping behind his ears, swerved and stumbled, and presently fell over the steep bank into the river.

Seeing their leader's discomfiture, the other troopers were discouraged, while the serving men were equally heartened by their leader's success.

"Fritz," declared one of them, "there's something above nature here. I'll pit myself against no saints and miracles. Hans there will have enough to do to avoid drowning. That pool looks deep. I'll be off. I never enlisted to fight St. Peter."

"Nor I."

The other three troopers seemed of the same mind, and without further discussion rode away up the valley.

As for the serving men, marvellously relieved at their strange delivery, they presently made off too, though in the opposite direction down the valley whence they had come.

At last Leopold alone remained, and he was too much dazed to know clearly what he should do. He still bestrode his horse, and above him stretched the gaunt arms of the great cross.

Was it all true, or had the whole episode been a bizarre vision or dream? The grass around was indeed trampled, but there was no other reminder of the fray and its queer ending.

Perched aloft upon the beam of the cross the cock occupied his usual place as he had for over twenty years. His head indeed raised, his neck craned upward; his mouth open, but not a sound coming from it, not a rustle audible from his wings.

The moonlight, pale and wan, fell on the body hanging to the cross, and Leopold all unwillingly, must look at it. It was

immediately over him, and presently its very shadow fell across his own body.

He was no longer thinking of the present scene and his present position. He was thinking of the day whereon he had gone to the Abbey, and then of the later day of his profession, when he had ceased to be Leopold and had become as he thought for life, Dom Hildebrand; of the Abbot's blessing, and of his fellow monks' congratulations and encouragements, of all his own eager generosity of purpose and renunciation.

It was very cold in the damp forest under that wan moonshine, and the youth shivered as the shuddering breeze crept by him. Presently an acrid tear smarted his eye, and slowly crept down his cheek.

But presently a thought, sweeter than any of himself could be, flooded his heart. Every symbol there above him spoke of love immortal, indestructible.

That instant something, not a tear, fell upon his face, and it was dark, almost black in that light of the unrisen dawn. Was it blood? And whose? Not his own, he knew anyway. From no wound delt by sword-thrust did it come; yet from a wound *he* had dealt, that he knew.

"Had He not wounds enough?" the lad cried silently, "that I should add to them. And those older wounds, were they not dealt by those who knew less than I?"

But he knew that all those wounds had not changed the Patient Love of the Wounded to hatred. Could his? No, the Divine Perfection was not subject to any man's assault, nor could it be slain by man's attack.

"I will arise and return to my Father," the lad resolved. "All I can do is to undo, as far as may be, what I have done, and not pause a day about it." Nor did he; he immediately went home to his confession and his penance. The penance lasted all his life, and Hildebrand of the Cross and Passion became of all the monks of Allerheiligen the humblest and most

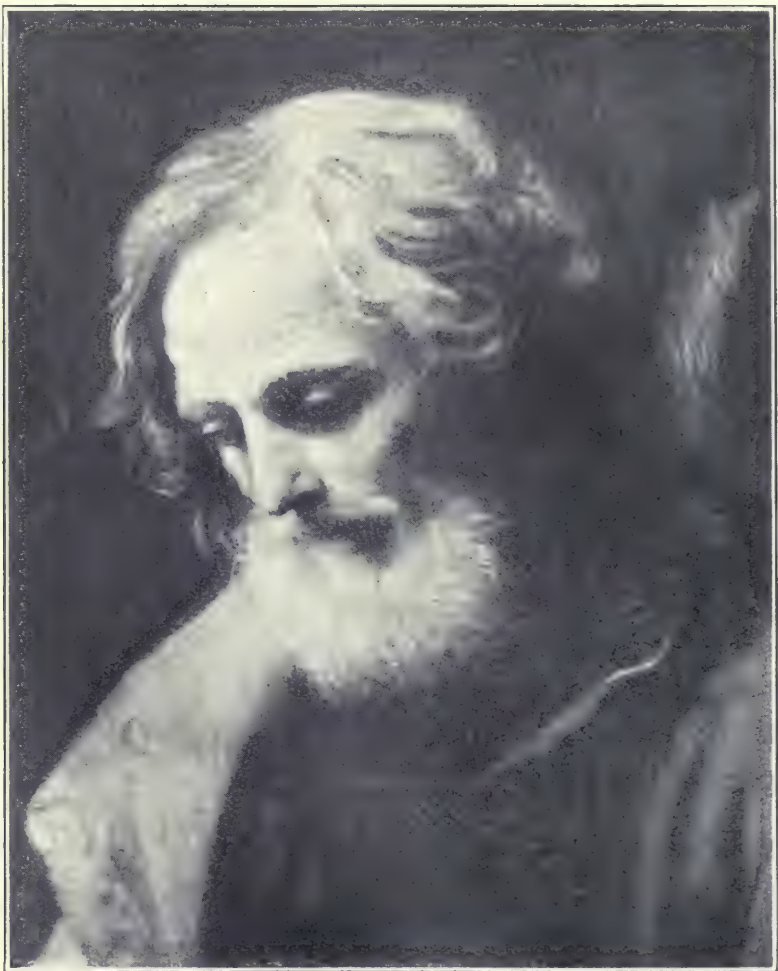
loving to the ineffable Passion. Among many dead souls, sodden with indifference, he set alight a flaming ardor of burning love to the Crucified. So once again the King's standard of the Cross saw another victory, as often it does where the enemy had counted on its special shame and defeat.

Every Day New Year's Day

The heroes of an age are always few
And fewer still the saints; yet life goes by
For some of us, in waiting for a high
And ever-memorable deed to do.
Not thus shall dreams of noble acts come true;
Each day has its own duties, and they lie
Here on our lowly earth—not in the sky;
Each day's a King to whom we still must sue.

The little things of life, how small they are!
Yet to be true in them is no small thing.
There is a heroism greater far
Than that which makes the world's applauses ring.
God's saints were saints of God because of this;
The little things of life they did not miss.

—Selected.



PATRON OF THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH

Saint Joseph Lilies

Pro Deo et Alma Matre.

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THE EXCEEDING GREAT GLORY OF ST. JOSEPH IN HEAVEN

For the fruit of good labours is glorious, and the root of wisdom never fails. (Wis. iii., 15).

Faith teaches that the reward promised by God to those who serve Him faithfully is in proportion to the merits acquired upon earth. If, then, we would know what degree of glory was awarded to St. Joseph on his entering into Heaven, we must first endeavour to form an estimate of the merits he acquired during his mortal life. Now, that these merits were great indeed, is easily perceived when we consider the importance of the offices with which Almighty God entrusted him and especially when we recall the fervour with which he performed each and every one.

True, the Evangelists relate but a few of the good deeds accomplished by St. Joseph, but these are of such importance and suppose so many conditions, that they are sufficient to give an idea, inadequate though it may be, of the greatness of his merits. In fact, what can be imagined more grand, sublime or meritorious than to have had the office of guardian of the God Man Himself and the care of defending Him against the enemies of His life, actually protecting Him in the midst of the many dangers which surrounded Him? Again, what sacrifices, what privations of every kind, what fears, what anxieties the fulfillment of such a mission actually entailed! It is not too much to say that the Redemption through the sacrifice of the

Cross became a possibility owing to the faithfulness of St. Joseph in guarding our divine Lord and preserving His life from the fury of Herod. Thus did St. Joseph co-operate in the working of the great mystery of our salvation and accordingly he may be said to have shared, in a certain sense, the merits of the Redeemer of the world.

The merits of St. Joseph should not be measured only by the greatness and importance of his work but, as has been said, we should principally take into account the fervour with which he entered upon and brought his duties to completion. The heart of the holy Patriarch was a blazing furnace ever aglow with an ardent love of Jesus, for Whom he would have willingly suffered a thousand times as much, had the Divine Will so ordained. Again, the fact that the sacred Person of Jesus was the direct object of St. Joseph's care contributed to augment his merits. If works of mercy done by us are worthy of supernatural reward in so far as we perform them for the love of Jesus mystically present in our neighbour, how much more precious in the eyes of God must have been the works of the holy Patriarch, the immediate object of whose charity being Jesus Himself, the source of all charity!

Among the special motives for joy that St. Joseph has now in Heaven must be mentioned, in the first place, the recollection of the sorrow which he patiently bore in his earthly life for the love of Jesus. The holy Patriarch cannot be called a martyr in the strict sense of the word, since he did not actually suffer death for Christ. Notwithstanding, he was a martyr in the mystical sense of the word, on account of the great anxieties he patiently endured for the sake of Jesus and Mary.

The thought, too, of having contributed to the propagation of the faith both by sedulously guarding Jesus (the Apostle and high priest of our confession—Hebr. III., 1) and by manifesting in some way His Divinity to the shepherds, to the Magi, to the Egyptians and to his own countrymen, is for him now in Heaven a source of special consolation.

Another secondary cause of happiness for St. Joseph in the celestial court is the fact of his perpetual virginity, which he

had promised to God by vow and which he most carefully observed throughout his whole life. Indeed if there be a saint in Heaven to whom is due the aureola of virgins, it is certainly St. Joseph, who, crowned by Jesus Himself, now presides over that happy band of holy souls which have despised the pleasures of sense and led an angelic life in the frailty of the flesh, (following the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. Apoc. xiv. 4).

The Lily of Israel.

A Thought for Good Friday

Gone is all Thy comeliness,

Wounds and Blood disfigure Thee,

Yet, in all Thy loveliness,

Thou wert not more dear to me,

More Divine than now,—denied,

Thorn-crowned, nail-pierced, Crucified!

S. M. St. J.

**IN MEMORY OF
REVEREND SISTER ST. JOHN EVANGELIST
(Monastery of the Precious Blood)**

“The Master’s Voice”

I saw thee standing at Life’s young Crossway,
Where Doubt and Hope and Longing meet,
The sky above, in radiance shining,
Caressed the flowers beneath thy feet.
I saw—and called—thy soul I covet,
The world’s poor joys are paltry dross:
My blood-stained tracks will lead thee onward,
Come, follow Me—Take up the Cross.

“The Listening Soul”

Dear Lord! the road is bright and tempting—
Of grey-lined clouds and sorrow shorn,
Life’s roses bloom, fain would I gather
The frail sweet buds, but, oh! the thorn
Is sharp, and stings the hands which fondles.
Does earth then hold but Dead Sea Fruit?
Yet, at Thy call, I come, oh, Master
In soulful homage, serene and mute.

“The Master”

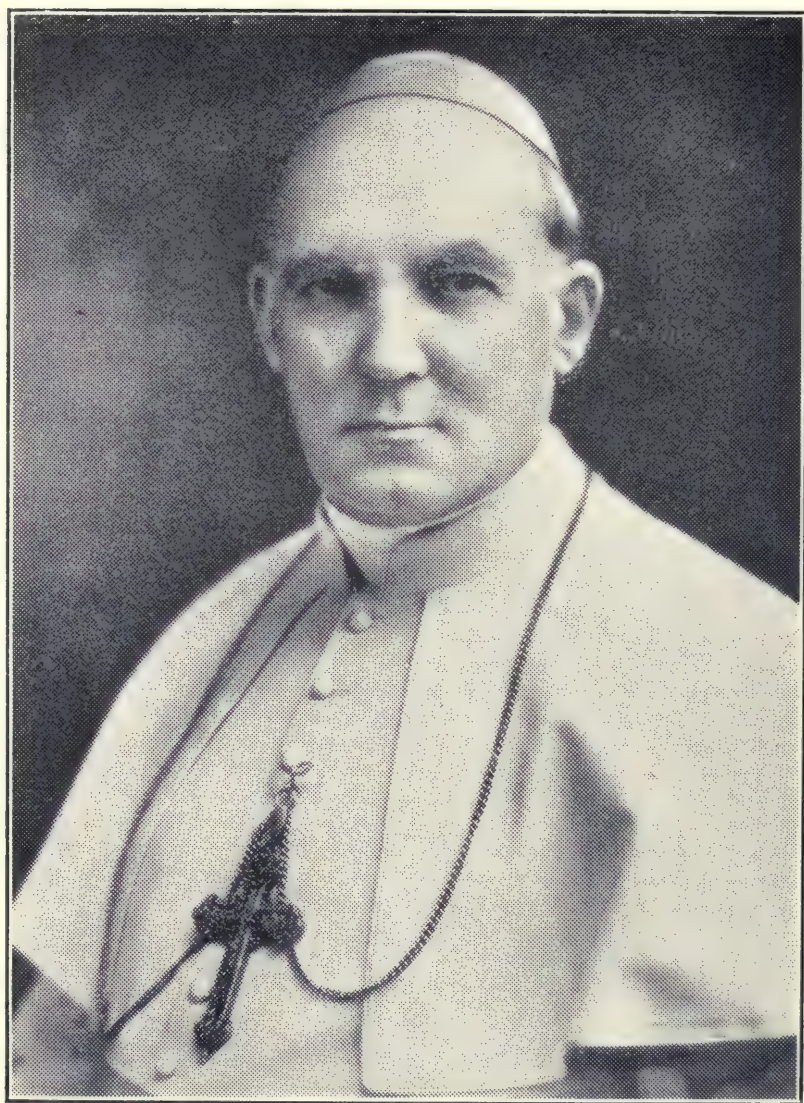
Then, follow Me! Ah, life is fleeting:
My poor pierced hands through every shoal
Will steer thee safe, My spouse, My loved one—
Till Heart to heart we reach the Goal.

“And Now”

The Goal is reached, the Cross triumphant
Has opened Zion’s radiant dome,
The same sweet Voice, which whispered erstwhile,
Has called, at last, the Pilgrim Home.

MARIE (Sarah L. Grant).

Montreal, Feast of the Purification, 1928.



**HIS EMINENCE RAYMOND-MARIE CARDINAL
ROULEAU, O.P.,**

Archbishop of Quebec, Third Canadian Cardinal.

Cardinal Rouleau was born at Isle-Verte, in the Diocese of Rimouski, Quebec, on April 6th, 1866, and received the name of Felix in baptism. His quiet home environs, the edifying example of his pious parents and the influence of his paternal uncle, Abbe Rouleau, Canon of the Cathedral of Rimouski, helped after the grace of God, to fix the mind of the future Cardinal on the things that matter.

In 1879 he began a classical course of studies in the Seminary of Rimouski where his keen intellect and great piety won for him the admiration of his professors and Superiors. In 1885 he began his ecclesiastical course of studies. From the beginning of the course he seemed, says his biographer, to realize the meaning of the inspired words: the lips of the Priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law of his mouth (Mal. ii., 7), and thus laid the foundation of his learning as theologian and canonist.

Within a year his health failed; and his physician pronounced him tubercular and destined to an early grave. Relying on the powerful intercession of the Blessed Virgin at the Court of Heaven, the young aspirant to the priesthood had recourse to her to obtain his cure. His prayers were heard. He was completely restored to health and he then resolved to enter the Dominican Order, to which for some years he felt a growing attraction. On the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, 1866, he received the habit of St. Dominic, and with it the name of Bro. Raymond Mary. 1886

After profession, he was sent in 1888 to the then famous Dominican Convent of Corbara in Corsica, where he had for professors some of the most distinguished Fathers of the French Dominican Province, and from whom he received a thorough scholastic formation. He was ordained priest in 1892 by the Bishop of Ajaccio. In 1894, on completing his theological studies and having received, with distinction, the Degree of Lector in S. Theology, he returned to Canada, and shortly afterwards was appointed to the office of Novice-Master at St. Hyacinth, a position which he filled for three years, imbuing his disciples with that zeal and fervour which he himself had

gained at Corbara from the last surviving companions of the great Père Lacordaire.

His next office was that of director of studies, which he filled for nearly twenty-five years, filling at the same time the chair of dogmatic, or moral or pastoral theology, or Canon Law or S. Scripture according to circumstances; and in each subject he proved himself a master.

In 1900, on the transference of the house of studies from St. Hyacinth to Ottawa, Fr. Rouleau was appointed first Prior of the new convent, still remaining Regent of Studies. A model of religious observance himself, his government of the community was one of firmness and kindness, so that religious discipline and scientific instruction flourished under his wise and watchful care.

In 1909 he was promoted to the Degree of Master in S. Theology, and in 1919 was elected Provincial of the Canadian Province. With the care of the whole Province now devolving upon him, he had to abandon the class-hall, but he never abandoned his books; just as when he was professor, he never withdrew himself from the ministry of souls, especially from those works which were compatible with his office and which could be done during the scholastic vacations. Thus the name of Pere Raymond Rouleau had become well-known in Canada, since he had preached retreats to the priests of various dioceses, as well as to many religious communities; he was present at the National Synod as theologian; he had made, on behalf of the Holy See, a Canonical Visitation of several religious institutes; and he was being constantly consulted on most delicate matters by the Apostolic Delegation in Canada, where his vast theological learning, his accurate knowledge of Canon Law, and his sound judgment were very highly appreciated.

While still Provincial, he was, on the 9th of March, nominated Bishop of Valleyfield, and consecrated on the 22nd of the following May. As Bishop of Valleyfield he manifested his great capacity for government and administration; and his zealous pastoral care of his flock won for him the admiration and veneration of priests and people alike. Among his

colleagues in the Canadian Episcopate, he stood so prominent that when the Archiepiscopal See of Quebec, which is considered the Primatial See of Canada, fell vacant, it was regarded as a foregone conclusion that Bishop Rouleau would be promoted to it, and the expectation was soon justified.

At the Consistory held in Rome on December 19th, 1927, the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. promoted him to the Sacred College of Cardinals.



THE STATIONS OVER—EASTER

THOSE Lenten Stations are over now and the incomparable joys of Easter filling Christian souls, especially these of those who have most faithfully performed the Lenten Exercises for in this, as in everything else human, the Law of Compensation is absolute. There is no royal road to merit and the consolations which wait upon it; we have to take up our Cross and follow Him.

The treasures of the Churches of Rome, especially those Station Churches, are beyond explain. They have centred and associated all the holy things in the world. Much in the ravages of time, and at the Vandal hand of invader and mercenary, is lost; the marvel is so much has been saved and conserved.

Before, or after the procession, on Station Days, in Station Churches, descend into the crypts, or approach the mural or altar reliquaries, and the memorials of the saints, from Christ's time to ours—and thanks be to God they have never been wanting—and you are up at once amongst the workers of His marvels. There are entirely, or in part, all the sacred things that come into contact with Our Divine Master, His garments, shroud, the wood and nails of the Cross—even the inscription—the towel on which He imprinted His Sacred Visage, the pillar of His flagellation, the Crown of Thorns—all these inexpressibly holy things we can venerate. Then there are the endearing gems related to the Blessed Mother, to the Holy Spouse Joseph, the Apostles and Disciples and the blessed Martyrs from St. Stephen down; the Confessors, Virgins and Holy Widows; the young and old, the noble and humble, the rich and poor—all who in the bounty of Christ and the lavishment of His grace, have sanctified themselves here, and are helping us now to sanctify ourselves, in the hereafter. One is dazzled and amazed at all one sees, and this number is infinitesimal

with the sum total of the relics of the saints, and the things associated or in some sure way german to them.

For example there is a Station at the Twelve Apostles, in the very heart of the City. This is a beautiful Basilica attributed to Constantine, and kept up admirably by the Franciscan Conventuals. It stands in the Piazza of the same name, one of Rome's most enchanting corners. The facade is imposing, so far as Baraco can be imposing, and it has a great portico with statues in the same order atop. Inside, nothing could be more impressive or contemplative. There is a confession and a crypt. Down there are the bodies of SS. Philip and James, and relics of several others of the Apostles and Saints out of number. We find bits of their bones or habits, or some of the things that were personal to them in life. If there is then one relic, in this crypt (there are entire bodies there, also, in quaint mural recesses) there must be thousands. I saw Francis' winding-sheet and Dominick's dalmatic. Perhaps this is where they met. There is an inscription somewhere which says they both passed the night in the adjoining convent. But there are so many other records of the saints in this holy place, we must not delay longer to notice them.

Then descend into St. Cecilia's, in Trastevere, rich in relics and sweet memories. Not only are the remains of the gentle Cecilia, Patroness of Music there, but restes and habiliments of great servants of God, in the early ages of the Church. The interesting ruins on which this Church stands extend back to the early Third Century, manifesting as they do the scenes of the Saint's sufferings, are most affecting.

Cecilia was a noble dame of Alexander Severus' reign (220). Married to a heathen at sixteen, she lived in perpetual virginity with Valarian, for an angel was her bodyguard, and Valarian himself seeing the heavenly protector, respected his wife's vows and accepted her religion, later dying for it when the Prefect Alamachius beheaded him with his wife's brother. He threw her into a suffocating bath from which she miraculously emerged. When the bath was opened there she was safe and sound singing the praises of the Lord, A licitor was sent

to despatch her, but so clumsily did he do the job, that after the third stroke of the axe her head was not severed. Usage was against further strokes, so she was found by the Christians bathed in her blood; and for three days she preached and taught like a Doctor of the Church, converting four hundred out of her pagan surroundings. Pope Urban I. visited and consoled her, and she left her palace and all her earthly goods to him, for religious purposes. Then, thanking God that she had been thought worthy to serve Him and share the glory of His heroes, she peacefully rendered her sweet spirit unto His loving embrace. The house then became this Basilica of St. Cecilia. She was buried away and lost in the Catacombs, but Pope Pascal had a dream in which he saw her tomb in St. Calixtus', side by side with her husband and brother; so they were all brought back to her church in 821, and she now lies under its major altar. The ancient mosaics over the portico show the brave virgin bride, as well as Valarian her martyr-husband, also her brother Tiburtius and her saintly consoler, Pope Urban.

'In the 16th Century the tomb was again opened by Cardinal Spendrato and the body found in a perfect state of preservation, "not lying upon its back, but on the right side, like a virgin in her bed"' and sleeping. Then Maderno made a white marble statue of her, in the position in which she was found, and it is one of the wonderful works of Rome. Pope Clement VIII. exposed it in the frame of the altar. Recently a duplicate has been made through the piety of two American ladies and located in the Catacomb where the body so long was laid, its pure white Carrara marble, under the dim taper's light, striking the incoming visitor at once with awe and wonderment. But Cecilia is so known and loved in all the world—she is honored with special mention in the Canon of the Mass—that there is no need of further detailing her Station, where had come Pope, Cardinals (the celebrated English Cardinal Adam Aston, 1359, amongst them) and so many others who strutted the stage extensively, and who it is to be hoped now sleep well.

Towards the Vatican, on the same side of the Tiber there is the Basilica of Sta Maria in Trastevere, rich in holy memorials. Many early saint-Popes are buried here in the crypt or in special sarcophagi; and the treasures of the ancient sanctuary are worth a visit any day. The little old church of St. Vital is near the Tunnel's mouth, on the Via Nazionale. You have to descend to it by numerous grades, as is the case with so many other ancient Roman churches; for strange to say, the city is always improving its level and there is twenty feet, in places, between the level of the Republic and that of to-day, due to the accumulation of twenty centuries. One should think that there would be a wearing away in the changes and transportation of matter, to construct new homes and meet the mutability and fickleness of human operations; but no, Rome is eternally coming up from below, from its ashes as it were, and when twenty centuries more, with their vicissitudes will have gone by, there will be a bed for the river, so far below the street level, as to transform old Father Tiber into a sort of wild American canyon.

Great Caesar's clay is long since identified with the common dust. There is no talk of any ancient monarch's ashes. The tombs of the Scipios show awful in their emptiness; as Byron wrote:

The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchres are tenentless
Of their heroic dwellers.

But God has protected His own. Only the histories of the saints are in the record.

This little church of St. Vital, facing the great thoroughfare was founded by Pope Innocent I. in 416. Its walls are filled with frescos of martyrdom. St. Vital was the father of SS. Gervasius and Protasius, and with so many other Christians he made a human torch for cruel Nero's revellings. The sons were martyrs too. Their relics and those of many others are conseved here—where they lived—and Rome goes out regularly to reverence them just as it did in distant ages, when on Sta-

tion Days, the procession left the Collecta, or church assigned for the assembly, and proceeded solemnly to the Station where Mass was pontificated by the Pope himself. On such occasions he was surrounded by the clergy and people of Rome, regardless of parochial affiliation; so that in these precious penitential processions, we have exercises of the highest spiritual value, in themselves, as well as a striking proof of Christian unity,—which may the All-Wise Redeemer restore this distracted and disjointed world, in His good time!

A. E. B.





**HIS EMINENCE ALEXIS MARY CARDINAL
LEPICIER, O.S.M.**

Renowned as Theologian, Teacher, Writer and Diplomat

Monsignor Lépiciér was born February 28th, 1865, at Vancoeurs, in the Diocese of Verdun, the little French town where Joan of Arc received arms from Sire de Baudricourt.

At fifteen years of age he entered the Order of the Servites (The Servants of Mary). He made his novitiate in the monastery in London, England, where he remained to complete his studies. He was ordained a priest September 19th, 1885.

Sent to Rome to perfect his ecclesiastical studies, he attended the schools of the Urban Pontifical College of Propaganda Fide, where he was a pupil of the eminent theologian Cardinal Satolli. This great prelate held him in affectionate esteem, and several times entrusted him—though still a student—with the charge of substituting for him in the classroom.

Having taken his degree in theology, he returned to England, where he was soon given the position of Master of Novices.

When, a few years later, Cardinal Satolli was sent as Apostolic Delegate to the United States of America, he himself proposed as his successor in the Chair of Propaganda, Father Lépiciér, who was thereupon called to Rome. He held his new and distinguished position for about twenty-five years, to the great admiration of the students and the applause of the teachers of sacred science, among whom the doctrine of Father Lépiciér also was spread through numerous works he published from time to time. His works now number sixteen, and treat of doctrinal subjects as well as ascetic. Some of them are positively authoritative in material, for example his treatise on indulgences.

While Father Lépiciér distinguished himself in this way in the field of teaching and studies, he filled the highest offices in his Order. He was entrusted by his brethren first with the charge of Consultor-General, then with that of Procurator-General, and finally with that of Prior-General of the whole Order. Besides, he was the first Rector of the International College of St. Falconieri for the students of the Servants of Mary, and held that office from 1895 to 1920.

Performed Many Missions.

No less numerous and important charges were confided to him by the Holy See. In 1911 he was sent to England on a very important mission, and in 1912 to Scotland as Apostolic Visitor, an office which he held for two years. He also was a member of many Pontifical Commissions, among which were those for the Codification of Canon Law for the Revision of the Provincial Synods depending on the Propaganda, and of Biblical Studies. He was Consultor of the Sacred Consistorial Congregation and of the Congregation of the Sacraments, of Religious and of Propaganda, and he is now a member of the Commission for the Editing of the Catechism for the Universal Church.

His culture also admitted him to high scientific meetings such as the Pontifical Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Academy of the Catholic Religion and the Academy of the Immaculate Conception.

In May, 1924, Father Lépicier was appointed Apostolic Visitor of the dioceses of the East Indies depending on the Congregation of Propaganda Fide, and at the same time was elected Archbishop titular of Tarsus. The episcopal consecration was conferred on him by His Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of Propaganda, in the Church of the Urban Pontifical College of Propaganda Fide.

Author of Books.

Monsignor Lépicier fulfilled this new office with the highest praise for about two years, and then returned to Rome, where he attended to the publishing of his books, to his multiple duties in the Roman congregation, and to the exercise of the most exemplary priestly and religious virtues. He was thus engaged when His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. promoted him to the Sacred College of Cardinals on December 19th, 1927.

Cardinal Lépicier has taken the place on the Sacred College left vacant by the resignation of Cardinal Louis Billot.

Resurrection

Lo! once again in grove and croft
Spring's ancient miracle is seen;
The hills are clothed in verdure soft,
The fields and woods in tender green.
By Marsh and mere and greening swamp
The purple iris wakes to greet
The crocus with her golden lamp
That lights the trail of April's feet.

Again the lily bursts her sheath
And sunward lifts her ivory urn;
The orchard wears a rosy wreath,
And in the forest stirs the fern.
And, like a maid whose lids are wet
With tears of feeling's holy dew,
In rain-washed lanes the violet
Unseals her moist sweet eyes of blue.

Shall bud and bloom with April keep
Their trysting, punctual to their hour,
Nor He Who called them from their sleep
O'er death's dull opiate have pow'r?
Nay, by these signs of vernal bloom,
The flowers that quicken to His breath,
I know my Lord from earth's dark tomb
Hath triumphed o'er the sleep of death.

P. J. Coleman.

THE LUTHERAN REVOLUTION

(By Rev. M. J Ryan, D.D., Ph.D.)

The Collection for St. Peter's Basilica

Luther's determination to abolish the celibacy of the priest and of the monk, whenever he should get a chance, was probably formed about the same time as his theory of Salvation without works, and it shows a complete estrangement from the spirit of Catholic religion. When he was raised to the chair of Scripture in the University, he became puffed up with pride and enslaved to the delusions of Satan.—(i. Tim. 3:6.) It might be said of Luther, properly speaking, that he never knew the fear of God but he had fits and starts of being afraid of God. Hence it was that he invented his theory of Salvation without works.

It is impossible to say how long Luther's rank corruption of the Christian religion, mining all within would have continued to infect unseen if an event had not occurred which gave him an occasion to burst out into the public light. In those days Pope Julius II. had begun the rebuilding of St. Peter's Church in Rome, and sought to collect money for it in various countries; and "Indulgences" were granted in return for subscriptions, of course on the proper conditions of repentance and confession and satisfaction. The readers of *The Lilies* are too well instructed to need any explanation of indulgences, nor have we space in this article. Suffice it to say that the acceptance of a contribution instead of a "penance" was analogous to the civil imposition of a fine instead of a punishment. This is what has been unfairly misrepresented as a sale of indulgences. It happened also that there was both a new Pope in Rome and a new Primate in Germany. Albert of Hohenzollern, brother of the Margrave of Brandenburg, Archbishop of Magdeburg and Administrator of the Diocese of Halberstadt, managed to become Archbishop of Mainz and Primate without giving up the other benefices

(March 1514). He had borrowed money from Fugger, the great banker of Augsburg, partly to pay his fees, and partly to spend in buying off possible rivals. "The greatest part of the guilt of these arrangements, of the strife concerning indulgences, and of the increase in the discontent with existing conditions, must all be laid on the brothers Hohenzollern" says the German historian Kalkoff. An arrangement was made that the collection for St. Peter's should be taken up in his three dioceses, and that he should retain one half of the proceeds, in order to pay his debts. The Bull granting the Indulgences, when issued, passed into the hands of the Emperor, who insisted on obtaining part of the money collected. The preaching of the collection began at Mainz in the spring of 1517.

Tetzel

The preacher was a Dominican Friar named Johann Tetzel, (aged forty-seven), an eloquent man of high character, who has been deliberately and foully calumniated. "His eloquence was effective in awakening a sense of sin" says Creighton. Whoever undertakes the task of collecting money will soon find that he has critics and opponents if not enemies. The Irish indeed are so generous and zealous, and they know so well how to make light of favours which they are conferring (like Newman's gentleman) that it becomes a pleasure to collect from them. But the Germans are not like the Irish. Among such people, all who do not encourage will discredit and defame. They who have not money to give will rather be thought bad-tempered than poor; and those who wish to keep their money will conceal their niggardliness by their malice and by dissuading others from contributing. Doubtless there were some abuses in Tetzel's collection, and some laxity in practice in the granting of indulgences. But it has been demonstrated that the theory and doctrine of Indulgences was carefully and correctly explained to the people by the preachers. Some of the stories circulated against Tetzel were gross misrepresentations; some were inventions, partly waggish, partly malicious, "half joke and whole earnest." Some of

these falsehoods continue to be believed even to this day by respectable people who would not wilfully calumniate. Thus the amiable Longfellow, who had so much respect for some parts of the Catholic Religion, repeats German calumnies in his "Cobbler of Hagenan :

. . . . Upon the altar-rail
 Indulgences were set to sale
 Like ballads at a country fair;
 A heavy strong-box iron-bound
 And carved with many a quaint device
 Received with a melodious sound
 The coin that purchased Paradise.
 Then from the pulpit overhead
 Tetzal the monk with fiery glow
 Thundered upon the crowd below;
 "Good people all, draw near!" he said,
 "Purchase these letters signed and sealed
 By which all sins, though unrevealed
 And unrepented, are forgiven
 The women shuddered and turned pale;
 Allured by hope or driven by fear
 With many a sob and many a tear
 All crowded to the altar rail

 "So that in dying, unto thee
 The gates of heaven shall open be;
 Though long thou livest, yet this grace
 Until the moment of thy death
 Unchangeable continueth."

Longfellow, no doubt, believed this to be historical truth. And he could not write an imitation of the beautiful story which he entitled "The Golden Legend" *without prefixing that it "exhibits amid the corruptions of the Middle Ages (by which he means the Mediaeval Church) the virtues of etc:." And what a picture he gives of the part which the devil plays in the monasteries and the pilgrimages. In the same way, we

*This story is beautiful, but it would be much more beautiful if the Prince, after recovering his health and marrying, had gone to join the Crusade. I am sure, too, that a woman who had such self-sacrifice, would have admired him more.

might say that Longfellow's poems exhibit certain virtues "amid the corruptions of the nineteenth century America," and how would he like that?

There is one lie told about Tetzel's teaching with which I will not dirty either white paper or black ink, and will only say that it was an impious and blasphemous calumny the very thought of which could have originated only in a foul imagination and a heart festering with all the malice of the Father of lies—a falsehood which not only Tetzel indignantly repudiated but the City Council of Halle at the time branded as a lie, and which Luther cannot have believed unless because he wanted to believe evil.

Luther as a Camoufleur

Neither the granting of an Indulgence in return for subscriptions to St. Peter's, nor Tetzel's method was the cause but the occasion and pretext for Luther's rebellion against the authority of the Pope. He himself afterwards when Tetzel was dying wrote to him that he should not blame himself, "for the child had quite another father." Luther really selected the indulgences with the collection of money for attack as the most vulnerable point, or rather the least invulnerable in the doctrine of satisfactory works of penance. "His theses against indulgences" says Bishop Creighton, "are singularly wanting in the characteristics which might have been expected from a theological professor. They are not arranged in logical order nor do they strive to define precisely the theological question to be discussed." In fact, he knew no more, as he afterwards confessed, about the nature of an indulgence than the simple people who asked him about it when they came to confession. Thus "most ignorant of what he's most assured" he rushed into a game of blind man's buff, in which he plunged wildly about like a bull in a china-shop. The Collection for St. Peter's was preached in the neighboring diocese of Magdenburg, but not in Saxony, the Elector having forbidden it. He had a special reason for this. He had obtained from Rome for all who contributed to the

building of bridges in his dominion a Butterbriefe or dispensation to eat butter in Lent; he also had a quarrel with the Archbishop of Maintz; and he was offended with the Pope because the Pope had not bestowed on him the honor of The Golden Rose, and had refused a benefice to his illegitimate son (Pallavicini, tom I. Ch. XIII.)

Luther's theses appeared on the door of the Castle Church (not the Parish Church) at Wittenburg on the morning of All Saints' Day,—the day before All Souls,—in November, 1517, and were doubtless read by some of those who came there to Mass. He began the attack by denying that Indulgences could be of any benefit to those in Purgatory. This act of Luther was not so signal and significant as it now is made to appear. Carlstadt had uttered similar theses some months before. Academic disputes in submission to the final judgment of the Church were familiar in those days. Luther camouflaged his errors by saying "Anathema to him who speaks against the truth of the Apostolic Pardons," and he wrote artful letters to his Ordinary and to the Primate professing to be only discussing the question, and to be desirous only of preventing abuses and scandal, and to be willing to submit to the judgment of the Church. Many thought it was simply that the Augustinians were jealous of the Dominicans. Others judged that Luther was a crank and was personally envious of Tetzel, and that if he had received the honor of preaching the collection, his language about Indulgences would have been very different. I must have learned very little from my own experience in going through life if I did not think it likely that Tetzel was an object and victim both of jealousy and of the baser and wicked vice of envy, and that such a low-bred and ambitious man as Luther would be envious. The head of the English detective department has told us that more crimes are committed from envy than from any other motive. Others again imagined that it was part of the Elector's quarrel with the Primate. No one suspected that it was also the first blast from the trumpet of revolution and war against the faith and the authority of the Pope and the

Church. What made Luther's theses important was that he followed them up by sermons against giving money to Rome and against the principle of indulgences and concerning the sacrament of Penance and against works of satisfaction to avert the pains of Purgatory. It may be doubted whether he would have been so bold if he did not know that the resolute, energetic, and commanding Julius had been succeeded by a mild and patient Pope.

The Blind Leading the Blind

To us it seems strange that a man should oppose indulgences who by his doctrine of "faith without works" and abolishing Purgatory, and by his advice "to sin fearlessly," gave a plenary indulgence (as the historian Hume remarked) for all sins future as well as past, and for the guilt of sin as well as the punishment. It is an Italian saying that the ass sings badly because he pitches his voice too high; and if Luther had confined himself to attacking abuses in the collection of money or in the practice of granting indulgences—or if he had only opposed mere opinions of theologians,—if he had not denied the very principle of indulgences, and the authority of the Church to grant them, and the need of satisfactory works as a part of Penance, he would never have been censured, and might have been honored in the Church.

No one at Wittenberg took up Luther's challenge, either because the university and the clergy already were wholly corrupted or because they knew what a bully Luther was, and did not care to face him. Certainly both Spalatin, the Elector's chaplain, and the Archdeacon Carlstadt (George Bodenstein) were in agreement with him. Tetzel of course defended his doctrine. In January he maintained a hundred theses concerning indulgences and cognate questions before the university of Frankfort, the theses of course being drawn up by the Rector, Wimpina (Konrad Koch called Wimpina from Wimpfen on the Neckar, in Baden). He took his degree of D.D. a little later from the same university. He had taught the doctrine of salvation by the mercy and grace of God as plainly

and strongly as it had always been taught by the Church—"Quia non ex operibus justitiæ quæ fecimus nos sed per sanctam suam misericordiam salvos nos fecit. He saves us not for the good works that we have done but from His own great mercy." But Luther's doctrine was specious and persuasive, had the charm of novelty, and was very comfortable for sinners or for people not in earnest against sin; it was suited to the spirit of the age and—as if with a kind of diabolical foresight—to the genius of the times which were to come; and it was powerful against Catholicism. It was the most seductive ever offered to the world, for it allowed the indulgence of all man's basest weaknesses and vices while promising the fulfilment of his loftiest hopes.

Luther continued to propagate his doctrine by methods which remind us of a politician canvassing for votes at what is called an "old-fashioned" election. Saxony was said to be the most beery state in Germany, and Wittenberg the most beery of all the Saxon towns or villages. And he regularly spent his evenings at the Black Eagle tavern every day except Sundays and festivals, and there drank and chatted with the common people. "My ordinary talk in the tavern when I was drinking with Armsdorf," he said afterwards, "shook the Papacy more effectually than the princes and the Emperor could have done with all their mail-clad knights." Hence the "Sacramentarians" (Zuinglians) afterwards named him the "Beer-Pope."

He won popularity with the poor by his proposal that people who had money to spare should give it in alms rather than to St. Peter's Church—a proposal which had perhaps as much of real charity in it as Judas Iscariot's remark about the ointment which was poured on our Saviour's head.

Cardinal Cajetan

In the summer of 1518 a Diet was assembled at Augsburg, and the Pope sent a Legate to urge the German confederacy to contribute to the defence of Hungary and the valley of the Danube against Turkish aggression. But the princes and Free

Cities were short-sighted, selfish, and niggardly, and they had the nerve to state that the collection for St. Peter's had impoverished the country. The Emperor, moved by his ecclesiastical advisers, wrote to the Pope of the danger of Luther's movement bringing in private judgment against authority and splitting up the Church. The Legate, Cardinal Cajetan, the most learned and enlightened theologian of the day, summoned Luther before him, who came accompanied by Staupitz and another partisan, Wenzel Linke, an official of the Order. Luther posed as a conscientious idealist, scrupulous about abuses, and was alternately obstinate and awkwardly polite. In sum, he said he would keep silent if no one wrote against his opinions; but he would not acknowledge the principle of Indulgences nor the authority of the Pope to grant them, nor retract his error concerning the reception of Baptism. He had been hospitably welcomed in a convent of another Order of Friars, and he now fled by night leaving an appeal or manifesto to be published by a partisan in that convent. This may rightly be accounted to the Hegira of the new movement. Staupitz, a weak man, absolved him from the rule and obedience of his Order. Nevertheless the wolf continued to wear his sheep's clothing in order to humbug the people, and perhaps because he thought it more picturesque in the eyes of the women than a secular priest's dress; for Luther, though proud, was not "too proud to be vain." Spalatin, the Elector's minister at the Diet, handed him a copy of a Brief from Rome to Cajetan, which he said he had managed to obtain. It ordered the Legate to have Luther arrested and sent to Rome. Many, even Lutheran historians judge this to be a forgery. The importance of the question, in my judgement, is simply that it shows what is thought of Spalatin. The Legate now urged the Saxon Elector to repress Luther. But that artful dodger was already anti-Papal and Erastian (to use a later term) and anti-Catholic, and sent many plausible excuses for doing nothing while he gave Luther connivance and secret encouragement. His brother John, the heir-apparent, was openly Lutheran. The heretic, crafty as well as impulsive, now tried to gain the

support of Reuchlin and the older Humanists, but Reuchlin, who had been treated kindly by Rome gave him the cold shoulder, and afterwards tried to wean Melanchthon from him. Three months later Luther attempted to win Erasmus by the most fulsome flattery; but the great Humanist kept him at a civil distance and hinted to him that religious questions were best discussed by learned men.

Before the end of the year Tetzel had given up the collecting the money for St. Peter's and retired to his monastery. The Pope issued a Constitution expounding the nature of an indulgence and the difference between an indulgence for the living and an indulgence for the dead, which is only a suffrage. But he did not censure Luther in it. A few months later he recalled the Friar Minor who was preaching the collection in Switzerland, and privately assured the Confederate Government (which had made a complaint) that he would punish the preacher if it were proven that he had fallen into any errors. Thus the assertion so hardily made and so often repeated, that Roman abuses were incorrigible is altogether false. In fact, "the nation was not inflamed by what Luther said about the use and abuse of indulgences" says Acton. I consider Rome no more responsible for this revolution than for the Russian apostasy now or the old Greek Schism, or the Cromwellian revolution, or the French.

Luther's influence in the university now was such that Aquinas was altogether thrown aside for Scotus—a fact which some German Catholics used to employ for an argument, half joke and whole earnest, that the Irish were responsible for the German apostasy. This may sound like a story to the reader, but it has actually happened in fact in some cases. Luther inconsistently retained three sacraments, Baptism, Penance, and the Eucharist, but he denied the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence by Transubstantiation, and put forward a doctrine of Consubstantiation, which had been hypothetically suggested as a possible theory by Ockham one hundred and fifty years before. This association of Ockham with Scotus might enable a German Catholic to shift the blame for the

national apostasy to the English along with the French and the Irish. But Luther looked forward to the time when Scotus and Ockham would be altogether thrown away along with Aquinas, to make room for "a pure philosophy and a pure theology drawing all their principles from their own sources." Yet he had the hypocrisy and the insolence to assert that the Legate, Cajetan, was not a real Catholic.

They have called the Master of the Household Beelzebub

Wittenburg was then regarded by numbers as a centre of light and leading, of reform and progress. But this New Light was only an ignis fatuus, a will-o-the wisp, the phosphorescence from corruption. The pretended reform was an intended revolution in religion. The progress was backward towards the old heathenism. The freedom was such as may be offered by the slaves of the world or of the flesh or of the devil. The spirit of the apostate friar grew darker and fiercer. He had regarded the Papal Primacy, in spite of the Council of Florence, as a mere ecclesiastical institution dating from the eleventh century. He now came to have the Pope on the brain as much as the correspondents of the Associated Press around the world have "England" on the brain. Hatred makes the meat it feeds on; and Luther's malignity against the Papacy already was so insane that early in December 1518 we find him writing to a friend in the Order which he had left, that the Court of Rome was worse than the Turk and was governed by the real Anti-christ. This frantic delusion grew more passionate and more definite during the following years until at last it became his fundamental article, that the Pope is Antichrist. It was a state of judicial blindness. This absurd and horrible error, which has been refuted by so many Protestant theologians, has been described by Newman, who in early life was involved in it, as the most crafty of Satan's delusions, by which he persuades simple people that the Church of God is his synagogue, and that his synagogue is the Church of God—that light is darkness and that darkness is light,—just as some people are persuaded by an enemy to quarrel with their friends. It

first originated among the Albigenses or Manichæan apostates in the eleventh century, who themselves by denying our Lord's Incarnation, by condemning holy matrimony, by forbidding meats, and even extolling suicide by starvation, came nearest of all sects then existing to the prophetic description. "They have called the Master of the House Beelzebub; the disciple is not better than his Master; and how much more will they so call them of the Household," said the Lord. That the synagogue of the Satan should call the Pope Antichrist is a proof as Newman came to see, that the Pope **is** the Vicar of Christ, and that **it** is the synagogue of Satan. The error again was revived among some unruly, lawless, and fanatical Franciscans, called Fraticelli, who forgetting that obedience is better than sacrifice, especially in Religious, turned the perfection of poverty into a vice; for Satan can assume the appearance of an angel of light. The Hussites or "Bohemian Brethren" also made this a fundamental tenet, and tried to propagate it in Germany as well as Bohemia. In the middle of the fifteenth century, when the kingdom of Naples was at war with the Pope, Lorenzo Valla, a Neapolitan Humanist, in an attack on the Pope's "Temporal Power" dished up this impious nickname as a piece of war-lying against the Pope. Ulrich von Hutten in his malice against the Papacy reprinted Valla's tract and sent a copy to Luther, which either suggested or confirmed the idea in the heretic's mind. Thus the mystery of iniquity—the iniquity which is mysterious—was already working; and all Luther's letters henceforward professing submission to authority must be regarded merely as diplomacy by which he hoped to avert the condemnation of his doctrine or at least gain time for it to spread.

It was wisely observed by Mr. R. H. Froude (Newman's friend) that obedience to the Church is the same trial to the great and the rich as obedience to secular rulers is to the poor.

Luther* taught them that after the apostolic age God withdrew from the Church and abandoned to the devil the office

*Doellinger on The Temporal Power, summarized by Acton.

which, according to the Gospel, was reserved for the Holy Spirit. This diabolical millenium lasted till the appearance of himself. The "Reformation" introduced the notion that Christianity was a failure and had brought far more suffering than blessings on mankind; and the consequences of that movement were not such as to impress educated men (in later generations) with the belief that things were changed for the better, or that the "reformers" had achieved the work in which the Apostles were unsuccessful. Thus an atmosphere of unbelief and of contempt for everything Christian gradually arose. Frederick of Prussia (whom the Prussians call the Great) says of himself that the notion that the history of the Church is a drama conducted by rogues and hypocrites, at the expense of the deceived masses, was the real cause of his contempt for the Christian religion. The atheist Morley on one side holds like Newman on the other that it was a half-way house to atheism. There is great excuse for those who have been reared in hereditary prejudice; but as for those simpletons who, having been baptized in the Church and instructed in the Catholic religion, deserted the Faith and swallowed the doctrine that the Pope is antichrist, and that St. John's denunciation of doom against heathen Rome is an attack on the Church of Saints Peter and Paul, we can only say with the old Roman wit,—*Similem habent labrâ lactucam, asino cardreo comedente*,—"The lips and the lettuce agree when an ass is eating thistles." Luther holds a high rank among the giant blinders and enslavers of men to the mirage of religious "reformation and progress," but he had a simple and gullible people for his dupes.

In January, 1519, the Emperor Maximilian died, and for six months the office of Vicar of the Empire was held by Luther's patron, the Elector, who must be classed with Jeroboam son of Nabat that made Israel sin. The advantage of this interregnum to Luther's cause is recognized by all now.

The Pope and the Elector

Meanwhile before this happened the Pope had sent the Golden Rose for the Elector, an honor which Frederick for

three years had been importuning. And now that the throne was to be filled, the Pope foreseeing the danger to the liberties of Europe and of the Church and the rivalry of the Kings of Spain and France if either should be elected, was thinking it best to support one of the German princes, of whom the Saxon Elector was generally regarded as the wisest. So little were Frederick's character and secret designs as yet perceived. The envoy who was sent with the Rose was Karl von Miltitz, a Saxon nobleman, Minister in Rome for the two Saxon Duchies. He was an honest, well-meaning man but simple, weak, and yet conceited, and not at all equal to dealing with such a close and wily politician as Frederick, who now declined a public, ceremonial reception of the Rose and did not seem to care whether he received it at all or not. Miltitz was one of those men who think themselves impartial when they are only neutral, or rather unfair to their own side. He was no theologian, and when he acted without consultation with the Papal Legate—contrary to his instructions—and took upon himself to negotiate with the Elector and with Luther, he certainly did not at all understand the question at issue. He probably thought Luther altogether in the right except in his disrespectful language to Rome. He was not a principled partisan of the Holy See, and he amused his entertainers in Germany with stories about great dignitaries in Rome. "I would not take one of this kind" said Burke in analogous times and circumstances, "for my arbitrator in a dispute about a fish-pond; for if he reserved the mud to me, he would be sure to give the water that fed the pool to my adversary." Miltitz began by formally silencing Tetzl and commanding him to appear before him; as Tetzl was ill, and as he was warned that his life would be in danger in Electoral Saxony from excited and fanatical young men, he therefore could not come, so the envoy later on visited him, and broke his heart by reproaches, which helped to shorten his days.

The two-faced Elector affected loyalty to the Church and a desire that Luther should be submissive to the Holy See. In the conspiracy which was now forming of fanatical heretics,

indifferentist princes and Erastian politicians, and infidel Humanists, and which was a coalition of Pharisees, Herodians, and Sadducees, all had the same ends of ambition and irreligion, the plunder and enslavement of the Church if not a total revolution in it. The only difference between them was in the methods and means. The heretics and the infidels were the active internal agitators, and supplied the spirit and principles; the princes and their politicians gave the practical direction. The heretics were fanatical and would go straight forward to their object; the politicians preferred the surer way of zig-zag. Luther was counselled by Frederick and Spalatin to be politic and conciliatory. Miltitz was deceived; or partly deceived himself. How far Luther's conduct was due to deliberate duplicity and trickery, and how far to the waverings of a mind sometimes calm and sometimes swayed by violent temper, and destitute, as such a low-bred man would be, of all sense of honor and the obligation to keep a promise, is a question that I have no space to discuss. The result was the same. The Pope was misled. Luther at the request of Miltitz wrote a letter to the Pope on March 3rd, 1519, in which he professed that the Roman Church was above everything except our Lord Jesus Christ; but he only meant that in fact (*de facto non de jure*) it was so, without right, and that he himself was the judge whether the mind of the Church was in accordance with the mind of the Lord. The Pope misled by Miltitz wrote a gracious reply on the 29th of the same month, inviting Luther to Rome to make his retraction, which it was supposed he intended.



Lenten Treasures

Down from realms of highest heaven
Myriad angels come each hour,
Past Day's fiery orb swift-flashing,
Or thro' soft, moon-silvered cloudlets,
Heralds of Almighty Power;
Bearing to us day and night,
Mercy's gifts, in countless measures,
Hidden in their urns of light,—
Precious Lenten treasures!

Dear-bought graces! still upon them
Rest the dews of Calvary;
Healing graces for the wounded,
Hope and peace for every sinner.
In those golden vases lie,
Mighty graces, which shall bear
Onward, up, with giant paces
Souls that higher paths shall dare,—
Priceless Lenten graces;

Hours replete with benedictions,
Slow, yet sure, are gliding on;
Golden hours, with gems encrusted;
Gather them, and buy the treasure
Ere its angel guard be gone!
Trembling hangs eternity
On those wondrous, hidden powers;
Grasp them, soul, and these shall be
Blessed Lenten hours!

Clouds of prayer are mounting upward
From the Church's mighty soul;
Parce, Deus,—Miserere,
Through the grand cathedrals echo,
Down the 'sacred cloisters roll.
Spotless, sinful, lowly plead;
Blend thy heart and voice with theirs;
Thou wilt bless, at death's sharp need,
Holy Lenten prayers!

Falling tears are heard in Heaven,
Gushing from the Church's heart;
O'er her Spouse, thorn-crowned, she mourneth,
Treading wine-press of His Passion:
In her anguish bear thy part,
And thy loving tears shall rise
Victors to the eternal spheres,
For the crown that never dies,—
Happy Lenten tears!

—M. S. Pine.



EVIL LITERATURE

By Rt. Rev. H. G. Graham, D.D.

AMONG the deadliest evils of the present day, which completely subvert the Christian doctrine of morality and do grave injury to souls purchased by the precious Blood of Jesus Christ, must be chiefly reckoned all those kinds of literature that pander to sensuality and lust and even to a certain lascivious mysticism." So run the opening words of an "Instruction" issued this year to all Bishops, with the authority of our Holy Father Pope Pius XI., by the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office. "The principal works of this kind are romances, novels, dramas, and comedies, in which our times are incredibly prolific, and which are circulated daily everywhere in more and more abundance.

"The works of these writers, by which so many, and especially the young, are so greatly captivated could, if kept within the moderate bounds of modesty and decency, not only bring harmless enjoyment but could even be of use in strengthening the morals of their readers. Now, however, it cannot be sufficiently deplored, as has been said, that from this multitude of books, whose frivolous fascination is equalled by their depravity, there arises the gravest injury to souls. For many of these writers paint immodest things in brilliant imagery; despising every law of purity, they narrate some of the obscenest things, now covertly, now openly and shamelessly, they describe carnal vices, even the worst, with a kind of subtle analysis, and embellish them with all the beauty and attraction of style, so that there is nothing in morality left sacred. Everyone can see how pernicious all this is, especially to youth, in whom the warm glow of their age makes chastity more difficult. These volumes, however, often small, are on sale cheap at booksellers, in the squares and streets of towns, and at railway stations, and finding their way into everybody's hands with extraordinary rapidity, frequently bring Christian families into great and deplorable

dangers. For who does not know that by literature of this kind the imagination is strongly excited, unrestrained lust is violently enkindled, and the heart is dragged into the filth of shamefulness?"

Having condemned as much worse than other love stories those which intermingle a kind of piety and false religious mysticism with their morbid sensuality and immodesty, the instruction proceeds: "Let no one object: in many of those books there is a most admirable elegance and beauty of diction; a psychology is splendidly taught in lines with modern discoveries; lascivious pleasures of the flesh are reprobated by the fact that their shameful character is exposed in its true colours, or sometimes they are shown to be visited by remorse of conscience, or it is made plain how often the extremes of filthiest pleasures are overtaken by the sorrow of a kind of repentance. For neither elegance of writing, nor the science of medicine or philosophy—if indeed such are contained in this kind of literature—nor the intention, whatever it may be, of the authors, can ever prevent the readers, whose weakness and tendency to self-indulgence is generally great through the corruption of nature, from being gradually ensnared by the allurements of the unclean pages, perverted in mind and corrupted in heart, and after giving free rein to their passions, lapsing into wickedness of every kind, and not rarely disgusted with a life which is surfeited with filthiness, actually committing suicide."

Then the Roman Instruction, having bewailed the fact that writers calling themselves Christians should produce such ruinous literature, continues: "Indeed we see that not a few writers have reached such a pitch of audacity and shamelessness as to spread abroad among the people in their books those very vices which the Apostle forbade even to be mentioned by the faithful of Christ: 'But fornication and all uncleanness . . . let it not so much as be named among you, as becometh saints' (Ephes. v. 3). Let these people learn at last that they cannot serve two masters, God and lust, religion and impurity. 'He that is not with Me,' says the Lord Jesus, 'is against Me' (St. Matt. vii. 30), and assuredly not with Jesus Christ are the writers who by their

filthy descriptions deprave good morals, which are the surest foundations of civil and domestic society.’’

I.

Indecent or suggestive matter, whether found in books, magazines, or newspapers, is a carrier of moral corruption into whatever home it may invade. Abominable phantoms arise in the imagination of the reader, ignominious passions are aroused, criminal desires take root in the heart. The young are introduced to things that they are too young to know, and the innocent to shameful things they should never know at all. A glamour is cast over vice, sin is palliated, and sympathy shown for illicit armours and conjugal infidelity. What wonder is it if the intellect of those who habitually read this kind of stuff becomes darkened or confused as to the distinction between good and evil, and perhaps shaken as to the very fundamental principles of morality? The beauty of virtue is dimmed, the practice of piety grows distasteful; the restraints of modesty are broken down, and the unhappy victims end in becoming the prey of vice. But even if they escape that, what shall we say of the interior state of those who feed their minds on this filthy garbage? Nothing but what Our Blessed Lord said: “*The things which come out from a man, they defile a man. For from within, out of the heart of men proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications . . . wickedness, lasciviousness, an evil eye . . . All these evil things come from within, and defile a man,*” St. Mark vii., 20-23. It is sad to think of the soul of one who has been made a child of God in Baptism and a Soldier of Christ in Confirmation—the soul, that noblest part of man, created by God to know Him, which has been made the dwelling place of the Holy Ghost and been so often sanctified by the Body of Christ in the Holy Communion, now being polluted by the uncleanness that exhales from licentious reading. A man’s whole nature and character is degraded and debased when he revels in bad literature, for he is enchained and enslaved to the lowest of animal instincts, instead of raising himself up nearer to God the source and height of all beauty and perfection.

For there is nothing good or useful in such publications, nothing elevating, nothing inspiring; nor is there intended to be. indecent literature is written and sold to make money; it is an article of commerce like any other article, good or bad, sold across the counter. We need not attribute to its authors any ulterior purpose, such as that of demoralising their readers, although that may follow; the morality or immorality of it never costs them a thought. They write what they know millions will buy; "the circulation determines the subject." It is a pity then, we repeat, that people should so readily defile their minds and soil their virtue for the pecuniary advantage of the purveyors of obscenity. And if anyone excuses himself by saying that he reads this or that improper book for the sake of its fine style, we have the answer in the Instruction already quoted. St. Augustine met such excuses in his day, as far back as the fourth century A.D., and his reply was simple, and not dissimilar: "By means of immoral matter nice language is not acquired, but by means of nice language immorality is learned."

And not only so: but immoral reading is dangerous to the Faith as well. We need not labour the proof of this truth, but it is a fact only too well known—there are notorious instances of it—that lapses from the Faith are often due to moral causes. "We expose ourselves to the danger of losing our Faith," says the Catechism, "by . . . reading bad books." A man turned sensualist feels the yoke of Catholicity too heavy and its restrictions intolerable; from wishing they did not exist it is but a step to persuading himself they do not, or should not exist, and then the faith is shipwrecked. *For everyone that doth evil hateth the light, and cometh not to the light that he works may not be reprov'd*, St. John iii., 20; for by the light of faith his sins and vices are disclosed at least to himself, and would have to be abandoned. No man enters the Catholic Church for a wicked, or even for an easier life, but he may well abandon it for that.

II.

Recognising then this evil, what is the obligation of Catholics in conscience? It is, for themselves, to shun such literature as

a plague, and if they are in charge of others, to see that it does not fall into their hands, and if it does, to deprive them of it at once and remove it out of the house, never to gain entrance again. And what is the ground of this obligation?

(1) It is the natural duty we have of avoiding the occasions of sin. That this kind of literature is directly provocative of sin is certain, as we have already explained. A Catholic is therefore forbidden by the Natural Law, by Divine precept, to read it. The Sixth Commandment, our Catechism tells us, "forbids whatever is contrary to holy purity in looks, words, or actions": and in particular it "forbids immodest songs, books, and pictures because they are most dangerous to the soul and lead to mortal sin." We are bound to preserve unstained the purity of body and soul, and so to take all necessary means to that end. We have compared bad literature to a plague. At the moment we are living in the midst of a moral plague; the atmosphere is laden with it; the poison lurks not only in the leaves of books and booklets, but in the folds of journals also. And just as in time of a plague people are very careful about the state of the food and the kind of food they admit into the body, so in time of a moral plague they should be equally watchful as to the kind of food they allow into the mind. Parents during a pestilence take every precaution that their children are not infected with the disease; are they to be less careful that their children's souls are not imperilled by the far more deadly poison of pestilential literature? There is a bodily disease and death; there is also a spiritual disease and death.

(2) But there is another Law by which Catholics are forbidden to read prohibited books, and that is positive Ecclesiastical Law, which specifies, enforces, and applies the precepts of Natural and Revealed Law, and if necessary adds penal sanctions to their violation. The Catholic Church is the guardian of the Natural Law and the interpreter of the Revealed Law, whether found in the Old or the New Dispensations and as she is commissioned by her Divine Founder Jesus Christ to guide souls to the attainment of their everlasting salvation, it is her duty to safeguard the integrity of Faith and Morals. Now, as Pope

Leo XIII. declared, nothing can be conceived more pernicious, for the defiling of souls through contempt of religion and many allurements to sin, than uncurbed license in the writing and disseminating of bad books; "so the Church has ever striven, as far as lay in her power, to restrain people from the reading of bad books as from the deadliest poison." And she does this in two ways: by subjecting the writings of Catholics to Censorship before publication, and by Prohibiting the reading or circulation of writings already published. "The Church has the right," says the sacred Canons, "to demand that the faithful shall not publish books which she has not previously had submitted to her judgment, and (the right also) to forbid for a just reason books published by anyone whosoever" (Can. 1384). This is part of the teaching office of the Church—and so is found under that title in the Codex of Canon Law—and is implicitly contained in the words of Jesus Christ to the first Pope: "Feed My sheep, feed My lambs." If she protects the faithful by condemning spoken error in regard to faith and morals, she cannot but condemn the printed error in the same connection. Her preventive and repressive legislation against evil literature, therefore, forms a reasonable and salutary guidance to the human intellect and will, for which we should be most grateful. It is in no sense an interference with the legitimate freedom of anyone either in composing or in reading books. Good books are useful; bad books are among the worst enemies of mankind; for a bad book once published goes on its awful mission of ruining souls from one generation to another, perhaps even from century to century.

III.

From the earliest times the Church has not only claimed but exercised the right of condemning pernicious books and forbidding their perusal. The converts of St. Paul at Ephesus gave the first and most edifying example of loyalty to Catholic principles when they made a public bonfire of their bad books—bad because superstitious—at the enormous sacrifice of £1,770 (Acts xix. 19). All through the centuries Popes, Fathers, Councils,

and Bishops of the Church have proscribed harmful literature, in the early centuries principally that which was heretical. The invention of printing in the fifteenth century and the increase of pernicious writings throughout Europe, owing to the Reformation, demanded stronger measures to stem the tide of evil. In 1520, for example, Pope Leo X. condemned the arch-heretic Luther and all his writings present and future; which meant, as has been said, that "not only were his published works proscribed, but the very foetus of his mind, before he gave it birth, incurred the Church's censure." Then the Council of Trent found it necessary to proscribe not only individual works but whole classes of books. The Constitution of Trent remained substantially the Church's legislation until Pope Benedict XIV., one of the greatest Canonists of all time, revised it in the eighteenth century: and his revision lasted till the reform carried out by Pope Leo XIII. This in its turn has given way to the legislation of the Codex of Canon Law, which however, largely embodies the Constitution of that great Pontiff.

Now in all this the Catholic Church is only doing in her sphere what all civilized and cultured nations do in theirs, which have always proscribed and regularly confiscated literature that might injure the individual, or society, or might shake the stability of the State. No State that wishes to preserve its well-being can allow absolute and unrestricted license in the publication and circulation of matter which it considers harmful to its interests; and so the seizure of books and pamphlets and even newspapers judged to be subversive or dangerous is an almost everyday occurrence. During the Great War we had a sample of what Censorship meant, both in personal and in official communications. People found it irritating, but they acquiesced in it as necessary. Some governments to-day prohibit the sale or transmission of Birth Control literature. On the religious side also we have no doubt that non-Catholics will often forbid their youth to dabble in Catholic literature.

What civil governments then do from motives of national or political expediency, the Church does from a far higher, that is, supernatural motives, namely concern for the spiritual wel-

fare of her children and for the eternal law of God. But she goes further than the State, for she binds the conscience of the faithful in the matter, and forbids not only the publication but the reading of certain books. And everyone must admit that, even on grounds of reason and common sense, she acts wisely. No Catholic may with safety read whatever comes in his path, any more than he may eat and drink with safety whatever comes in his path. He is of course physically free to do so; but unless he has quite taken leave of his senses, both in the one case and the other he will abstain from what is labelled poison, and much else as dangerous; and she does this principally in two ways (1) by General Decree; (2) by Particular Decree.

IV.

(1) Leaving out of consideration for the present the right of Church Councils and local Ordinaries, such as Bishops, to prohibit books to their own subjects, the *general* Decree of prohibition for the whole Church is found in the Sacred Canons (No. 1399) and constitutes a list or catalogue of the *kinds and classes of books* forbidden by common law to the faithful everywhere. And the effect of the prohibition is that "without due permission, forbidden books may be neither published nor read, nor sold, nor retained, nor translated into another language, nor in any way communicated to others" (Can. 1398). Now among the works thus forbidden are "books which designedly attack religion or good morals," and "books which of set purpose treat of, relate, or teach lascivious or obscene things"; and according to the definition given elsewhere, the term "books" here includes also newspapers, periodicals, and any other published writings of the same description (Can. 1984, 2).

(2) The second method of prohibiting bad books is by a *particular* Decree of the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, which places an individual work by name on the Index of prohibited books. Comparatively few books are proscribed in this way, for the simple reason that the Holy Office could not possibly take cognisance of the thousands of bad books, tracts,

and other writings which are vomited forth from the printing presses of the world.

Certain works which, by their nature, or by the circumstances of the case, e.g. because they have been denounced to the Holy See, require to be specially examined and are thereby found to deserve condemnation, are placed on the Index and the decree is published. But the faithful do not need a copy of the Index in order to avoid bad books. "Who does not know," says the Roman Instruction, "that the Church by general law has decreed that books of a depraved character, which intentionally or of a set purpose injure as if they had been placed on the Index of prohibited books? Hence it follows that a mortal sin is committed by those who, without due permission, read a book undoubtedly salacious, even although it has not been condemned by name by ecclesiastical authority"; and the Instruction adds, that on this matter of great importance, false and mischievous opinions prevail among the faithful.

There are thousands of bad books and writings that never have been and never will be separately forbidden, either on the Index or by a Bishop for his Diocese; but they are included in the *general* class of bad books condemned by the Common Law of the Church already referred to, and may not be read under pain of sin. And even supposing there were no Church laws prohibiting immoral books, would we be allowed to read them? Assuredly not. The duty of safeguarding the soul from sin in this matter does not arise primarily from any Ecclesiastical Laws or decrees, but is imposed upon us by Almighty God Himself and binds equally the Catholic and the non-Catholic. These Laws certainly add a fresh obligation of obedience and considerably strengthen our will to resist evil and give us another grave warning. But the obligation of avoiding danger to our morals is already laid upon us by the Divine Law, whether Natural or Revealed; by the Fifth Commandment for example, and the Sixth Commandment, and is implied also in the petition of the Lord's Prayer "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil." So much is this the case that even although a book did not come *strictly* within the general class of bad

books forbidden by the Church, still if it were bad for you, then it is forbidden to you. The Divine Law never ceases, and each one knows his own frailty. Hence the warning, so simple yet so profound, introduced by our holy Mother the Church in the midst of her legislation: that "no one, by obtaining permission to read forbidden books, is in any way exempted from the prohibition of the Natural Law against reading books which are to him a proximate occasion of spiritual danger."

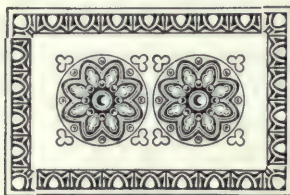
You can see at once the application of this principle to the reading of newspapers and periodicals which, without any sense of responsibility to Almighty God, fill their columns with matter that is morally offensive or dangerous. They may indeed evade the meshes of the civil law, but not by such a standard does the Catholic guard the purity of his soul.

V.

Knowing then, what is the mind and the law of the Church, which reflects the mind and the law of God, it is for us to obey it both in the letter and in the spirit. We have not here treated of any other classes of forbidden books, such as those against the Faith or the Church, for that is not the specific matter in hand. But how many souls have been lost to God by the kind of vicious reading we have dealt with—beginning perhaps out of curiosity, then forming a sinful habit; or even if authorised to read what is forbidden, neglecting the necessary safeguards, such as prayer, against the temptations of the Devil and the weakness of human nature. Well had it been for them if they had not known how to read! People despise the illiterate, but these at least are guiltless of sins which may bring others into Hell. For reading, it has been said, "is no mere amusement which passes away in the using, but is living seed sown and sure to spring up in act. It is a spiritual eating and drinking to oneself of life or death." What Catholic is he who will read the literature of death? or lend it to others to read? or allow his children to read it? And why offend the good God by using against Him His own precious gift of the faculty of reading? For what was it given to us except to be used for His glory and

our own perfection? There is plenty of good literature; why read what is bad? The Church prohibits no lawful reading, but that is not lawful which violates the law of God and His Church. By virtue of the Faith, Catholics have the highest ideal of morals; this should be reflected in their standard of selection and of appreciation of proper reading.

Guard yourselves then, dear readers, from what is harmful in print; nourish the mind with good and wholesome reading, and you will come so to appreciate it that you will only turn with disgust from what is base and low, as unworthy of the followers of Christ. *For the rest, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise or discipline, think on these things,* (Philipp, iv. 8). And may "the grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God and the communication of the Holy Ghost be with you.





DR. GERTRUDE LAWLER

DR. LAWLER AT ST. JOSEPHS

On Thursday, March 8th, the students of St. Joseph's College and School enjoyed an hour of rare interest and entertainment listening to Doctor Gertrude Lawler on the familiar subject of Dickens and his "David Copperfield." The charm which was attached to a sketch of the author and an appreciation of his work was such as could be lent to it only by a thorough Dickens scholar and one fully conversant with this work in minute detail. Rather than an academic lecture, the learned speaker seemed to give her estimate of what Dickens had accomplished as a novelist, a social reformer and an advocate of a sane mode of life, being one of those observers of hygienic law who believe that one should take as much physical exercise as one does mental work. From ten o'clock to two each day he wrote and after that he walked around and beyond the suburbs of that great old London which he loved and described so well.

This novel was a slow growth of four pages a day and took him two years to produce. It was cherished by Dickens with an affection differing in kind, as well as in degree, from the common fondness of an author for his literary offspring, because it was autobiographical and ninety per cent Charles Dickens.

In the belief that the junior students would enjoy the subject better, knowing a little of the early years of Dickens' life, a brief outline was given, telling of the difficulties in obtaining an education, which was "picked up," of his apprenticeship at Law, of his success as reporter in the British House of Commons and of his ambition to become a successful writer. His kindness and efforts at moral reform were touched upon and lastly there was given, as it were, a "march past" of the characters in "David Copperfield," one by one, showing the import of each and indicating the appropriate label with which each might stand forth to meet a parallel in real every-day life. A contrast was added between the humour of Dickens, which

made you laugh, and that of Thackeray, which is a metaphorical whip to make you smart. The literary and friendly relations of these two novelists was dwelt upon briefly showing how the one influenced the other and yet without imitation.

The speaker closed her lecture in reminiscent mood, quoting a beautiful lyric referring to the little child-wife, Dora, as "Little Blossom," the words of which were composed by G. W. Birdseye and set to music by M. Keller. In it the characteristic pathos of Dickens found exquisitely delicate expression. The song was admitted to be a favorite with Doctor Lawler and had been sung by her upon occasion in St. Joseph's reception room. A vote of thanks was tendered the eloquent lecturer by a member of the graduating class in Arts, Miss Margaret Thompson, and her words were echoed by others of the audience as they gathered around one whose rich, strong, vibrant words are likely to leave a lasting impression on the young readers of Charles Dickens.

Song, "Good Night Little Blossom"

Good-night, Little Blossom, and sweet be thy sleeping;
The angels thy sisters, will lighten the gloom.
Ah! Soon will the joy of my life turn to weeping,
When thou, Love's fair flower, no longer shall bloom.
No sunshine to-morrow! A sorrow is shading
The heart that e'er lived in the smile of thy love;
Good-night, Little Blossom, from earth thou art fading,
And soon thou wilt bloom in the garden above.

Good-night, Little Blossom, and let not thy dreaming
Be shadowed by thoughts that a parting is nigh;
For, Dora, my child-wife, though hard be the seeming,
I strive to be hopeful when e'er thou art by.
Oh, fatal the name that I gave, "Little Blossom"!
How fair was thy bloom, and how soon 'twill be o'er!
Good-night, Little Blossom, though dead on my bosom,
Thy love shall live in my heart evermore.

Music by M. Keller.

G. W. Birdseye,

THE STORY OF VAN

By Caroline D. Swan.

DISCUSSION had waxed warm at the Tom and Jerry. This circle of choice spirits had a faculty for occasionally getting uproarious.

They were good fellows, every one,—rather under the leadership of Tony Wilkins, a young barrister of marked ability—but capable, each one for himself, of some achievement, either in one line or another. I make no exceptions—though the boys, themselves, seemed just now to be making one.

Amid the noise, the stir and confusion of a lively debate, one handsome young fellow sat in dead silence. He went on puffing at his cigar in the laziest of postures, serene as if the Club had been a sea coated with oil. At last, breaking an unwritten law of the Tom and Jerry, Wilkins let himself get irritated thereby. “I say, boys,” he cried, “here’s Manovitch sitting mumchance over his smoke. He cares not a ‘red’ about the country. Hasn’t a word to say, no matter what’s up.”

The lazy young giant smiled without a word of reply. His silence was calmly becoming impressive. It somehow implied superiority.

“Van never disputes,” put in Sol Graves, a rising sub-editor on the Daily Trumpet.

“But a man ought to dispute. He ought to say something when these confounded rascals go out electioneering, each with a load of lies big enough to break down any camel in Bagdad.—Hang such citizens who won’t say anything! They aid and abet villainy, every time.”

Here a flash that looked dangerous, shot into the dark eyes of the victim.

“Van knows just as well as we,” pursued the tormentor. “But there he sits, all ears like Balaam’s ass, and won’t commit himself by a single word.”

“But Balaam’s beast did speak,” cried Sol, impatiently.

Paul Vandervoort slowly laid down his cigarette. "Yes, right you are!" he drawled. "He rebuked the madness of the Prophet." And the boys shouted.

For, among the various Club sobriquets, Tony Wilkins laid claim to that of "the Prophet."

Sol Graves went home that night with several new ideas rattling round in his consciousness.

"Our Prophet is not of the Hebrew persuasion," he murmured. "Perhaps a Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.—Has an ill temper, too. Showed it out, this evening for the first time.—There always is a first time!" he declared, sententiously. "Glad he isn't on our paper! Van, the dark-eyed, the lazy, would do better.—A vacant niche on the "Trumpet"? Jerusalem!—Why, there is one! Wonder if Van would like it."

And the outcome of this idle thought at last put Van, the silent on the working force of the "Trumpet." There he soon made good. His steady ability impressed those at the helm.

As time went on, a fortunate chance turned the tide of things still more in his favor. A day of disaster brought him to the front. The senior editor of the "Trumpet" was overtaken by a sudden illness somewhat resembling a shock and borne home in his auto swiftly as was possible, perhaps never to return. The office was, for the nonce, demoralized. Who should take the place of its head? Who could, or would, supply the morrow's editorials? Not one of the startled men volunteered.—But Van's courage rose. He produced some manuscript, and gravely flung it down before the sub-editor.

"How will that do, for once?" he cried.

The dazed man felt a sudden relief and Van's "stuff" appeared before the public next day. Approved by the office staff and duly paid for, Van was dazzled by his own success.—Balm for his silent hours had come, for the others frankly praised him.

"Give us some more, if you can," said the sub-editor graciously.

By the time the invalid had returned to his desk, Van had won quite a reputation.

"They have got a mighty smart young man over there, on the 'Trumpet'," remarked Col. Wardlaw, the important proprietor of a political sheet in a large neighboring town.

"Yes, yes," replied the old lawyer thus addressed. "But let him alone, let him be! He's young yet. 'One swallow doesn't make a summer'."

But the Colonel, though taking his friend's advice, kept a quiet watch on the young man and his doings.

Van, for his own part, quiet at his desk and avoiding his old enemy, Wilkins, was far from being as ready to meet the next demand. It came with a stir. A group of young people, his foe among them, invaded the "Trumpet" office to get press notices and advertising, an amateur concert being in process of arrangement.

Soon a pretty, blue-eyed singing-bird accosted Van. The beauty of her fairly dazzled him. That rippling voice was music, her eyes like spring violets; and Van was sensitive, beneath the shell of his calm exterior.

"I am Miss Wardlaw, "Col. Wardlaw's daughter," she explained frankly. "I think you know my father.—I am Alice."

Her manner was simple and sweet.

Then, Van broke silence. His nerves were a-thrill. Under that outer calm lay a world of sensitive, appreciative power. He answered softly and they were soon drifting away into some light musical discussion.

Then, a sharp voice interrupted. "Come, Alice, we are going now."

Miss Wardlaw obeyed the peremptory summons, not failing, however, to leave behind a sunshiny smile for Van's consolation.

Looking to see who had spoken thus abruptly, Van beheld the Club "Prophet." Then he murmured to himself the old eastern adage:—

"He that hath a hundred friends hath not a friend to spare;
And he that hath one enemy shall meet him everywhere."

It all worried him.—Could it be that this fair girl was to be wooed and won by such a man? To be sure, Tony Wilkins was rising in political circles, but his love for liquor might prove his downfall.

Van, however, got little time to brood over all this. He was not sure, and had formed the habit of never asking questions. If lonely sorrow and disappointment fell to his lot, and all brightness to that of another, who was he to question the Lord's all-beautiful, all-holy Will? "From envy, hatred and malice," he cried, within himself, "and all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver me!"

Yet, could it be that this innocent young girl was to fall into such a snare? What could her father be thinking of? Van knew enough of his foe to see her peril. For, as his casual acquaintance with her progressed, he felt she was too pure to apprehend evil.

But, ere long, he found himself again facing the foe.

Sent from the office to cover an assignment not usually his, but that of another man now away ill, he found himself alone, after midnight, in a bad neighborhood. There in a dark spot, sprawled on the pavement, lay his rival, the Prophet, hopelessly and helplessly drunk. Shocked, though scarcely surprised,—he knew something of the mad revelry which had led on to this,—he strove in vain to awaken the sleeper. He had to have help.

Luckily, a policeman whom he knew, big and good-tempered, happened along, and with the aid of an "auto" they got him home.

"Thank heaven!" murmured Van, "I have returned good for evil."

He kept his own counsel strictly as to the affair, telling only his confessor, Father Lawrence, his one comforter in his dreary, up-hill strivings.

Yet ere long he had another and a different story to tell his priestly friend! For candidates were in process of choice for the local election. Mr. Wardlaw's friend, the old lawyer, had suggested his name for a small office.

"It will be an opening, a step into public life," said this good man. "He will rise. He can keep his own counsel and also keep away from liquor. The temperance men will like him—and their opponents, too!—He is just your man."

All this only disturbed Van. He talked it all over with Father Lawrence, somewhat to the surprise of the latter. "I don't believe I want a public career, Father," he had said. "It is full of temptation. These gentlemen mean well; they are very kind!—But I should dread it.—Besides, Father, I am writing a book."

The little post offered him did not appeal to him with a very loud voice.

Col. Wardlaw, though far from understanding Van's attitude, was getting seriously displeased with Tony Wilkins. His bold ways were disrespectful to himself and far from satisfactory to his daughter.

Gentle as she was and sweet and yielding, Tony's peremptory attitude and his assumption of superior wisdom displeased her so much, that, ignoring his wrath, she would quietly smile upon Van, whom she liked.

"Mother," she said one day, in unusual agitation, "I am not engaged to Mr. Wilkins. Why does he behave as if I were?"

"Facts are stubborn things, dear,—and that one vexes him. I trust it may go on doing so!—Your father and I in no wise favor his suit." The daughter smiled.

"Really, mother, I have no wish to marry, none at all!—But, I do like Mr. Van Elten. I hope we may always be friends."

"I like him, too, my dear. He is calm and courteous."

On the whole, Tony, the important, was losing ground with the Wardlaws.

As for Van, one day, to his utter bewilderment, a letter arrived from a publishing house in New York, proffering him a position on a well-known publication at a decidedly generous salary. He could scarcely believe it real!—The offer was far too good to decline. Yet it meant leaving the "Trumpet"

and his present home—not really a home, after all, he reflected,—and parting from Alice Wardlaw. Could he leave her to his rival?

A lively stir filled the office of the “Trumpet,” when it began to be clear that they were soon to lose Van. Even the sub-editor evidenced grief, as at some sudden disaster. But the worst was when our hero told Alice Wardlaw and beheld unbidden tears in her soft blue eyes.

It brought him a strange commingling of joy and sorrow. He knew her friendly liking for him; but this—was it not something more?

He had no vanity in his make-up; but he took a wondrous consolation with him when he left for New York. There he soon made friends—most of them really worth having—and his views of life and its aims began to widen out. He said this, and much more, in some short articles, which, strange to relate, found prompt acceptance. His book came into shape;—and one day Horace Ames, a newly-found friend, said, “Van, my boy, let us have it!”—The young writer fairly trembled with delight, for this man represented a big publishing house.

The temptations of the metropolis—the dazzling brilliancy of the streets,—the beauty of the women as they passed,—the jewelled splendors of its opera-houses,—he loved music and so was drawn thither-wards!—for its social attractions he had no time—also, as for the revelry that charmed his comrades, he let all that pass by! A Vanity Fair, of which he only said, “It is not in my line of Life!”

Soon, as his reward appeared a crowning joy. He came upon Mr. Wardlaw and his daughter, the former drawn to New York on business, the latter to visit a lady friend. The meeting was a delight to them all; in particular, a profound joy to Van, whose loneliness took swift and glorious flight, like a rising airplane.

He took Alice and her friend to concerts and art galleries, showed her wondrous illustrated volumes at the libraries and curios at the museums; it all seemed like fairyland.—As for

Mr. Wardlaw, he was not sorry to have the duty of amusing the young ladies taken off his hands.

He was very kind to Van. One day he questioned him. "Well, young man," said he, "how is your bank account coming on?" "It gains slowly," was the reply, "but it does gain."

"Glad of that. Keep it well in hand, cautiously invested. Many young men waste or lose their money. There was Tony Wilkins of our town; he invested Trans-Atlantic stock during a 'boom,' and lost all he had. Too adventurous! Then he comes to me and wants to marry my daughter—I had to turn him down; that sort of recouping won't do! But there are plenty like him."

Wild thoughts went darting through Van's brain. A sudden impulse came.

"Would you give her to me, Mr. Wardlaw?"

"You? to you?—I had not thought of that. She is a precious jewel, indeed! No wonder you ask?"

Startled by Van's intense face, he spoke more kindly. "Well, well, my boy! I like you. We will see—and if Alice does,—but you are both young yet! In the end it shall be as she says."

And thus it was. Van had had a degree of worldly success. His book was cordially received by a good-natured public, Alice has made him a lovely wife, and speaking of them, Father Lawrence says, gravely, "Godliness has the promise of this world, and, also, of that which is to come."

Night Noises

(June 27, 1927.)

To Helen Wickett's Father.

Helen died to-day and went to Heaven—
We counted her summers up to nigh twice seven;
Cascading silv'ry fountain by Teresa's lake,
Are the tears you shed for my sweet Helen's sake?

Helen's little hands are folded white
In nearby Midland town this fateful night;
But why does that trouble you, unloosened shutter,
That flap at my window in the wind's wild flutter?

And never again—and never again will she
Come running adown the street to welcome me;
But little sheep-bells, out on the distant hills,
Why at this hour do you wake and tinkle still?

And not any more, never more alas!
Will she climb on my knee, my angel lass;
Oh syren dolefully moaning on Georgian Bay,
How did you know my Helen had passed away?

Adapted from the poem of the same title by The Rev. Leonard Feeny, S.J.

APPRECIATION.

From St. Joseph's College, Toronto, Canada, comes the March number of St. Joseph's Lilies—a pleasant, prosperous-looking periodical, with 132 pages of letterpress and 45 pages of advertisements. Few high-school magazines can boast of a more tasteful format; fewer still can surpass, in excellence and variety, the contents of the current issue.

The premier article is Dr. M. J. Ryan's very valuable study of Cardinal Newman and his family. It is obviously the work of a scholarly priest who is a close student of Newman's life and writings, and who has also made excellent use of collateral sources of information. The present reviewer has nowhere read such intimate character sketches of Newman's family circle; of his erratic brothers, Francis and Charles, one of whom became a Unitarian and the other an atheist; of his sisters, Mary, Jemima, and the anti-Catholic Harriet, who seems to have kept her husband, the Rev. Thomas Mozley, from ever becoming a Catholic.

Dr. Ryan is severe in his judgment on Wilfrid Ward's "Life of Newman," which he regards as misleading, uninspiring, and unfair. He also holds Ward's "Life of Wiseman" to be "a tissue of misrepresentation," though he acknowledges that it is "a work of great ability, and of singular interest and charm, a masterpiece of literature." Ward's inaccuracies, which Dr. Ryan regards as unintentional, have been corrected by Abbot Butler, of Downside—a Dublin man by birth—in his scholarly "Life of Archbishop Ullathorne."

On the whole, I believe that Dr. Ryan's article is a contribution of permanent value to the literature which has grown around the venerated figure of Cardinal Newman. The article runs to 22 pages; it ought to be reprinted in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society.

"The Irish Rosary," Dublin, Ireland, July, 1927.

Beauty and Poesy



Poesy will ne'er go begging for a theme
While Beauty lingers in the soft blue skies
And rosy-visaged Morn opes liquid eyes;
While Evening hovers in a blissful dream,
Before the purple shades of stealing night
Seal up again the passages of light.

Poesy, triumphant, wields a gilded wand,
Bright with the full-orbed sun, the mellow moon,
Or with the softened glow when stars expand,
When calls his mate the rambling, sleek racoon.
Beauty and Poesy are a lover pair;
They climb from earth to heaven on a viewless stair,
And then as bashfully in noiseless gown,
Descend on sleeping vale and stately town.

He loses much who misses Beauty's charm—
Beauty in flower and sky and bird's soft note
And rich, pure tones that pour from Music's throat.
The right esteem of these begets a calm,
A great, unsullied joy whose gentle sway
Is as the uplifting influence of a psalm
Changing Life's feverish night to hopeful day.
Poesy then smiles at us through dawning skies,
Bidding the erstwhile sleeping soul arise.

Frederick B. Fenton.

Officers of St. Joseph's College
Alumnae Association

1927—1928

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and Miss Julia O'Connor.

ALUMNAE NOTES

It will be of interest to members of the Alumnae and the fellow-graduates of Dr. Florence Meader-Rees to learn that she has recently received official notice of her permanent appointment by the Senate of the University of Chicago as Clinical Assistant in the Department of Medicine as well as Assistant in the Laboratory Diagnosis Department where for over three years she has been a regular and successful instructor of undergraduate classes in the University.

We wish to congratulate Dr. Meader-Rees on the success she has attained in her chosen profession in which she has kept up continual interest since her graduation from St. Joseph's.

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Miss M. Kelman on January 16th sailed from New York on the S. S. Caledonia taking the "Around the World" cruise organized by Frank C. Clark. Miss Kelman, when she has completed her itinerary, sometime in May or about the 1st of June, will have much of interest and entertainment to relate of her travels in the "Wide, Wide World." Her Sister Alumnae wish her bon voyage and hope that her trip will be a most enjoyable one.

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Mrs. W. J. Northgrave and Mrs. Stafford Higgins were tea hostesses at the Toronto Hunt, Eglinton, for the weekly show on Saturday afternoon, January 21st, which was attended by a great number of the members.

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The twentieth annual meeting of the St. Elizabeth Visiting Nurses' Association was held at St. Michael's Palace, 200 Church street, on February 18th. The President, Mrs. James E. Day, announced that a medical board had been formed to act in an advisory capacity to the Board of Directors.

Doctors D'Arcy Frawley and J. M. Casserley, who are on the new advisory board, spoke briefly of the work of the

St. Elizabeth Nurses, and the important place they took in the community. They expressed willingness, in behalf of their colleagues, to help in an advisory capacity and also in a very practical way, when occasion arose.

Rev. Father Haley, director of Catholic Charities, congratulated the directors and nurses on their work, and expressed a desire to see this work through the Archdiocese of Toronto, in the near future. During the year 1,261 patients were received and 10,657 visits made.

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Miss Edith Northgrave was the hostess of a jolly bridge party on February 7th, at the Granite Club, of 25 tables. Mrs. W. J. Northgrave received with her daughter, in the attractive lounge. The tea table, where Mrs. C. Krick and Mrs. R. S. Deacon officiated, was done with pink roses and tall pink candles. A group of pretty assistants were: Miss Ruth MacIntosh, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Miss Dorothy Clough, Mrs. Donald Johnston, Miss Bunnie Higgins and Miss Nathalie Mills. Many guests came in after bridge for tea.

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Miss Lillian Gough has left for a two months visit in the West.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Warde announce the engagement of their second daughter, Ruth, to Mr. Harry Day of Toronto.

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Mrs. Robert Barker (Beatrice Lynch) is acting as hostess to a large European tour of which her husband is the business manager.

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We are pleased to know that Miss Claire Moore, who recently underwent an operation for appendicitis at St. Michael's Hospital, is making very favorable recovery.

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Mrs. Arthur Holmes (Helen Kernahan) held a post nuptial reception at her new home, 80 Chatsworth Drive, on Tuesday, January 31st.

Congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Harold Murphy on the coming to them of a young baby boy.

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Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. John Rogers on the birth of a young son and heir.

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Mrs. T. F. McMahon is leaving for a short visit to New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. Paul Warde are leaving shortly for Bermuda.

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Miss Veronica Ashbrook is expected to spend the Easter vacation with Miss Naomi Gibson.

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Several former St. Joseph's pupils, now members of the Junior Catholic Women's League, Sub-division No. 3, have assisted in raising funds to help further the good work in which the Sisters of Service are engaged.

Obituary

The prayers of our readers are earnestly requested for the happy repose of these our recently deceased friends: Mr. B. L. Monkhouse, Mrs. John Forestelle, Dr. Arthur Day, Mrs. John Devine, Mr. Patrick McSweeney, Mr. Hugh McCaffrey, Mrs. Mary Cullen, Mrs. Josephine McKinnon, Mrs. Elizabeth McGovern, Mrs. Charles Lamphier, Mrs. E. Jones (Loretto Newton), Miss Essie McKay, Mrs. Ovila Chenette, Miss Annie McNally, Mrs. Ellen Morrow, Mr. James Hughes, Miss Katie Mogan and Mr. Peter Reath.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.



REV. MOTHER MARY ANN BURKE,
Forty-four Years Superior-General of the Sisters of St, Joseph,
Buffalo, N.Y.

The peaceful death on Friday, December ninth, of the venerable Mother Mary Ann Burke marks the close of a long and eventful career. Born in Dublin, Ireland, June sixth, eighteen forty-two, the fourth in a family of seven children, the daughter of William Burke and Margaret Moore, was brought to this country in infancy. When four years of age the parents, on their way to St. Louis, stopped in Buffalo and decided to remain.

The sterling qualities of the father and the example of a good mother made early impression on the daughter, who after a preliminary education at a private school of the Sisters of Charity, attended the old Central High School, until at the age of nineteen the call of the Master was heard and Bridget Burke entered the Order of St. Joseph. She received the habit as Sister Mary Ann on October thirteenth, eighteenth, eighteen sixty-one, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

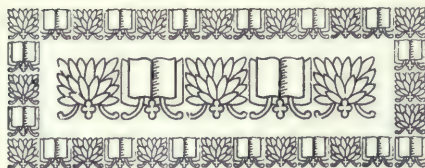
In eighteen sixty-nine, Mother Mary Ann Burke was elected Superior of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Buffalo Diocese, which office she held for the long term of forty-four years. Remarkably clever in conducting monetary affairs, Mother Mary Ann was widely known as a financier of exceptional ability and as such was highly esteemed by State and City officials with whom she came in contact, by directors of the various city banks, heads of charitable societies and members of all classes of society.

In her work for the Deaf, Mother Mary Ann is known throughout the land as one of the oldest and most progressive educators. It was in this field that the best part of her life was spent, at one time laboring silently in poverty and under obstacles of all kinds, at another contending with the State Legislature for support for her afflicted children, always and ever with the one idea that no effort was too great, no labor too arduous where the interests of her Master were concerned. Her direction of education in other lines was no less successful than the work for the Deaf, as was proved in the establishment of the Academy for girls and the School for boys at Mount

St. Joseph and the many parochial schools of the diocese under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

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A woman of rare worth, wise and prudent in administration of affairs, large minded, just, generous and kind, Mother Mary Ann's qualities of mind and heart fitted her eminently to be the guide and prop of souls, while her sunny and affectionate nature won the confidence, veneration and love of all who knew her. If there was one virtue more conspicuous than another in the character of this valiant woman, it was her strong and abiding faith, the beauty of which shines forth in the life of religion as lived by the faithful soul—such is the inheritance with which she who is mourned to-day has enriched the religious family to which she belonged.



COMMUNITY NOTES

RECEPTION AND PROFESSION AT ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT.

On Thursday, January 5th, a ceremony of Reception and Profession was held in the Convent Chapel, St. Albans St. Rt. Rev. Alexander McDonald presided, assisted by Rev. Dr. Barcelo and Rev. V. Murphy, C.S.B. At the beginning of the ceremony Rev. J. Cloran, C.S.S.R., delivered the following forceful and impressive sermon on the significance and the advantages of the religious life:

My Lord, Reverend Fathers, Sisters and Friends:

The beautiful ceremonies we are assembled to witness this morning remind me forcibly of incidents in the life of a young Roman patrician called Alexius. He was the only son of a wealthy senator, born and educated in the Capital. Fearing lest the fascination or at least the distraction of temporal honors might at length divide or draw his heart too much from God, he renounced the advantages of his birth and retired to a Syrian desert to strive for the mastery of holy perfection. His sojourn in Syria lasted some years, until, prompted by divine inspiration, he retraced his steps to the Eternal City. Completely changed as he was by rigorous fasts and protracted vigils, and dressed in the garb of a pilgrim, he was neither recognized nor welcomed by parents or servants. He beheld in this rebuff a new design of Providence. Evidently it was the will of God that, by his virtues and example, he should lead his pleasure-loving relatives and friends back to the paths of justice and righteousness.

The Object of Universal Love.

So the unrecognized son and one-time wealthy heir was forced to kneel at the feet of his father and crave merely a place in which to rest his weary head and shelter his wasted

body. The request was literally but reluctantly granted. In a short time he gave proof of remarkable sanctity. From an object of contempt and pity, he soon became the object of universal love and veneration. At the close of his life a note was discovered on his person revealing his identity much to the mystified joy of parents and servants. He died with the consolation of knowing that he had converted everyone with whom he had come in contact. His death was marked by many miracles, and forthwith the world sang out his praises and loudly proclaimed him saint.

To-day, dear friends, we have the story of Alexius, the Hidden Gem, re-enacted. This time it is by fifteen young maidens, seven of whom are leaving parents, fortune, future, all, to retire into the desert of prayer and recollection; and eight, returning in their pilgrim-garb to lead parents, relatives, friends and all of us on a sure way to God and to heaven.

Poor, fickle world! Yesterday it sang the praises of an Alexius; to-day it has not even a nod of approval for those who are the saints most perfect replicas. Alas! The world is no longer interested in saints or pilgrims. It has long since turned its thoughts into the more material channels of power and progress. If, instead of servants of Christ, they were as many battalions of armed men, then would it halt activities, then would it proclaim a festive-day and proceed to rave and rant on the grandeur and merits of sacrifice and patriotism.

But we are not all at one with the world. There are some who still care for pilgrims and saints. There are some who are interested in the investiture and profession of religious. I refer to you, dearly beloved parents, and sisters and friends of these young women. And in company with you are God and His angels and saints.

A Priceless Sacrifice.

It is true that these loved ones of yours are not the first to imitate a Saint Alexius. There have been hundreds and thousands to do so from that blessed day to this. The sacrifice has lost nothing of its freshness and sweetness and beauty by its

repetition. The allurements of the world to-day are, if anything, stronger and more attractive than ever. Such a sacrifice as these young people contemplate, is simply priceless and invaluable. For they are human. And, humanly speaking, what comparison between bright lights, gay evenings, expensive finery, friends, home, and the voluntary renunciation of all this for the desert of convent and religious life?

What Makes a Sacrifice?

After all, what makes a sacrifice? Is it insanity or unreasonableness? Surely not! What makes the soldier? The patriot? Is it his desire to kill and mutilate, to burn and pillage? Is it his daring or recklessness? Surely not! What is it? It is the motive, the intention, the ideal back of it all. It is his profound love of home and friends and country. To defend these, to keep these, he judges it right and mete and just to pay a price equivalent to that of war and fire and blood, yes, even death. If the soldier's sacrifice is worth the cost, that of these girls is incomparably more so. For the love that prompts them is as high above the soldier's as God is above man and the soul above the body. They, too, leave home, parents, friends. They, too, are resigned to every pain and privation, even to the loss of life. All for love: the Love of God, and the love of Souls.

The Country's Greatest Benefactors.

Let the blind and fickle world rave on! Let it continue to ignore the sacrifices of religious! It is not the first mistake of judgment it has made. If it has not learned already, it will soon learn that many of its so-called patriots are only too willing to batten on their country's life-blood and to forsake the home of their birth at the first sign of advancement or preferment. Not so these humble, pure, devoted maidens. They are the country's greatest patriots. They, the world's greatest benefactors. They, heroines, the noblest, the purest and the best.

Dear Sisters, you are to be congratulated. You are choosing the better part. In your case as in the case of Alexius, the goods you are sacrificing are not lost, but gained. The love for parents and friends that the world questions and condemns, is not, as they say, false and imperfect. It is fonder, truer, and deeper than that of others. But it has evoked in you the desire to make it last for all eternity. You have read and you have understood the words that are an enigma to so many: "Whosoever shall save his life, shall lose it. And he that shall lose his life for God's sake, shall find it."

Sanctity a Difficult Science.

Fortunate maidens, to receive the Master's call! Noble, generous maidens, to answer that call so unhesitatingly! The prayers and good wishes of your friends follow you into your desert of exile. Your year's novitiate shall be strict and arduous. It must needs be so. There are many things you must learn before you are qualified to lead and show the way to heaven. Sanctity is a difficult science. It calls for keen attention and diligent application.

May unqualified success crown all your efforts. May the Divine Master impart His choicest and most irresistible graces to enlighten your minds and inflame your hearts and strengthen your wills. May you come forth superbly fitted for the precious tasks your Divine Spouse has so graciously condescended to ask you to fulfil.

But to-day is doubly blessed. The ceremonies are not only a commemoration of the sacrifice of Alexius, but also of his pilgrim-return from the desert of prayer and recollection. Besides the sisters who are taking the veil, there are others who are making their religious profession. Their term of probation or temporal vows is over. They are now ready to pledge themselves to God and to His all-consuming love.

Love That Connotes Sacrifice.

Once again I turn to address the world. O ye worldlings, listen to me! Would you witness true love,—love out of which

heroes are made, love that connotes sacrifice, service, patriotism, and every virtue worthy of the name? Come and behold it! Here is the love of which St. Augustine rapturously said: "Love God and do as you please." Ah! Those wonderful nuns! Exclaims in admiration the poet-priest of Doneraile, "The glorious vivandieres in the march of the army of Christ. No stars bedeck them, or crosses, no poet sings them; no trumpets blare around their rough and toilsome march and struggle, but some day the bede-roll will be called, and the King's right hand will pin on their breasts the Cross of His Legion of Honor.

Dear Sisters, you have good reason to be glad and rejoice. To-day is the happiest day of your life. Your consecration to Almighty God through the holy vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, is the most perfect a mortal being could be conscious of. It is so perfect it makes you dearer to God than ten thousand ordinarily good people of the world. According to Doctors of the Church, your profession is superior to every other satisfaction and penance for sin and may justly be considered nothing less than a second baptism. Oh! If the world but knew your joy, how it would envy you!

Souls Destined to Be Blessed.

But what of the happiness of your parents and friends? Who will describe for us the joy of the hundreds, yes, thousands of souls destined to be blessed, influenced and possibly saved by your words and example. Permit me to act as their spokesman. I fancy I can almost sense the throbbing of their grateful hearts. I fancy I can hear the joyful accents of the quivering lips.

"We unite with you," they cry, "in your joy and happiness! We unite with you in your prayers of love and thanksgiving to God. His goodness to you is mercy to us. May you live your entire life as intimately united to God as you are this minute. May He love and bless you here on earth and reward and glorify you forever in heaven! May your shining vows and fragrant virtues and noble sacrifice be ever before us, as the pil-

grim's staff and garb, to guide our progress up the hills and down the valleys, through life's exile to our final goal and home of love. Amen."

Clergy Present.

Besides the officiant and his assistants already mentioned above, the clergy present in the sanctuary were: Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, of Hamilton; Rev. A. D. Rheame, of Winnipeg; Rev. G. Doherty, of Mimico, celebrant of the Mass; Rev. W. J. Storey, C.S.B.; Rev. J. Keogh, C.S.S.R.; Rev. C. LeMarche and Rev. F. Pennylegion.

Received the Veil.

The young ladies who received the veil were: Miss Murphy, Winnipeg (Sr. M. Augustine); Miss Gebauer, Winnipeg (Sr. M. St. Osmund); Miss Beck, Sask. (Sr. M. Conrad); Miss O'Reilly, Sask. (Sr. M. St. Martin); Miss Jackman, Collingwood (Sr. M. St. William); Miss Gerl, Winnipeg (Sr. M. Aelred); Miss Beausoleil, Penetanguishene (Sr. M. St. Prosper).

Final Profession.

Those who were admitted to Final Profession were: Sister M. Virginia, Toronto; Sr. M. Cornelia, Toronto; Sr. M. St. Kevin, Toronto; Sr. M. St. Claude, Mimico; Sr. M. Albina, Toronto; Sr. M. Clarissa, Mount Forest; Sr. M. Assumpta, Scranton, Pa.; Sr. Rose Marie, Lafontaine.

First Annual Vows.

Early in the day at the House of the Novitiate, on the Kingston Road, another ceremony took place presided over by the Rev. J. A. O'Sullivan, President of St. Augustine's Seminary, When the following novices made First Annual Vows: Sr. Mary Anthony, Winnipeg; Sr. M. Alelard, Winnipeg; Sr. Agnes Marie, Winnipeg; Sr. M. Audrey, Toronto; Sr. M. Beatrice, Toronto; Sr. M. Margarita, Mildmay, Ont.

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Sisters Avelino, Wilhelmina and Liguori celebrated the silver jubilee anniversary of their religious profession on the feast of the Epiphany, January 6th, when Holy Mass was

offered by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Hand at the House of Providence and by the Rev. John Keough, C.SS.R., at St. Mary's Convent, in thanksgiving for the many and great blessings bestowed upon them throughout their happy years of consecrated life as Sisters of St. Joseph. During the day the jubilarians were the recipients of many hearty greetings, good wishes and tokens of grateful remembrance from members of the Community, relatives, friends and pupils. *Ad multos annos!*

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Among the valiant souls raised up by Almighty God in the 18th Century to help stem the current of error and infidelity in France during and after the bloody Revolution of 1789 was Rev. Mother St. Joseph, foundress of the Sisters of St. Joseph in the diocese of Gap, Belley and Bordeaux. In St. Joseph "Lilies," June, 1926, we published a sketch of her saintly life and are now pleased to inform our readers that the Cause of her beatification is being prepared by His Eminence Cardinal Audrieu for forwarding to Rome.

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Sister M. Blandina, Toronto

The Community of St. Joseph suffered the loss of one of its younger members in the person of Sister Mary Blandina McKenna, on Thursday, December 15th. Though the end came very suddenly her death was a particularly beautiful and peaceful one. Sister Blandina's religious life was spent at Sacred Heart Orphanage, at St. Joseph's-on-the-lake and for brief intervals at the Mother House and St. Mary's Convent. For the training and instruction of little boys she seemed particularly well adapted and her unfailing kindness and maternal solicitude for them found a grateful response in their attachment to her and their prompt obedience to her least wishes. She understood their little ways and her influence over them was remarkable.

Sister Blandina's bright and amiable disposition and her gracious manner endeared her also to her Sisters in religion. Her prayerful spirit and special devotion to the Passion of Our Lord and to the Sorrows of Our Blessed Mother, have been most edifying to her companions and she inculcated this

devotion in others. In it she found the patience with which she bore her physical sufferings and the courage to persevere in the often difficult way of religious life.

Many relatives and friends were present at the funeral Mass celebrated by her one time parish priest the Very Rev. A. O'Leary, D.D., assisted by Rev. T. Heydon, C.S.B., and Rev. J. Kennedy, C.S.B. Other clergy present were the Rev. L. Barcelo, D.D., Rev. J. B. Dollard, Litt.D., Rev. J. Cloran, C.S.S.R., Rev. J. Keogh, C.S.S.R., and Rev. R. Dobell,—R.I.P.

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Sister M. Benedicta Shanahan.

On February 26th, at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, there passed to her eternal home Sister M. Benedicta Shanahan, sister of the late Rev. T. M. Shanahan, who was parish priest of Merritton and Niagara. It was when answering the bell for morning prayers and hastening to the chapel that she met with the accident, which she interpreted as a warning to signify to her that her work on earth was done. The suffering which resulted from the injury was very great yet she endured all in patience saying: "I cannot think that our dear Lord would send me such suffering, if He did not mean it for my penance and to save me." But her feeble strength was soon exhausted and as she felt certain of the end, she prepared for it with serene simplicity and peace. Her confidence in God was entire, inclining her to humility and the most tender abandon to His holy will. Her calm resignation was beautiful to witness and there was comfort for those around her, when with brightening smile, she would sweetly repeat, "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done."

After entering the Community of St. Joseph, Sister M. Benedicta was appointed to the work of teaching and for almost thirty-five years she taught in the Separate Schools of St. Catharines and in the parishes of St. Paul, St. Patrick and St. Basils, Toronto. She was always patient, zealous and successful in instructing and training the children committed to her care. Fidelity to duty and to every claim upon her was the animating principle of her daily life.

During recent years, Sister Benedicta held the office of Superior in the mission houses of Oshawa, Barrie and St. Catharines. In this office she made many grateful hearts happy by her maternal kindness. A beautiful feature of her relations with her spiritual daughters was the confidence which she placed in them and the tender solicitude with which she endeavoured to strengthen the weak and relieve the weary. Ignoring the infirmity of age this faithful religious labored industriously, making the linens for the Chapel and community, or caring for the good order of the House. Whatever she did was done quietly and from the heart, as to the Lord and not for the praise or notice of men. When it was in her power, many a time and privately she opened her hand to the needy and stretched out her hands to the poor with food and clothing as the resources of the House might permit. More than once when the Convent larder was scant and bare, she turned with confidence to St. Joseph, begging him to come to her aid and he never failed her absolute trust, but in some unexpected manner supplied her need by a deputy, whom Sister would name her "Good St. Joseph." Towards all who came into contact with this gentle Sister she was gracious in manner, charitable in consideration, refined and thoughtful in hospitality, showing in all things the wisdom of the Holy Spirit, which is tranquility and peace.

On February 28th a Solemn Mass of Requiem was sung by Rev. J. Kennedy, C.S.B., assisted by Rev. J. McGrand, as deacon, and Rev. W. Nigh, C.S.B., sub-deacon. Present in the sanctuary were Rev. Dr. Barcelo, Rev. Dr. Dollard, Rev. M. Cline, Rev. J. Vallieres and Rev. L. A. Woiciechowski, Redemptorists.

Among the relatives and friends of the deceased present were Mr. P. McCabe and Mrs. McCabe, her sister; Mr. W. T. Kernahan and Mrs. Kernahan and Kathleen; Mrs. W. O'Connor, Mrs. O'Brien, Mr. C. McCabe. The remains were laid to rest in Mount Hope Cemetery where Father Kennedy blessed the grave and where the dust of this saintly nun will await the triumphal summons of the great Judgement Day.—R.I.P.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Wednesday, January 25th, the whole student body, both resident and non-resident, was given a delightful party by the Sisters of the Staff. For those who did not play Bridge, games were provided which not only tested the ingenuity of the girls, but were also very amusing. At 6.30 tea was served. Judging by the alacrity with which plates of sandwiches, cake and ice cream disappeared, it was thoroughly enjoyed. After tea the library, reception rooms and the magnificent reception hall with their highly polished floors were thrown open, and two hours of dancing sped quickly by. The orchestra was furnished by three graduate pupils of St. Joseph's—Miss May Orr, A.T.C.M., Miss Hermine Kellar, A.T.C.M., and Miss Gertrude Bergin, A.T.C.M. Miss K. Kernahan won the Bridge Prize, Miss Isobel O'Rourke the prize for games.

This was the first party at which all the students of the College were present, and we look forward to such an enjoyable party becoming an annual event.

We appreciate the thoughtfulness and kindness of the Sisters on this occasion and know that our enjoyment was also a great source of joy to them.

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Owing to the courtesy of the Basilian Fathers, we have the privilege of having Holy Mass offered daily in our little College Chapel.

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Girls playing on teams representing St. Michael's College are chosen from St. Joseph's and Loretto Abbey College. Teams are entered in the University Tennis Tournament and in the Basketball, Baseball and Hockey Schedules, and it is hoped this year to have a team representing St. Michael's College girls at the Swimming Meet. Individual games are won, but the college with a greater number of girls registered there invariably win the series.

E. Quinlan, '28.

**Inter-Faculty Open-House Debate Held on Thursday Evening,
January 19th, at St. Joseph's College.**

Why come to University? was the question asked by Miss Victoria Mueller of Loretto Abbey, at the women's inter-faculty open-house debate at St. Joseph's College on the evening of January 19th, proposing the motion, "Resolved that this house is of the opinion that lectures are helpful to the undergraduate." Miss Mueller stated that "we come to University to gain ideas and data out of which to construct a scheme of life." Lectures provided a point of contact between young minds and old, a contact with culture in the universal aspect. The professor interspersed his lectures with his own personal research work which could not be obtained anywhere else. If lectures had been of no help, the correspondence course would have been ideal, but its acknowledged deficiency was the lack of personal inspiration. "Lectures," Miss Mueller concluded, "must be the vocal disquisition of experimental data."

Miss Rhoda Howe, of University College, in opposing the resolution, stressed the fact that professors were not supermen and women, but were subject to the same weaknesses as undergraduates. This very fact was sufficient proof that the time spent in delivering a lecture could have been better devoted to some of their own intellectual pursuits. Numerous articles had appeared in "The Varsity" and other newspapers on the failure of universities, mass production being the cause. The students had had presented to them an easy method of obtaining the required knowledge without looking up the inside data of the subject.

The aim of an education, Miss Howe stated, was to develop a viewpoint for one's self, to develop the individual. Lectures merely filled the student's mind with another's ideas, and must be replaced by more library work. It was time the student fitted in with the new industrial movement that had grown up as a protest against the industrial revolution leading to an overdose of mass production.

Miss Mary Coleman, of Victoria College, speaking for the affirmative, declared that in most courses, lectures were merely optional, but yet were well attended. "The student should remember that the foolish learn from experience, the wise from the experience of others. The library did not solve the problem, as it contained too many books, and the average student could not discriminate between the good and the bad. A lecture is a challenger of thought, a systematizer of knowledge and a guide to the best use of time."

An alternative system of education was proffered by Miss Helen Monkhouse of St. Joseph's. Groups where the personal contact was better attained, and essays which trained one's mind to think for itself were this speaker's suggestions.

When the Speaker, Miss Cartwright of St. Hilda's, declared the house open.

Miss Mary Winspear stated that acquiring an education was a hectic life. By the time a student had stood first on one leg and then on the other and worn out both elbows on the library desk, searching through volumes to find information that was not there, lectures provided an opportunity for mental digression. Their main value was this attitude of restfulness which they induced. The subconscious mind became greater as the conscious mind failed, so that the conscious mind of the professor could penetrate to the almost subconscious mind of the student. "God has been said to have denied man one gift—the gift of rest which our professors have given to us." The House voted in favor of the motion by a majority of twenty.

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St. Joseph's College Holds At-Home at Casa Loma.

The students of St. Joseph's College held their annual at-home at Casa Loma on Tuesday night, January 31st. Many favours and novelty dances gave an added interest to the event. The patronesses were: Lady Windle, Dr. Gertrude Lawlor, Mrs. E. J. Hayes and Mrs. Gordon Grant. The committee in charge of the at-home was: Edith Quinlan, '28; Alice Hayes, '28; Katherine Kernahan, '29; Helen Grant, '30, and Marybel Quinn, '21.

On Sunday, February 5th, after but a few days' illness, the death occurred of Capt. B. L. Monkhouse, father of Miss Helen Monkhouse, Fourth Year student in Arts. To Helen, her mother and brothers, we offer sincere and prayerful sympathy in their bereavement.

THE ORKNEYS

What are the Orkneys? Just glance for a moment at your map of Scotland and notice that little group of Islands off the northern coast, separated from it by the stormy Pentland Firth. Last summer destiny led me to this corner of our Empire unexplored by the ordinary tourist, and still left mainly to its own devices. The most important island of the archipelago is Pomona, usually called the "Mainland." Its capital is Kirkwall. The glory of the Orkneys has declined but seven centuries ago they were a great Viking centre.

Relics of the dim forgotten past which have come down, lead us to believe that the first inhabitants of Orkney were Piets. In the time of the Roman occupation of Britain we have definite mention of the *Orcades*; early Church history also tells us that after St. Columba had left the shores of Ireland to convert the Piets and Scots in Scotland, another Irish missionary Cormac went on a similar voyage to the Orkney Isles. The fact that the records of the first landing of the Norsemen make no mention of earlier inhabitants seems to indicate that the former natives had been either expelled or exterminated.

In the eighth century the Norsemen became prominent in European history. One band crossed the North Sea to the Orkney Islands. Unlike the settlements made by these ruthless invaders in France, Sicily and Britain, where they soon became merged with the former inhabitants, this colony developed along its own special lines.

The history of the Orkney Islands during the Norse occupation is preserved for us in the Icelandic Sagas. Iceland

was also an important Norse Colony; and philologists tell us that the old Norse tongue was preserved there better than anywhere else. The part of the Sagas dealing with the Norse earls of Orkney is known as the "Orkneyinga Saga." This Saga consists of three parts. The first relates to the history of Orkney from its conquest by King Harold Fairhair of Norway down to the death of Earl Thorfinn, about the middle of the eleventh century. The second relates to the life of the holy Earl Magnus, of his murder and the miraculous events which occurred after his death. The third tells of the great Sweyn Asleifson, known as "the last of the Vikings." The whole history of the Orkney Saga includes the events of the three centuries from 900 to 1200 A.D.

Perhaps the second part is the most interesting, we learn there that two kinsmen, Hakon and Magnus held the Wardship of the Norwegian earldom of Orkney. They ruled in harmony until Hakon's jealousy brought about such ill-will that he had Earl Magnus, a most holy man, slain at Egilsay. Fate however did not long countenance his evil act, and visited revenge on his son Rognvald of Norway who was one day overthrown by Magnus' nephew. The latter had vowed to build a cathedral and dedicate it to his saintly uncle if he should succeed in his enterprise. He won the earldom and the first stones of his church were laid at Kirkwall. The Cathedral of St. Magnus soon became and is still to-day "the wonder and the glory of the north."

For seven centuries it has stood, an old red stone edifice, smiling upon that bleak land of wind and mist, evoking the old Viking spirit, restless, fierce and free for the people passing up and down the narrow streets of Kirkwall. It is many years now since the old earls went to and from the Bishop's Palace opposite. Rognvald, the last of them ruled well, going in his great ship on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and only returning to be buried in the old church. One hundred years later Haco, King of Norway, was seen sailing by in great splendour, to return in winter time from the Western Scottish Isles, defeated and dying. The chronicle describes the old sea rover

lying in the episcopal palace while the gales bellowed outside and clouds hid the short-lived sun from sight. The eternal bleakness and rushing seas kept even warriors indoors while Haco lay sad and with failing hearing listening to the old Norse Sagas, until finally another Norseman was laid to rest within the walls of Orkney's Cathedral.

Thus the church stood from century to century, watching the life of the islands which spirit it represented. I wonder if there was aught it did not know and what it thought of things as time went on. First Scotland claimed the islands as the dowry of Norway's Margaret when she married James III. Then there came upon the scene those wicked earls—Patrick Stewart and his son. And as if this were not enough, Cromwell's troops drove out the bishops who never came back to stay. Instead Presbyterianism brought destruction of the carvings and beautiful stained glass of the cathedral, and succeeded in making the interior full of traces of the old days, bleak and cold. Farther south there are larger edifices which have suffered greater vicissitudes, but none of them attracted me like the lovely, exposed old red church of St. Magnus, with its suggestions of the dramatic events and stirring personages of the romantic past.

In modern times history is silent about Orkney and it almost seems to disappear from view. The native Orcadians still survive however and save old Orkney for us. They are a peculiar people, fair and very stalwart. There are traces of their Norse ancestors every where evident. They speak English, but there is also an old dialect, all that remains of an ancient Norse tongue. Most of them are fishermen, as the barren land gives little response even to the most indefatigable labour. What is not peat bog is used for pasturing sheep.

Orcadian sheep are black and brown; a rare breed which gives our "Fair Isle Sweaters." The peasant women who knit these sweaters live in little one-story houses and do their work during the long winter evenings, for it gets dark at three o'clock in the afternoon and the sun only rises about nine the next morning. Summer days, consequently, are glori-

ous. One can read print at midnight in June. As there are practically no trees on the "Mainland" and the ground is only gently undulating one can see for miles and miles. On a bright evening it is an unique experience to watch a midnight sunset at sea.

One of the most interesting sights for the visitor is their "Stonehenge" known as the "Standing Stones of Stennis," the almost perfect remains of an ancient Druidical circle. There is also "Maeshowe" an ancient burial place with an entrance so low one must enter by crawling.

Most of the place names, a fact, which is immediately noticed, are, if not the same at least derivatives of the Norwegian. Many of the island names end in "ey" which in the old dialect meant island. Hoy (Ha-ey) means high island; Westray, west island; Rinansey, the island of St. Ninian.

Historians and surveyors have changed many of the names in trying to anglicise them. Pentland the name of the firth separating the Orkneys from Scotland was originally Pettland, the land of the Picts.

In modern times, in war days, men who would never have thought of Orkney for historical or other reasons suddenly found it a place first of importance, and subsequently of interest. When the Grand Fleet was in need of a home it was sent to Scapa Flow, and an air base was stationed at Houghton Bay. Later still after the great Battle of Jutland, the German Fleet was sent to Kirkwall Bay, just on the other side of the island from the Flow. When we scrapped the Great Fleet of the Hohenzollerns, they were sunk at Scapa with all Orkney looking on. One can see the last two ships to be raised, the Hindenburg, and the once famous Moltke lying like enormous whales on their sides at the mercy of the elements.

There are, too, other evidences of modern influence in Orkney; radio, known as "wireless," a generous share of motor cars, telephones, central heating and other modern improvements.

One can make many delightful excursions from Kirkwall to the neighbouring towns, and one never tires of the Orkney

scenery whose charm lies in its colour rather than in its form, not so much in its grandeur as in its restfulness which suggests to us peace and home. 'I left Orkney to continue my journey among the wonders of the old world but I think I left my heart there, for although my stay was not very long, I caught the spirit of its native poet who sings:

“There is a spell woven by restless seas,
A secret charm that haunts our Island air,
Holding our hearts and following everywhere
The wandering children of the Orcades;
And still when sleep the prisoned spirit frees,
What dim void wastes, what strange dark seas we dare
Till where the dear green Isles shine low and fair
We moor in dreams beside familiar quays.”

Helen Grant, '30.



JACQUES—BENIGNE BOSSUET

In an age outstanding for its great literary productions there is perhaps no more illustrious figure than Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet. Born at Dijon in 1627, of an old Parlementaire family of Burgundy. Bossuet was early destined for the Church. At the age of fifteen years he entered the College of Navarre, Paris, to continue his studies begun at the Jesuit College of his native town. An arduous student and an indefatigable worker, he soon gave promise of his future greatness. In 1648 the great Prince of Condé accepted the dedication of his first trial thesis. Ten years after his admittance to Navarre he became a Doctor of Theology and was ordained.

For seven years the great preacher resided at Metz, where along with his many parochial duties he was engaged in writing his first works. Altogether without literary pretensions and filled with apostolic zeal, he had already achieved great success as a preacher and had won many converts to the Church. From 1659 to 1669 Bossuet produced numerous sermons, panegyrics and funeral orations. Primarily a controversialist, he was occupied with arguments and in writing refutations to works by great Protestant clerics of the time. In 1669 he was appointed Bishop of Condom and later became tutor to the Dauphin son of Louis XIV. of France. He devoted himself as earnestly to instruction as he had to study, and during the period of his tutorship composed several works for his royal pupil, the most important of which was "*Le Discours sur l'histoire universelle*."

In rapid succession after 1669 he preached his most notable funeral orations, the best known of which were those for Henriette d'Angleterre and the Prince de Condé. He was still actively engaged in controversy and from his appointment as Bishop of Meaux in 1681 until his death on April 12th, 1704, he was the leading figure in the great religious movements of the age. He assailed Quietism unmercifully and in this affair produced an incredible number of memoirs, relations and responses. Besides these numerous literary achievements he

devoted himself assiduously to the administration of his diocese and still found time to preach retreats in the convents of Versailles and Chantilly.

Conscientious, yet not scrupulous, Bossuet's outstanding quality was his common sense. Although in some passages in his orations he reaches sublime heights he never sacrifices sincerity to an artificial brilliancy of diction. His contemporaries portray him as a courteous, kind, affable man endowed with a wonderful capacity for work. He had as his inspiration the Bible and the Fathers. His style is remarkable for its propriety and variety which is the result of the fine combination of his sound reasoning and great imaginative powers. He is direct, frank and possessed of an extraordinary rich vocabulary. The lyrical qualities of his orations make them almost poetical and distinguish them from the cold, passionless literature of the age. They are impassioned, inspiring, imperious, and full of beauty of imagery. They sway his hearers and lift them from the depths of sorrow and grief to the point of ecstacy. Yet through all this beauty the power of the preacher is apparent and the sequence of his reasoning proves that Bossuet, in spite of his lyricism, has still complete possession of his thought.

His funeral orations, of which there are twelve, give us the qualities of Bossuet to an admirable degree. More out of obedience to his sovereign than from his own inclinations were these panegyrics prepared and delivered. Apart from their beauty they have an historical value of no small consequence. Each oration contains a lesson and serves a double purpose, namely, that of an eulogy and that of a sermon. Above all Bossuet wished to edify and instruct his hearers, yet so subtle was his method that even the most sensitive could take no offence.

Bossuet's historical works were composed while he was tutor to the Dauphin and are the results of extensive and deep study. He is really a "philosopher of history" and proclaims himself as always both the educator and theologian.

It is only in the works inspired by controversy that Bos-

suet becomes at all vehement. He proves himself most worthy as a defender of all the principles of his religion. To enumerate his many controversial productions would be impossible, but two works are worthy of mention; the first is his "Refutation du catechisme de Paul Ferri," published at Metz in 1655, and the other the "Instructions sur les esats d'oraison," composed in 1687, which was to set right questions of dogma and which was directed against Quietism.

The devotion and simplicity of the pastor is revealed in his immense correspondence which is of great value for its knowledge of mankind.

Bossuet is a fitting successor to the great preachers of the earlier seventeenth century, St. Francis de Sales and especially St. Vincent de Paul. The latter knew and encouraged Bossuet, whom he called "his son." Shown the highest honor of both Church and State, a member of the greatest literary society in the world, The French Academy, and a dignitary of the Catholic Church, Bossuet the simple yet sublime, the zealous pastor and eager student, is a vital living factor in the world of literature, and his works will endure to the end of time, a worthy monument to their great author.

Loretto H. Breen, '29.

Enchantment

A smoke-white birch in wan twilight,
 Storm-tossed, foam-pallid raging seas,
 The trembling rapture of a starry night,
 Is there not magic—for you, in these?
 No throb have you felt for the scimitar moon
 Curved to its glowing gem-strew'd hilt?
 Has your heart not sung with the pine's low croon
 Not danced to the brook's gay lilt?
 Ah, enchantment a slim, grey, ghostly thing,
 Scorn it not when with unloosed might
 Its wraith-like arms around you it flings
 And breathless yet breathing holds you tight.

Ronona Laplante, '31.

TWICE SAVED

It is an Autumn evening at the camp of a body of British troops. Inside the tent of Sergeant-Major Rippon, seated in easy attitude around him, are five or six non-coms. Rippon is telling them how the Colours of the good old 47th were Twice Saved—Ensign Travers lost them. 'I brought them back. Sister Grace saved them a second time.

I saluted that Sister of Mercy whose appearance made you smile as she passed by the camp. If she passed me a thousand times I should salute her a thousand times in memory of what that other black-robed Sister did to save the Colour of the 47th.

It was at Inkermann. Very cold and gloomy was that dawn of the 5th of November of which many gallant fellows never saw the sunset. A thick, cold gloomy fog hung over the camp. Muffled in the misty veil the enemy's guns boomed an awful warning of the threatened engagement. Then the drums throbbed and the trumpets sounded, guns lumbered and chargers plunged and reared; swords, rifles and bayonets were grasped in eager haste as from tent to tent, from man to man, rang the cry: "The Russians are on us."

Almost before we had time to arm and form, we heard the heavy tramp of marching men and saw through the yellow mist, closing in around us, the grey-coated masses of the foe. Then it was bayonet to bayonet, man to man. In such an encounter as fell to the 47th's task that day hours passed like minutes, for how long we had been fighting before we lost the Colours, I don't know. But I know our numbers were lessening. We had managed to keep pretty well together and close to the Colours carried by Ensign Travers. Though many had been beaten back, and many a poor comrade had lost the number of his mess. At last, only eighty or perhaps at most one hundred of us remained together, when a mounted officer dashed up, crying: "Look out, 47th, the enemy's cavalry is

on you!" Even as he shouted we heard the thunderous stamp of hoofs upon the turf and the click of spurs and bridle-bits. A moment later they were upon us, a small but solid square kneeling around the Colours. A volley emptied many a saddle, and like a whirlwind they rushed upon us. Our square was broken, the Russian troopers rode in, rode on us and over us. With sword in one hand and the Colours in the other, grasped as with the grip of death, his crisp, curly hair fringing his bare and smoke-grimed forehead, a passionate light glaring in his face, stood Travers, who a couple of months before was the favorite of ladies' drawing-rooms, a well-groomed frequenter of the park and rotten row, a budding dandy with fastidious taste in gloves and neckties. Now there was no fear in his eyes, no trembling on his lips, no shaking of his hands, as he stood there facing death. He had grown mature since then; he was a man now.

Only for a second he stood, for like lightning flashed a sabre, cutting a ghastly wound across his head. He fell, and the man who smote him carried off the Colours! With a red rain of blood dripping from his brow, he raised his wounded head from the sodden grass, and stretching out blindly his twitching, eager hands, "Bring me the Colours," he cried.

All around him lay helpless the faithful fellows who would have died a dozen deaths to place that flag in his hands again—wounded, dying, dead, never should they receive cavalry charge again. Who was there to bring back the emblazoned silk that bore the record of our Regiment's honor? Only one man remained unwounded of the human squad over which the Russian horsemen had ridden—that man was myself. Again the cry, again with the same agony and despair: "Bring me back the Colours or—" reaching out for his broken sword—"kill me!" But before the words were finished I had mounted a riderless steed hard by, and thrusting the jagged point of the bayonet into his side, made on after the flying troops—a mad, wild chase to win the Colours back or die. But the man who had taken the Colours—our Colours—was cut off from his comrades. Wild with hope I tore on nearer and

nearer, stride by stride, foot by foot, gaining upon the man I pursued, till at length we were abreast. A short, sharp struggle and the Colours were in my hands, and the Russian trooper was dead. I rode back proudly to put them, torn and tattered and blood-stained, into the hands of Ensign Travers again.

Someone was kneeling by his side, bathing and dressing the poor boy's head, staunching the blood which was pouring down his young face, wiping it—oh! so tenderly, so gently, from the brave blue eyes and away from the pallid pain-swollen lips which faintly uttered and so fervently as his eager fingers took the Colours from my hand, "God bless you, Sergeant-Major."

Her eyes were full of pity, but they were not once averted from the sight of his gapping wound; her face was full of holy light like an angel's, pure, delicate and sympathetic, but it remained serenely calm though blanched at the sight of the human blood; her hands were shapely, frail and very small, but they did not tremble as they bound up the torn flesh. Under her coarse, black ugly dress beat the bravest heart of all brave hearts living or dead on the field of Inkermann—she was a Sister of Mercy. Her name was Sister Grace. Travers seized my hand, looking at me as he did so, then feeling something fall upon him, he cried out in sudden terror, "Sergeant-Major, you're wounded!" "I know I am, Sir," and with the words I fell by his side as helpless as himself.

What is that? Two Russian cavalry officers are riding toward us—they must have seen the flag recaptured, and they are coming to take it from us once more. What care they for the risk they run—the Colours of the 47th Regiment are worthy of recovering at all hazards! Look, look! They're spurring,—on they come, on over the bodies of friend and foe, on, on, resolutely, steadily on. Look at the triumph in their eyes—look at the light in their faces, the smile upon their lips!

We're cut off from help—we're both wounded, we cannot fight; we cannot rise. Curse them! They know it. Their tired chargers are spurred again, and now they're on us!

Travers clutched his splintered sword, and tried to struggle to his knees. "The Colours are theirs again," he moaned, "but they shall kill me for them."

"No, they shant!" Oh, the light on the pale face of Sister Grace when she said it. Snatching them from the arms of Ensign Travers, she tore the Colours from the broken flag staff and bound them round her body, folded them tightly around her heart, and the Crucifix she wore extended from her neck now gleamed upon them. Then she took a few steady paces away from us as the Russian officers drew rein and halted. "They are mine and you shall not take them," she said. "I can see it all again just as my straining eyes saw it then. I can see her face and her black nun's dress with the Colours wrapped round it, and I can see those two uplifted sabres above her gallant head. "They are mine and you shall not take them from me." How long those two threatening sabres were upheld to strike I do not know—nor how long it was before that strange conquered look came into the fierce faces of the two Russians, but I do know that all the time she flinched not, but fixed steady eyes upon the angry men grasping their shining blades, while with steady hands she pressed the Colours tighter and closer to her heart. And I am convinced that none the less were those two officers of the enemy's cavalry brave soldiers and gallant gentlemen when they lowered their sabres, turned and rode away—not from the bark of artillery, not from a cavalry charge, not from a bristling line of British bayonets—but from Sister Grace, who saved the Colours of the 47th Regiment on the battlefield of Inkermann.

Julienne Gauthier, '30.

THOMAS HARDY

The world of literature mourns to-day the death of one of its illustrious citizens, Thomas Hardy so often called the last of the great Victorians. Thomas Hardy died on January the eleventh, at his home, Max Gate, in his native Wessex, that land whose glories he had so beautifully described. There he was born in 1840, there he spent his boyhood and the greater part of his life, and there the spirit of death found him.

In his youth, Thomas Hardy studied architecture and, in 1863, won two prizes for his work. Soon, however, his love of poetry proved so strong that he chose literature as his pursuit in life. For two years he wrote poetry and then turned to prose because his lyrical ballads won favor neither with the public nor with his publishers.

His first novel (1870) was not accepted. His fifth, "Far From the Madding Crowd," was an immediate success and assured his position among the English novelists. Hardy's novels are known as "The Wessex Novels." They are grouped into four classes: Novels of Character and Environment, Romances and Fancies, Novels of Ingenuity, and Mixed Novels. Of these groups the first is the most important and the best-known. It includes "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Return of the Native," "The Mayor of Casterbridge," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and "Jude the Obscure." The last two written in 1864 and 1896, were violently attacked and caused much comment and criticism.

In his novels, Hardy described the past. The ruins of ancient Briton, the old Roman camps, barrows, mounds, all have place in his stories. In "The Return of the Native," one of his most characteristic novels, a great part of the action takes place near a barrow on Egdon Heath. His description of the heath is one of the most vivid in literature. We feel the dark, gloomy heath closing around us; it is ageless, and we feel powerless against it; we are almost stifled by its darkness, and yet its austere beauty attracts and fascinates us. We

feel with Hardy, "The sea changed, the fields changed, the rivers, the village, the people changed, yet Egdon remained." All is of the past and yet is strangely modern. This unusual combination is one of the causes of Hardy's popularity with the younger poets.

But the greatest love of Hardy's life was Poetry. With the outbreak of the Boer War, we find Hardy inspired anew with the poetic muse and in 1901 he published "Poems of the Past and the Present." In his old age he gave us his great masterpiece, "The Dynasts," which startled the world and created for him a high place among the world's immortals.

"The Dynasts" is an epic-drama, a survey of Europe during the Napoleonic period, showing the great chiefs of this time as merely playthings in the hands of fate. It is a masterly work and far surpasses his great novels. Hardy is, above all, individualistic and his metre is peculiarly suited to his thought and work. In the perfect construction of both his novels and poems, he shows the result of his architectural studies.

In all his work, he emphasizes the weakness of man's struggle against the designs of fate. His style is concise, dignified, and unornamental. His powers of description are very wonderful. Hardy is often bitter and gloomy and when at his bitterest, he is thought greatest. His interpretation of nature is very fine, but he represents her always fighting against man. His characterization is splendid, although we may not agree with his feeling that man is helpless against nature's designs. Hardy chooses his characters from the highest and the lowest ranks of life with equal success. Hidden away in his Wessex home, he endeared himself to the lovers of literature, and no other hand could write for him a more fitting epitaph than his own poem, "Afterwards."

Afterwards.

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous
stay,

And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbors say,

"He was a man who used to notice such things."

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink,
The newfall-hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think
"To him this must have been a familiar sight!"

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn,
One may say, "He strove that such innocent creatures should
come to no harm,
But he could do little for them; and now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand
at the door,
Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more,
"He was one who had an eye for such mysteries."

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the
gloom,
And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
"He hears it not now, but used to notice such things?"

Mary M. DeRocher, '30.

A CHARMING RECITAL

Miss Beatrice Conway is a humorous and dramatic reciter of rare personal charm and platform presence. The young elocutionist sways her audience from laughter to tears by her soulful voice, her persuasive smile, and her very graceful and cultured histrionic ability.

The humorous numbers, "The Mrs. Learns to Drive," "A Stenographer's Soliloquy" and "Rosie," were softly accompanied by such merry laughter from the floor of the spacious auditorium as testified to Miss Conway that genius was expelling care from the hearts and minds of a large and appreciative gathering of friends.

In the clever sketch, "He was There and So was I," the mischievous child was evidently clearly understood by the talented portrayer, who seemed to depict actual experiences.

"Registration Day" brought forward many eventful minutes of pre-war days in Toronto, and "For Belgium" aroused patriotic feelings marvellously well.

On the whole the clear enunciation, beautiful resonance, imitative harmony, versatile power, and interpretative genius of the young artist were particularly winsome in "The Bells," a poem made even more fascinating by the lively melody of a mellifluous voice and a pretty stage redolent of exquisite floral offerings.

Miss Conway's many admirers look forward, with keen expectation, to the future development of a promising dramatic career.



MISS BEATRICE CONWAY

EXCHANGES

Saint Vincent College Journal.

The Saint Vincent "College Journal" for December is well adapted to the Yuletide. Its brief editorial with its realistic word pictures defines "Merry" Christmas with a conciseness which strikes deeply but does not make one conscious of a forced impression. The fiction reflects the same spirit. "A casual Contingency" is decidedly readable, having the whole situation tersely outlined in a sparkling vein. The greater simplicity of narration suits "The Christmas Episode." In the latter the touch of pathos is just what is necessary to enhance the story. Male's sudden resolution is the expected and the probable result. It is the sincerity of expression which gives the "Episode" its depth. To the description of the Gargoyles we are indebted for much information imparted with a clarity which holds the readers' interest. It is free from lengths digressions often tiresome to the ordinary reader. The discussion of the Roman Question so definitely stated and clearly explained satisfies the lively interest in that current topic. Since the poetry in the "Journal" is of the same high standard as that of the prose, the entire contents make the December number of the "College Journal" a most enjoyable one.

L.H.D., '29.

Red and White.

Congratulations are in order both to the Editor and Staff of your most excellent magazine. Interesting and well-balanced it appeals to every student. Special mention must be made of the short story, "A Tradition," and the truly beautiful poem, "The Bell of St. Mark's." "The Jungle" and "Funny Man" add a refreshing lightness to the whole and the Athletic notes prove to us that all your time is not devoted to literary pursuits. "Red and White" will always be welcomed at St. Joseph's.

L.H.D., '29.

Trinity College Record.

We wish to congratulate the girls of Trinity College, Washington, D.C., on their most interesting publication. The uniform excellence of their short stories is especially noticeable and makes their magazine more lively and entertaining than is usual with College periodicals. The editor of "The Record" shows her versatile talents in an essay, "The Middle West in Contemporary Fiction," in a short story, "Greater Love Than This" and in "She Will Go Softly," an interesting little poem of quite exceptional merit.

Congratulations again, then, and may your "Trinity College Record" long maintain the high literary standard established by the issue of November, 1927.

D. Enright, '29.



COLLEGE SCHOOL NOTES

On Monday, December 19th, and Tuesday, December 20th, the Senior Pupils presented the "Mystery Play" by Robert Hugh Benson.

The theme of the play was the simple and well-known story of the Birth of Christ, but it was told with such dignity and enacted so naturally that one could only feel respect for, and be impressed by its beauty. The play tells how the Nativity affected the humble shepherds of Bethlehem's hills, the scoffing Jewish merchants and the Magnificent kings of the east.

Special comment should be made on the fine performance of Miss Eileen O'Sullivan as Zachary, the old shepherd, and Norma Vegara as Abel, a little Jewish boy.

Others who capably filled their parts were Doris Webster, Irene Baxter, Mary Frawley, Rae Boyce, Angela Prue, Audrey McBride, Estelle Desormeaux, Margaret Lyon, Catherine Sheedy, Betty O'Brien, Margaret Ryan, Mabel Green and Eleanor Godfrey.

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Among the social activities of the resident pupils are the bridge parties held every two weeks by the Bridge Club, organized at the beginning of the winter term. They are delightful affairs and immensely enjoyed by all taking part in them. The officers of the club are: President, Miss Eileen Maloney; Vice-President, Miss Helen Quilty; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Estelle Desormeaux.

Eileen Maloney, Form IV.

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On the evening of February 6th a number of the music pupils had the pleasure of attending a recital given by Scott Malcolm, a promising pupil of Mr. Ernest Seitz. He played many selections of the immortal musicians, namely, Bach, Chopin and Schumann, displaying an excellent technique and a masterly touch of expression. His manner of playing gave

us an intense desire to practise more studiously and try to accomplish what he has done.

Audrey Sinclair, Form II-B.

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On Friday, January 20th, the Literary Society of Form I.-A entertained their neighbor Form I.-B with a short but very interesting programme. This included the portraying of the last chapters of George Elliot's novel, "Silas Mariner." Both forms have taken this novel for Literature.

The cast included:

Alice Campbell	Eppie
Anna Finucan	Silas Mariner
Betty Kelly	Godfrey
Mabel Green	June, the maid

A recitation was given by Mabel Green. Orla Beer contributed a comic song and Winnie Dennis a piano solo. The programme ended with the singing of "God Save the King."

Edna Gray, Form I.-A.

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The senior pupils received a delightful surprise in the form of a new reading room, attractively furnished with wicker chairs, conveniently placed lamps, quaint desks at which to write that last minute composition, or perhaps, a long delayed letter. The walls of the room are lined with book-cases, which contain many interesting and instructive volumes. Every week a number of the leading Catholic papers and magazines are placed at the disposal of the girls.

There is a decided atmosphere of tranquility and restfulness about the room which perhaps is accented by the effect of the stained glass windows and the very artistic sketches which decorate the walls. The room on the whole is an asset to the school, and a refuge of solace to the girls when wishing to escape from the badinage of school life.

Patricia Murphy, Commercial Class.

The organ recitals given by Mr. F. A. Moure, Mus. Doc., at Convocation Hall, have been a great source of pleasure to the music pupils, who have been privileged to attend them. We were greatly impressed by the facility with which Mr. Moure manipulates the numerous stops and keys of the organ. The first number on the programme is usually one of Bach's, a Prelude and Fugue, with its solemn rolling tone, indicating a deeper meaning. To contrast this number, a selection in lighter tone follows. The symphony in its various movements shows the development of the theme to the climax.

We hope it shall be our privilege in the future to attend more of these recitals.

Bernice Fischer, Commercial Class.

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St. Joseph's Beethoven Club gave their first entertainment of the New Year in the College Auditorium on Monday evening, January 23rd.

The programme was as follows:—

Grieg Concerto in A minor, 1st movement . . Miss Clair Chinn
Accompanied on 2nd piano by Miss Hermine Keller

Essay on Beethoven Miss Theresa McDonald
Trio Two select compositions

Miss Gertrude Bergin, violinist; Miss McKeon, cellist;
Miss Ryan, pianist.

Vocal Solo—Jewel Song from Faust . . Miss Ondrina Cornell
Accompanied by Miss Grant, L.R.A.M.

Essay on Church Music Miss May Orr
Song—Sundown Miss Gladys Moffat
Trio Selected numbers
Miss G. Bergin, Miss McKeown, Miss Ryan.

Every number was enthusiastically received by the audience and the whole performance pronounced excellent. The best ever!

Hermine Keller, A.T.C.M.

On January 27th, a basketball game was played between the Intermediate and Senior girls of the School in the gymnasium. The Intermediates held the lead for sometime, but during the second period the Seniors realizing the expertness of their opponents began to play with more enthusiasm and when time was called the final score was 44 to 39 in favor of the Seniors. The members of the Senior Team congratulated the Intermediates on their excellent playing and arranged to compete with them again in the near future.

Adele McGuane, Form I.-B.

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The pupils of the First and Second forms displayed their art during the week of January 30th. Mr. Rogers, the High School Inspector, visited us on the Monday of that week and inspected our classes and work. He was present during what we found a very interesting lesson on Decorative Scenes and at the end of the lesson he heartily congratulated the Art students on their progress. Artistic scrap books, made by the pupils during the term, were neatly arranged for inspection. The display included a great variety of books and gave evidence of careful work, interest and real appreciation of the beautiful. Mr. Rogers had a difficult task to judge the work but finally Miss Ray Godfrey was awarded the first prize. Many of the Sisters also viewed the exhibition and their comments were very encouraging. As a result the classes are very hopeful of great achievement and grateful for the careful direction which develops a taste for all that is good and beautiful.

Dorothy Chambers, Form I.-A.

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On Thursday morning, February 16th, Forms II.-A and II.-B had the privilege of visiting the Royal Museum to study the various displays of mineral and zoological specimens. The time was short and the greater part of it was spent in making notes on the different kinds of marble, slate, zinc, gold ore, etc.

It was an interesting visit and gave us a glimpse of some of the birds and animals that before had existed for us only in our books.

Ray Godfrey, Form II.-A.

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On the afternoon of February 3rd, the Senior classes of the School attended the matinee of "The Merchant of Venice," given by the De La Salle Dramatic Society, at Massey Hall.

Although the majority of the actors were amateurs, the critics of the Toronto newspapers and the general audience acclaimed the production equal to many professional plays given in this city.

The drama was presented in true Shakespearean manner, the entire cast being male actors. The characters of Portia and Nerissa were taken by F. Newton and P. Foley. John K. Boles as Shylock, rendered his part in a scholarly way and Howard Rutsey in the role of Antonio, gave a faithful portrayal of the Merchant of Venice. A light vein of humour was added to the play by the introduction of L. Malone as Launcelot Gobbo.

The interpretation of this well-known Shakespearean work was given in an admirable coherent fashion. Much praise is due Brother Gabriel and others who assisted in the production of the play. Each section was carefully considered,—the costumes and the stage settings corresponded perfectly with the historical background.

We would like to extend our share of thanks to both the producers and the players for giving us the opportunity to enjoy their rendition of "The Merchant of Venice."

Betty Arnold, Commercial Class.

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Wednesday, February 15th, Form 'II. visited the Grange with the purpose of viewing the work of The School of Seven. Although the great majority of the pictures were futuristic and disinteresting, there were several which appealed especially to us. Among these was one by Lismer—that of a lake

scene amid a back ground of rocks and trees. To us, the chief charm lay in the colouring which was extremely clever. Two other winter scenes by Jackson and Harris provided a great contrast: One a sleigh on a country road, flanked by snow-covered fields. The other was of two houses, presumably in the Toronto ward, a very interesting subject, painted in dark grays. Several of the works of Casson and MacDonald were also greatly admired. But the rest of our time was devoted to puzzling out pictures which we later discovered were icebergs or strangely imaginative mountains.

Our visit to the Grange was greatly enjoyed, and although we cannot allow our art to be influenced too much by The School of Seven, we can at least adopt some of their best methods.

Jane Swift, Form II-A.

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On Thursday, February 16th, the Senior resident pupils of the College School had the privilege of attending a very delightful and interesting recital of dramatic expression given by the pupils of Miss Frances Tolhurst, L.C.S.E., at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The programme was most entertaining and every moment of it was enjoyed. Great credit is due to the performers for the skilful way each one carried out her individual part. The dancing was especially graceful and charming. We sincerely hope that we may be allowed the privilege of hearing another such entertaining recital in the near future.

F. Wright, Form IV.

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January 25th when our little class-mate Eleanor Hynes was going home after school, she was run over by a taxi cab. For two long weeks, the fear that she would die cast a dark gloom over our class. But we are all glad and happy again for Eleanor is better and will soon be with us again.

Eileen Sheedy, Jr. Third.

NOVENA IN HONOUR OF ST. JOSEPH.

The annual novena in honour of St. Joseph will be held as usual at the Mother House of the Sisters of St. Joseph, St. Alban St., Toronto, commencing March 10th and ending on March 19th, the Feast of the Patron of the Universal Church. The novena, the primary object of which is to ask Almighty God to increase the number of religious vocations, consists of Holy Mass offered each morning in all the Houses of the Congregation, and, at the Mother House, special prayers and Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament each evening at 5 p.m. All, who are able to attend the evening devotions are cordially invited and where this is impossible, the faithful are asked, at least, to join their prayers to those of the Community for the intentions of the novena.

Since the institution of the Feast of Christ the King, by Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI., devotion to Christ the King has grown rapidly; but what truer devotion could be manifested to Christ, than the desire to spread His Kingdom on earth, and to see it advanced by others? Now the Kingdom of Christ can only be established at the price of self-sacrifice. That God, in His goodness, may inspire more of our young Catholic men and women to devote themselves to His service is, then, the purpose of these days of special prayer. And once, having received the inspiration may they follow it courageously, that Christ may reign in the hearts of their fellow men.

Those wishing special intentions remembered during the novena will kindly notify the Sisters.

BEETHOVEN (1770-1827)

Beethoven, the greatest of all musicians and the unsurpassed composer of instrumental music, though of Dutch extraction, was a native of Bonn, Prussia, where he was born about December 16, 1770.

His father, a shiftless, intemperate man, was a tenor singer in the chapel of the Elector of Cologne. His mother, his "best friend" died, when Beethoven was still quite young. Beethoven is described: as of short stature, thick-set and bony, slightly round shouldered, with a full face and brilliant piercing eyes, that seemed to transfix one. His thick black hair fell in uncombed masses round his magnificent head. There was no play in the features, nor in the eyes so full of life and genius, but an expression of timidity, very much unlike the character his fits of passion gave him. He had a very gentle and kindly side to his nature.

His character was simplicity itself. Falsehood was absolutely foreign to his nature. He was full of the deepest feeling, and his devotion to his nephew, one of the meanest, most graceless scamps, is very touching.

Unlike Mozart, Beethoven showed little inclination for musical studies. His father however, made him practice daily on the harpsichord, when only four years of age. It took some time before his interest in music was aroused, but then his musical inclinations were intellectual rather than intuitive. When twelve years old, it is said, that he could play the whole of Bach's pianoforte exercises and had already composed three sonatas. In 1787 he went to Vienna to study with Mozart, from whom he received only a few lessons, when he was recalled to Bonn, by the illness of his mother, who died shortly afterwards. From this time on he became the sole support of his family. He now began to give lessons and make an occasional public appearance.

Bethoven loved nature. He could compose best during or after a brisk walk in the woods and fields, and many of his greatest works were inspired by the beauties of nature.

Concentration of attention to the study in hand is above all things else, a necessity for him who would produce valuable results. The ability to withdraw the mind from other affairs and to focus one's attention on the subject in hand is most valuable to a musician and composer. Beethoven most certainly has a prominent place in the history of absent-minded and forgetful men. It is related that about the time he was engaged in the "Pastoral" symphony he went into a restaurant and ordered dinner; soon his mind turned to his composing, and when the waiter brought his dinner, he waived him aside saying: "Thank you, I have dined," and laying down the price of the meal, took his departure.

Beethoven, in spite of his occasional outbursts of temper, had a warm heart for those in distress and moreover seldom forgot anyone who had been good to him. He was fortunate in finding friends during all his career, who would humour his caprices and could understand his whims. After the death of his mother, he became a great friend of Mrs. Breuning, in whose home at Bonn he soon became to be regarded as one of her family. His friendship with this family was never interrupted for a moment during his whole life. However Beethoven's friends had much to suffer from his suspicious disposition. He was extremely suspicious and at times would not trust even his best friends.

Beethoven treated his piano as an intimate friend, to whom he could confide his thoughts and secrets. He taught it to respond in sympathy with all his innermost feelings, making his music the medium for communicating the feelings which swelled his own breast.

Beethoven's works may be divided into three classes. All the works of his first period, show the influence of his teacher Hayden or his more highly esteemed model—Mozart. His works consisted of several sonatas and trios for pianoforte and stringed instruments.

The second period of Beethoven's artistic life was the most productive and brilliant part of his career. To it belonged his greatest creations, his magnificent and powerful orchestral works—symphonies, overtures, sonatas—all of which display the highest qualities of imaginative composition.

In the third and last period we find the *Missa Solemnis* in D minor, the grand overtures—and several sonatas especially that in B flat major.

The music of Beethoven has left a profound impress on art. In speaking of his genius it is difficult to keep expression within the limits of good taste.

The last four years of the composer's life were passed amid great distress from poverty and feebleness. His friends were very kind but his independence would not accept their help. He went finally to live with his brother near the Danube, but soon returned to Vienna. He caught a severe cold and died in Vienna, March 26, 1827, in his 57th year. Thus ended a brilliant career, and Beethoven may be rightfully called the most original and conscientious of all the composers.

—Teresa McDonald, '29.



A Friend

One who shares our joy and sorrow
Alike in care and pain,
Who never leaves us on the morrow,
Never lets us pine in vain.

One who shares our lonely hours,
Who loves and watches till the end
Who helps us in our darkest hours
Such a one is a dear, true friend.

Frances Wright, Form IV.

PRINCIPLES AND IDEALS.

Principle is a quality innate in us. Unfortunately in some it is left almost latent while in others it is developed to a high degree. Ideals acquired in our youth, no matter how seemingly impossible, form the basis in later life for those principles which always send us seeking a better mode of living. That is—we strive to have the motive for every action inspired by its corresponding principle.

High-principled does not mean many principles. One may be at the root of every good deed we perform. Strict honesty with one's self is a good example. To feel inclined to do something we instinctively know is wrong is only human; creating circumstances to excuse it is cowardly. But to analyse our desire and to see clearly why it is wrong and to overcome it is developing a principle that will form a life-long protecting influence between us and evil.

Principles are no respecters of feeling. This does not mean that the two necessarily clash; but certainly if there is any question between the two, feeling must suffer. Too often do we excuse our laxity in this respect as kindly consideration for the feelings of others. We do not realize that by our inaction we are really unkind. We only justify others in their following a course which would inevitably bring sorrow.

A government may remove a fanatic patriot because he endangers its position yet both may be guiltless. The patriot believes he is doing his best to bring his country to a better state, the government considers itself perfectly justified in removing one who might plunge the country into chaos. From this we understand principle is a personal distinction between right and wrong. We may never apply this distinction to others nor may we act according to others' standards. But we always may criticise and adjust our ideas. As we become better informed of the teachings of our Great Instructor we receive fundamental truths and concrete examples which help us to achieve perfection.

Eleanor Godfrey, Form IV.

The Pupil's Bugbear

Exams are so discouraging
Discouraging to me,
When I look back with sinking heart
To periods spent in glee,
But now the thought confronts me
Exams are bound to be,
And they are so discouraging
Discouraging to me.

Exams are so perplexing
Perplexing to me,
When I sit down with wrinkled brow
To search my memory,
When diagrams in Physics
Become Geometry,
Exams are quite perplexing
Perplexing to me,

Exams are also trying
Quite trying to me
It seems a real eternity
Before my mind is free.
When I receive my paper back
With fifty minus three
Exams that I am trying
Are trying to me.

—Dorothy Barnett, Form IV.,
St. Joseph's High School.

COMMERCIAL BÊTE NOIRE

In the remote wing of St. Joseph's Academy stands the commercial class-room. Here, on a bright September morning, twenty eager, bright-faced, vigorous examples of girlhood met for the first time. One and all of these girls were eager and prepared to delve into the mysteries and awe-inspiring outlines of shorthand; and also were they anticipating the first lesson in typewriting, which would impart to them that art, which looked so simple, and which we have learned through experience can only be acquired by time and diligent practise; and many anguished sighs have been wrought from the twenty.

Five months have slipped by since that eventful morn. Sir Isaac Pitman has been literally assassinated, buried and resurrected—and now we are nearing the triumphant close of that wicked little red book with the prosaic lettering "Shorthand."

We have learned since that shorthand is not Chinese, or any other veiled, mysterious mode of expression. It is on the contrary, a systematized short method of lucid English. Although the early history of this art is closely allied with palaeography and has been traced into the mists of antiquity. Antiquarians have tried to connect it with hieroglyphics, and to show that it was used more than a thousand years before Christ by the Persians, Egyptians and Hebrews. Abbreviated writing was practised by the early Greeks to take down lectures and also for poems recited at the Pythean, Nemean and Olympic games; and there are specimens of ancient Greek Notae, or shorthand in the Vatican Library at Rome.

But you are still ignorant as to what shorthand consists. I shall try to enlighten you. In shorthand there is a sign for every word, and shorthand writes by sound, ignoring the eccentricities of common spelling. It eliminates all superfluous letters, and more indirectly absolves the mental hesitation involved in following the inconsistencies of modern spelling.

Great care is taken in explaining the phonetic alphabet and the principle of writing words in accordance of their sound of which they really consist. This is the foundation of the whole wonderful superstructure, and from which we, the twenty, have almost successfully emerged.

Patricia Murphy.

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For one week we fought valiantly to secure our annual rink, until dear old Jupiter took pity on us, sent twenty-four hours of rain, which flooded a great area of the Campus, then left the rest of the work to the North Wind; down it came, whistling, howling, blowing over tree-tops until the first thin coat of ice had settled, then with a merry shriek that sounded like "Good Luck," it fled.

The following night was bitter cold and the next morning our sleepy eyes were gladdened by a large, smooth sheet of perfect ice. That day a merry group went out to skate and the North Wind sent the Little Breezes to see if everything was right, and to redden our cheeks and sharpen our appetites for dinner.

Celine LaFayette, Form II.A.

* * * * *

The resident pupils enjoyed a charming masquerade on Friday evening, February 10th. For the occasion the auditorium was prettily decorated in gold and white.

Reverend Mother, Sister Superior and many other Sisters were our distinguished guests.

The original and artistic costumes of the girls were shown to great advantage as they tripped lightly through the intricate steps of the Grand March, the Lancers and the Sir Rogerde Coverley.

All periods and nations were to be seen mingling together in the baloon and streamer novelty dances.

Miss Celine LaFayette, who captured the senior prize, was a splendid reproduction of Minnehaha. The intermediate prize

was awarded to a little lady of the early eighties in the person of Miss Rosella Lee.

Daffodils and candles adorned the dainty tables from which a buffet lunch was served to the dancers who later again tripped the light fantastic for an hour before bringing to a close a very delightful evening.

Estelle Desormeaux, Form II.

A Hundred Years from Now

A hundred years from now, dear pal
This world will still spin on
And S. J. C. will still be here
When you and I are gone.
Others will then look up to it
Others to it will bow
And through the walls our ghosts will flit
A hundred years from now.

A hundred years ago, dear pal
These walls did not exist
The present seemed but then a dream,
A shadow in the mist.
The man that laid the corner stone
A goodly man I'll trow.
We shall have joined him in the dust
A hundred years from now.

A hundred years from now, dear pal
New faces will be here
The books we hate will be out of date
Our teachers gone I fear
And will these students be like us?
Will their heads to us bow?
I wonder will they think of us
A hundred years from now?

—Eileen Maloney, Form IV.

OUR MISSIONARY CRUSADE UNIT

(As Broadcast Recently)

Good-morning, friends! This is St. Joseph's High School Crusade Unit speaking, all the way from Jarvis Street. Our best wishes to all the other Units.

Now, can you guess what we have to say to you? Of course you can. What else could this important message concern, but the Missions? It is the worthiest subject to which we students can devote our attention. The very thought that we by our co-operation in prayer, financial efforts and general interest in the Missions actually help to save souls for Christ's Kingdom, is enough to fire our hearts with consuming zeal in promoting this noble work.

Well, the St. Joseph's Unit wishes to tell you what Missionary work it has been doing since September, and then we shall let you judge for yourselves, whether or not we are one-hundred-per-cent. whole-hearted Crusaders.

Each one of our eight Forms has its Class Executive and holds its regular Crusade Meeting every two weeks. At these meetings, plans are discussed to raise money for the Missions, different topics concerning the Missions, are discussed, essays are read and to add zest to the meetings, occasional programmes are given consisting of recitations, music, debates, etc. And let us not forget our Mission songs. Of these we have composed a few ourselves, and have you ever noticed how much more melody you can put into an original song than into a ready-made one? Our school chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath, is always present at our meetings, and by his untiring efforts, inspires the students to greater enthusiasm and creates a more lively interest in the Missions.

Every month a particular Form is appointed to raise money for the Missions, by whatever plan it wishes to adopt. Form I-A decided on a candy sale and the Missions became five dollars richer. Form I-B followed their "sweet" example and surpassed them by one dollar. Form I-C followed with a rol-

licking Concert charging five cents admission, and at its close sent ten dollars to China. Also a group of pupils of that Form have agreed to penalize themselves for the use of slang, imposing, in behalf of the Missions, a fine of one cent for each offence. Even recreation time is utilized by these young enthusiasts. In a novel game called "Sardines" a forfeit of one cent is paid by the poor sardine unfortunate enough to be caught. This explains the hectic atmosphere in the lower halls during noon hour. However, "they know their sardines."

In a raffle Form II.-A recently earned six dollars, and they are now preparing a concert which we are eagerly awaiting. Form III. distinguished themselves by sending sixteen dollars to the Western Missions. Form IV. sold candy in aid of the Bengal Missions and are now selling chances on a fountain pen. Commercial Class prepared a huge red cracker, containing a valuable prize; result—eighteen dollars. But do not think we boast too much of our few efforts—we are just giving our "mite."

Spiritually, we are just as active. From time to time we prepare spiritual bouquets in each Form, for we are not unmindful that Missions need our prayers most of all. Each girl has promised three Hail Marys every night and to hear Mass once or twice a week for this intention.

Could you guess what we are doing now? I don't think so, so I will tell you. We are conducting an enthusiastic campaign to obtain half-yearly subscriptions for that interesting little paper "The Students' Mission Crusade." A handsome prayer-book will be the prize awarded to the student obtaining the greatest number of subscriptions. Keen competition is anticipated, and the competitors will be urged on by posters and appropriate slogans.

Are we not real Crusaders? We hope so. Are we going to become even better Crusaders? Just watch and see!

St. Joseph's High School signing off.

—Ethel Sweeney, Form IV.,

St. Joseph's High School.

The Soul's Awakening

"O little drop of dew,
What springtly elf made you,
Your silver dress, your shining toe,
O, who made you, I'd like to know?

Just like a fairy queen
Arrayed in lacy sheen,
And on her head a silver rose
To match the buckles on her toes.

Then won't you tell me why
You glisten more than I?
Is it because you're made just so?
Do tell me, for I'd like to know?"

Then spoke that little drop,
I thought she'd never stop,
"The Same made you as He made me,
He made us all, and made us free."

Thus wondering as I did,
I asked her where He lived,
She told me as I now repeat:
"Up in the sky on a glory seat.

Where stars and moon and all that's bright
Are shining by that Holy Light.
Where angels and pure things adore
God our King for ever more."

So with these wonders in my ear
I think and pray for Him to hear,
And thank him for His wondrous gift
That did my soul to heaven lift.

Mary Kellar, Form 1A.

A WINTER EVENING.

One of the most delightful winter evenings I have ever spent was one Christmas night when it was very stormy without, but very warm within. All the lights were out in the living-room and the familiar objects. The tree seemed very tall and of an odd shape and the dancing light played queer tricks with the faces of those sitting around the fireside.

Everyone was silent and deeply engrossed in his or her own thoughts and, no doubt, memories of by-gone Christmases. Even the dog, usually so playful and full of life, was lying down, head between his paws, staring into the fire as though he too saw there old friends and fancies.

Presently, Grandmother broke the long silence and asked whether we would not like to hear a story. We were all delighted: a story from Grandmother was becoming a rare, very rare treat, because the poor lady was becoming very old and even talking tired her. So we heard all sorts of wonderful tales and legends regarding past splendours. There were even little eerie stories that made us all, at least, the grandchildren, come closer together.

When Grandmother had finished, each of the others contributed something to our store of fairy lore, but, like everything else, pleasant things, too, must come to an end all too quickly. However, I shall always remember that stormy Christmas evening spent by the fireside.

“Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease;
And gathering, at short notice, in one group,
The family dispersed; and fixing thought,
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.”

Mary Frawley, Form III.

NATURE AT REST.

Nestled at the foot of one of the ranges of the towering Rockies lies the little village of Tanglewood. To a person standing on the slope of one of the mountains, the aspect of the rural district around this village is very beautiful.

The deep, glittering white covering of snow hides the ground and converts it from hard rocks to rolling plains. At the foot of the mountains are the magnificent evergreen trees, their luxuriant boughs weighed down with their burden of snow. In the foreground lie the white pines that have known the touch of the lumberman's axe and now lie piled in groups awaiting their transportation to the city.

Between two of the mountains lies Sunset Lake, no doubt mirroring in summer the overhanging willows in its placid depths, but now an expanse of solid ice. Here and there the lake is narrowed, forming a river, and again widens out into some new shape.

Around the border of the lake winds a dog team trail, the footprints acting as a relief to the monotony of the otherwise undisturbed banks of snow. In a gorge between the mountains stands a humble log shack. Before it, axes, saws and other lumbering instruments are piled in groups.

On the far side of Sunset Lake a black, moving object is discernible. As it moves towards the bend, we realize that it is a dog team and sleigh, behind which three men trudge wearily.

See! These worn wood-cutters are hastening towards yonder shack, and as they near it, they break into a run, for they know that now they have reached their long-deserved resting place.

Doris Webster, Form III.

MY HOBBY.

Stamp collecting is my hobby and it is at the same time a very interesting and instructive one. I come in contact with countries I have never heard mentioned before, and, as a good stamp collector should, I look them up in my Geography.

To be a good stamp collector one has to have a knowledge of how these stamps are put on the market and of what value they are. European stamps are fairly good with the exception of those of Germany and of Austria. The German stamps, in particular, are of little value, so the collector generally has an abundance of them. During the war German money decreased much in value and a Mark was a very small percentage of a cent. This is the reason why one sees so many German stamps labelled respectively 100, 1,000, 100,000 marks.

Austrian stamps are a little less numerous, but they too are of little value. It is better when collecting European stamps of small countries, to specialize in cancelled ones, for many stamp dealers pay a certain sum of money to a country and they then produce the stamps themselves, and needless to say, make good profits.

Canadian stamps are generally much desired by collectors for they are worth a fair amount of money and you will rarely find counterfeits of them.

When soaking stamps off paper one must be careful not to leave them too long in water or they will fade. Hungarian stamps, especially, fade very quickly and sometimes the original colour cannot be discerned. If stamps are very valuable and you are afraid they will fade, place them between two wet blotters from which the water will not drip and put a heavy book on top. The book is useful in pressing the stamps.

Stamps of foreign countries, when bought in quantities, are very cheap; ten cents for a packet of one hundred stamps. Therefore, when one is beginning a collection it is wise to buy a large amount at first. Most of these will be different and the collector will have a wide range of stamps. When buying stamps from dealers, you will receive approval sheets from

which you can take any stamp and refund the money for its value. Stamps picked from these sheets are always in good condition, which is an advantage, for the value of a stamp is lessened if it is torn or defaced in any way.

The Confederation and Historical stamps which were issued this summer should be saved, for the value will increase greatly when the production of these stamps ceases. These stamps were intended to commemorate the Jubilee of Confederation and they will probably not be issued much longer.

As to the album for keeping the stamps in, a loose leaf note book will do very well for a beginner, because sheets may be inserted and arranged at will. The stamps should be stuck in by means of stickers. These are small, square, transparent bits of paper having a sticky substance on one side. The sticker is folded one quarter of an inch from the top with the sticky side out. The smaller portion is then attached to the stamp and the larger to the paper. In this way the stamps can be taken out and put in without being injured.

If one has an extensive collection with many duplicates, "traders" are useful. You will always find some one who collects stamps, willing to trade with you.

Thus with every advantage stamp collecting should progress favourably, and I think you will now agree with me that it is a very interesting hobby.

Margaret McMillan,

St. Joseph's High School, Form II.A.

Opportunity

See, Time and Opportunity come walking o'er the land,
Fleetly, quietly, pacing hand in hand.
Winged feet that leave no trace ever moving on,
Foolishly we note them not until they've passed and gone.

O, Time and Opportunity, you've come and passed us by—
We only turned to see the tide, its evil waves borne high.
And yet in that brief second you robbed us of our chance;
Full many precious years we'll wait to earn another glance.

Eleanor Godfrey, Form IV.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

Reaching the brow of a hill, I turned about and stood drinking in the beauties of Nature as the declining sun spread a rich glow over the wintry landscape.

Away to the south for miles and miles, it seemed, wide fields were blanketed in soft whiteness. Occasionally a chipmunk darted in between the trees which were jotted blackly on the snowy earth. To the right, I noticed a number of meadows and orchards which gave the scene a homely appearance and called to my mind a picture of the homes of the people who tilled the soil. Several clumps of fine-looking evergreens stood by the side of a frozen stream, in one of these enclosures. The sky over-head was a dark slate colour except in the west, where the sun had turned it to the colour of Scotch heather, and there arose in my mind a vision of the purple mountains of the Highlands. As I stood thus, watching the masterpiece of super-human art, I lost all thought of time. It seemed an eternity that I had been gazing on the changing lights on sky, on trees, and glistening snow, until suddenly it became quite dark and the enchanting scene had passed on to the land of forgotten things.

Isabel Fullerton, Form III.

Spring

Springtime welcome comes once more,
With sunshine and warm rain,
Out comes the child with bat and ball,
Out peep the leaves again.

The bird returns from winter home
And builds high in the tree,
The animals frisk on the hill-sides
To say "Thank you." Then why shouldn't we?

Alberta Spreen,
Form IV., St. Joseph's High School

ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

Niagara Falls is one of the seven wonders of the world, and incidentally one of the most beautiful spots in America. It is visited the whole year round by tourists and sight-seers, who have heard of its enthralling beauty, and have come to see for themselves this unique creation of nature.

In the summer, the Falls are a wonderful sight with their turbulent waters racing and leaping over an enormous precipice into a vast space. The glowing sight of tons of water falling hundreds of feet in the bright sunlight and set with a background that only nature could design, is a marvelous masterpiece of nature's art.

In the winter when Jack Frost lays his icy hand on it and creates the extraordinary caves, with their formations under the Falls, thereby enabling visitors to walk, where in the summer time it was deemed impossible for anyone to tread. These marvelous caves with their many-coloured icicles and pillars formed in the oddest fashion, hold one spellbound in the striking beauty of their surroundings.

In late years a large dam has been erected beneath the Falls, thereby utilizing this enormous supply of water for a common commercial industry. It is from here that the main portion of Ontario's electricity is derived. By means of this Niagara Falls is not only a beauty spot, but it plays a big part in supplying Ontario with a great necessity, namely, electricity.

Lately a device has been erected whereby the Falls are illuminated at midnight with many brightly-hued lights, which seem to play and dance on the waters, adding to the beauty of the scene.

Thousands of people daily see the Falls. Many of these have travelled a considerable distance; but they all return satisfied, feeling amply rewarded because the wonder of the Falls has brought them to a close proximity with their Creator.

Rhea O'Hanlon,

St. Joseph's High School, Form I.I.A.

